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A NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE DIAMOND MINES AT
SUMBHULPOOR, IN THE PROVINCE OF ORISSA.

By T. MOTTE, ESQ.

*(Undertaken in the Year 1766, by the direction of the late
Lord Clive, then Governor of Bengal.)*

THE RAJAH of Sumbhulpoor, in the middle of March 1766, dispatched Surdur Khan, his servant, to Calcutta, inviting the governor to send to his capital a person whom he could trust to purchase diamonds. There came at the same time four Patan merchants, of whom the rajah had bought some horses, without a command of money to pay for them, to whom he had given an order on his servant for payment out of the produce of the sale of a rough diamond, weighing carats sixteen and a half, which he was to dispose of in Calcutta.

Mohunpersaud, a fellow of an infamous character, employed himself at this time in picking acquaintance with such strangers as came to that capital, making himself master of their business, and instructing them how to proceed. Surdur Khan fell into his hands, who introduced him to Lord Clive, the governor, persuading him to deliver the diamond as a present from the rajah. The Patan merchants, finding they were likely to be deprived of their chance of payment, assembled about his lordship's house, and made a clamour. Lord Clive knew not the cause of the complaint, while Surdur Khan and Mohunpersaud joined to persuade the poor merchants, that a person would be sent to pay them at Sumbhulpoor.

His lordship being then at a great loss for means of remitting money to England, proposed to me to return with the vakeel to the mines, and to endeavour to open the diamond trade. He offered to make it a joint concern, in which I was to hold a third, he the other two; all the expenses to be borne by the concern. The proposals dazzled me, and I caught at it without reflecting on the difficulties of the march, or on the barbarity of a country in which Mr. Mallock, sent by Mr. Henry Vansittart for the same purpose, durst only stay twenty-four hours.

His lordship instructed me to make what enquiries I could into the state of the Mahrattas, supposing that a Government connected by such very slight ties might be easily divided, and, by such division, that the power of a people so formidable in India might be weakened. He directed me also to sound the officers of

Janoojei's court, whether he would not cede the province of Orissa for an annual tribute, and thereby give a contiguity to the British dominions in India, which would strengthen them greatly.

I left Calcutta the 13th of March, proceeded to Midnapoor, and from thence in search of Mr. John Graham on a circuit round the province, whom I wanted to take leave of as an old friend, and to consult with, as a man superior in judgment to most of my acquaintance.

I found him at Beerkool, on the sea-side at the foot of the braces. Here I had a sight of the sea, that spectacle of magnificence and terror; that most august object under the heavens. It is viewed by the Europeans banished to this country with a pleasing regret; for they regard it as the road to the place of their nativity.

I went with Mr. Graham from thence to Jallasore, and halted on the way at Putchumber, under a banyan tree, *sub ficu indica ramis inferne radicantibus*; the branches of which taking root, and again issuing fresh shoots, formed a shade 560 feet in circumference. I imagine the branches of these trees might be carried on to as great an extent as the level of the spot would admit, since the body of the tree is not at all exhausted by them, the parts which rise from the earth being much larger than the branches which descend to it, while the trunk, not being at all affected by cutting those branches, it is evident that every shooting bough is a separate tree, and as much independent of the original root as the layer of a carnation after it is cut.

We arrived at Jallasore the 23rd, where we found Mr. Marriott, the English resident at Ballasore. Jallasore is a small town on the Shoobunreeka, bounding on the English territories to the southward. While the Mahrattas kept a considerable force in Orissa, a body of troops were always stationed here; but since they had borne an appearance more pacific, a small guard of sepoy only had been kept.

I crossed the river Shoobunreeka the 25th in company with Mr. Marriott, and entered the Mohur Bunge country. I passed the fort of Ommerdnagur, about a mile on the right of the road, built in the style of the country fastnesses; that is to say, a deep ditch is dug, the earth of which being thrown inwards, forms a bank whereon small bamboos are planted, the thorns of which, three inches long, very strong and sharp, render it impassable. It is weakest in the month of May; for, during the extreme heats,

the bamboos are inflammable, and will, if set fire to, to windward, burn with great violence, while the knots, when the flame comes to them, fly with a sound equal to that of a pistol.

The country, from the river to Multanekubur (the bur-tree of the Multaneze, because it was planted by a native of Multan), consists of paddy-grounds, though not half of them are cultivated; on the banks that separate them are bushes, so that the country is not open. The distance from the river to this tree is five miles, where you enter the woods, through which the road is at first broad, but grows narrower as you approach Busta.

Busta is a large village, six miles from the bur-tree, and is the first Mahratta chokey on the road, consisting of a tannadar and twenty men. About 100 yards from the village is a small river which falls into the Shoobunreeka.

Beyond Busta the road is more open. I passed a small river a mile and three quarters from it, and two miles from thence a second, both of which fall into the Shoobunreeka. Five miles from Busta, you pass the extremities of two banks, where once stood the gateway of the town of Gurpudda. This place was fortified in the country manner by Assud Ullah Khan, in the service of Mohur Bunge Rajah, who apostatized from Hinduism, and became a Mussalman. Like most other apostates, he became a zealot to his new profession, and collected extravagant sums from persons who passed this town on their pilgrimage to Jaggernaut. The fortifications have been destroyed by the Mahrattas, except the inner fort on the right of the road, where Buddee Zemman Khan, son of Assud Ullah, lives, contiguous to which is a small village.

From Gurpudda you come to Ramchunderpoor, where is a small mud fort, two miles on the right of the road.

From Ramchunderpoor the country is at first woody; but as you approach Ballasore, you have extensive cultivated plains, until you come to the river Boree Bellaun, which is passable at Phoolwar Gaut, eight miles from the last place. This is the entrance of the town of Ballasore, and a strong Mahratta station. From Rag Gaut, where I crossed the Shoobunreeka, to this place, are twelve chokeys, the first and last included, at each of which money is extorted from the pilgrims going to the temple of Jaggernaut, according to their means.

Pipley was once the mart of this country; but the waters washing away great part of the town, at the same time that a dangerous

bar was formed at the mouth of the river, the merchants, encouraged by Shuja Khan, then Nabob of Orissa, removed to Ballasore.

Ballasore was a considerable town, but is now only one mile long, and half a mile broad, in the widest part. It is built along the river Boree Bellaun, where the tide rises commonly eight feet, and serves to carry vessels into the dry docks, of which there are many here; but the spring tides rise much higher. The stream is navigable only for vessels of 100 tons burden; nor can these get over the bar at the mouth of the river, except at the time of the spring tides.

The English factory is a large building, irregular without, and as ill laid out within as can be conceived. But though the whole building is so badly arranged, it is so large, there must of necessity be some good apartments in it. The prospect from the top is most beautiful. From S. W. by W. to N. W. by N. are plains bounded at the distance of twelve miles by the Neelgur hills. To the south you overlook a neat town, containing a greater number of brick buildings in proportion to the thatched than I have seen in any country town before. To the east, you trace the windings of the Boree Bellaun, through a country interspersed with villages as far as the eye will reach, beyond which you suppose the sea. To the northward, you have uncultivated plains, watered by that river. Thus the contrast between the blue hills, and the spacious plains; between a neat populous town on one side, and an extensive uncultivated country on the other; between the idea of industry arising from the view of shipping, and of idleness, from the prospect of well watered lands, which call on the inhabitants for cultivation, is so strong as to please irresistibly by the extraordinary variety.

The French factory is at old Ballasore, a small village three miles to the eastward of the new town. The Dutch have a factory near the English one, between which are two lofty pyramids, erected to the memory of two Dutch ladies. There is also a Portuguese church, and a small number of Portuguese and American inhabitants.

There is usually, at Ballasore, a party of thirty horse and five hundred foot; but at this time they were with Pillejee, collecting the tribute of the Mohur Bunge country. The Mohur Bunge country extends from the Neelgur hills to the sea; but having borne with impatience a foreign yoke, each expression of such

impatience has been punished by dismembering part of the country; since every officer who behaved remarkably well in the expeditions against the rebellious princes, was rewarded by a portion of their land, under the name of a tallook. For this reason, you find in this neighbourhood so many small tallookdars, who being oppressed by the Mahrattas, and in their turn oppressing their tenants, have almost made the country desolate. Indeed, the tenants of such tallookdars as are above attending to agriculture themselves, are in general in a worse condition than those of the more considerable zemindars, the causes whereof I shall endeavour to shew.

When a man raises himself either by the army or finances, he is desirous, if a native, of getting the village of his birth, and two or three contiguous, that he may keep his holidays in pomp with his family; or, if a foreigner, he covets an estate inland, that he may secure to himself a retreat against the time when fortune shall cease to smile. He either purchases from the zemindar, or gets a grant from the sovereign of five or six villages, at a rent below their real value, and by improvements raises their rents. He dies; the eldest son, not bred up to business, is seldom capable of succeeding to his father's post, but depends upon his tallook to support the charge of a large family. The young man, scorning to retract his paternal expenses, though he has not the emoluments of his father's appointment to support them, plunges into debt. He harasses his tenants by raising their rents; they run away; until, demands upon him increasing in the same proportion as his means of answering them decrease, some artful fellow, not a whit more merciful to the tenants, becomes nurse to his estate, while he degenerates into a despicable wretch, with scarce rice to eat, shut up in a ruinous inhospitable castle, puffed up with family pride, deprived of society, and supporting his spirits on the fumes of opium! Are not these the giants of the feudal ages? If the son is able to save any of the father's riches from the claws of government, which is entitled to the personal estate of every one who dies in its service, the family is not ruined in the first generation; but if a descendant does not arise who has spirit enough to leave his hereditary clay, and seek employment in the capital cities, or who has prudence and resignation to apply himself to the cultivation and improvement of his lands, it never fails to be ruined in the second or third generation.

But to return from this digression. The first considerable avulsion from the Mohur Bunge zemindary, was the fouzday of

Pipley; the next that of Ballasore; since which so many small tallooks have been taken from it, that the rajah has now no land to the eastward of the road I came.

At this time there were two rajahs of Mohur Bunge, or the Wood of Peacocks. Dusruttee Bunge being dispossessed by his nephew Dummoodah Bunge, the reigning rajah, of some lands he held, retired into the Neelgur country. He was joined by Jehan Mahmud, the principal military commander, who was also disgusted. These two went to Bowanee Pundit, the Governor of Orissa, promising to discover large treasures, and the avenues into the country, on condition he should establish the uncle in the sovereignty. Bowanee marched his army, and came alternately before the forts of Maun Govinpoor, Mauntree, and Bimdah, the garrisons of which Jehan Mahmud, by his influence, induced to surrender without a blow. Dummoodah, who was hastening to the relief of those places, judging from his treachery that he was betrayed, ran away to the pass of Bommin Gaulee among the hills, and left his competitors in possession of Hurrarpoor, the capital, and of the plain country.

I left Ballasore the 27th of April, and halted under a tree near Ectiupoor, where I entered Neelgur, formerly dependent on Mohur Bunge. It is bounded on the north by Mohur Bunge; on the east, by small tallooks; and on the south and west, by Coonjur. It gives name to that range of hills which extend to the west of Midnapoor. Some Englishmen, fond of anglicizing it, and perhaps in love with a lady of that name, called them the Nelly-green-hills, and which you will find them in the directory for sailing to Bengal. This is a better etymology than most geographers give of the names of places; for my part as almost all the names of places in this country are the names of the founders, with the addition of gur or nagur for a fort, abad for a city, and poor or gunge for a village; and as neel is a common name among the Hindus, I shall venture to pronounce it Neelgur. The country is small, and pays rupees thirty thousand annual tribute to the Mahrattas, by whom the rajah is maintained against the claims of Mohur Bunge.

This was a short stage, only eight miles; but as I paid respect to the customs of a country, and had picked up several new servants at Ballasore, I complied with the manner of the east, and made the first day's march a short one.

There is no village between Ballasore and Shooroo; to remedy which inconvenience, Mahmud Ally Khan, the late fouzdar of

that place, established a bazar at Beguneah, sunk a well, and encouraged people to build; but when he lost his post, the bazar, unsupported, fell with him. Such is the fate of most villages under so bad a government. A worthy man, desirous of establishing a good name, and of securing the blessings of travellers, establishes a halting-place for them on the road. The shade of a few trees, and the refreshment of wholesome water, are the necessities in so mild a climate. To form the one, he plants a grove of mango trees; to secure the other, he digs a pond, or sinks a well, which he surrounds with brickwork; two or three persons establish chandler's shops, and he gives a small guard to secure them from imposition. No sooner have they thatched their houses than they plant a garden to supply them with greens, as sauces to render their rice palatable. They have their families about them, and cultivate a little land to grow their daily rice. The house-wife at night steeps some rice in water; she rises an hour before the sun, pounds it in a mortar, and dries it. The liveliness of her song while she plies the pestle, added to the charming freshness of the morning, has often inspired me with the most rational pleasure passing through one of the villages; she fries a coarse kind of pease in treacle, and then exposes the goods for sale. The rice and pease prepared in this manner, serve travellers as a breakfast. Thus do the inhabitants live happy, till disgrace falls on their patron, when, if the village is not become of consequence enough to obtain a new one, they disperse, and their traces are soon lost, where nothing is left but a howling half-starved dog,

“The sad historian of the pensive plain !”

—But if the patron continues long in power, manufactures settle, trade flourishes, and the inhabitants are rich enough, on his death, to purchase a new protector, or perhaps to claim, by a free gift, the protection of the sovereign himself.

Can we not herein trace the original of all corporations? Manufacturers, to save themselves from the oppression of the feudal tyrants in general, throw themselves under the protection of a particular one, settle under his auspices, and at length, by a hearty union, become of consequence enough to need no other support than what they could derive from the king.

It appears by the ruins on the N. E. of the river at Shooroo, that it was a considerable town; whereas all the houses are now on the S. W. side; and indeed in my journey it will be unnecessary to say, that any place I came to was once considerable, since all

the places which were not so, are now depopulated by the Mah-rattas, and such alone remain as on account of their bulk are longer in decaying. At Shooroo are the ruins of an handsome stone bridge. There is also a Mahratta station, consisting of one hundred horse, and three hundred foot, which is all the force they keep in the Neelgur country.

The road from Ballasore to Shooroo, and two miles beyond, must be very heavy during the time of the rains; from thence to Budruc, are extensive uncultivated plains, passable at all seasons, and such as an European army would wish to see a black enemy upon.

I left Shooroo the 29th, early; five miles from whence I crossed Cauns Bauns river, over a stone bridge, one hundred and twenty yards long, and ten broad, consisting of ten arches. When Shuja Khan was nabob of Orissa, he built such bridges over all the small rivers in the road to Moorshedabad, from Cuttac to the extremity of his country, which then reached as far as Nana-dole, now in the Burdwan province. Three of them remain near Midnapoor, built of stone; but the piers being as wide as the arches, occasion a stoppage of water; while the arches being Gothic, are apt to give way at their centres: still with these defects they speak the magnificent spirit of that great prince.

I recollect no proof he gave of his taste in building, after his accession to the subadary of Bengal, except the mosque he built at Moorshedabad, to the memory of his father-in-law, Jaffier Khan, which remains the grandest mosque in that city.

By this bridge I passed into the tallook of Budruc, where I found deep marks of the Mahratta claws on the fine tract of land, formerly well peopled, where a human creature is not now to be seen, except, perhaps, a solitary herdsman, attending a large drove of buffaloes, or other horned cattle.

From this part of Orissa, come all that people improperly called by the English, Ballasore bearers; a circumstance which contributes in some measure to the depopulation of the country. Seven thousand of the stoutest young fellows go into Bengal, and are employed as chairmen, leaving their families behind. Now, although these people stretch the Levitical law so, that a brother not only raises up seed to another after his decease, but even during his absence on service, so that no married woman lies fallow; and although very few of those who go to Bengal settle there, yet as they all return with some money, and with hands

two places. The people employed contented themselves with cleaning out part of an old pond, giving it the name of Rannee ku Tollow, and pocketing two-thirds of the money.

I halted this day at Budruc, containing a few weavers of fine muslin, but is particularly remarkable for its thieves, who are so dexterous, it is believed they have the power of enchanting. When the weary pilgrim goes to sleep in the mango groves, he frequently wakes stript stark-naked; nor can he account for this but by attributing supernatural powers to the stripper. It is well known there is an intoxicating preparation, possessed by the people of these parts, which they apply to the nostrils of the sleeper, and keep him in that state until the effluvia is exhausted. Between the end of the town of Budruc and the river Sollundee, is the tomb of Rajuram Hircarra: this was a servant of the Nabob of Bengal, but, dismissed by Shurajah Dowlat, joined Colonel Clive when he landed in Bengal in 1756, and was extremely useful for his extraordinary local knowledge of the country, so long as the English continued in an active state; but the inactivity of the succeeding government rendering him of no consequence, he became dissatisfied, and entered into a correspondence with the Mah-rattas, for which he was obliged to fly, and died here in the way to Cuttac.

May 1.—I left Budruc early, and crossing the river Sollundee, three hundred yards broad, but at this time fordable, I marched only four miles, where I found a rivulet twenty-five yards broad; but so deep and rapid, I was obliged to provide floats to cross my baggage. It is called Toonda Nulla, and over it was a good stone bridge, now broken down at each end by the torrents.

May 2.—Having crossed this nulla, I entered the pergunnah of Daumnagur, and two miles farther crossed another nulla by a stone bridge much out of repair, but able to bear guns. This brought me to Dauminagur town, where lives Furrue Hussein, whose ancestors obtained the grant of a large tract of land from the Patan kings, which they held on condition they shall supply all travellers with provision. He holds the land, but does not comply with the conditions. Five miles hence I crossed the Jehazpoor. These two rivers joining the Sollundee, form a very large stream, and fall into the sea in Kunnika bay.

The ruins in Jehazpoor declare its former grandeur; and the extreme pleasant situation, the judgment of the founder Mahmud

Tuckee Khan. The road lies through the ruins of the palace, of which only two gateways and the mosque remain entire. This is built in the style of the Turkish mosques, having a lofty minaret at each end of the front angles, which takes off their disagreeable acuteness, and, by being built airy and light, form a pleasing contrast to the disgusting clumsiness of the domes. In my opinion there is not a more disagreeable object in architecture than a dome without a lofty spire on it, except it be an useless pediment loading a flat roof, the common error of the Calcutta houses. This mosque is on the river side, and on the opposite bank is a taghurburry, which has had better luck, having been lately thoroughly repaired. But why do I say, better luck? These places of worship share the fate of their different religions; the natural moral system of the Hindus is in a flourishing state, while the confused jumble of the Koran requiring the most implicit faith, and aggravated by ridiculous tradition, is too evidently on the decline throughout all Hindustan.

Mahmud Tuckee Khan, who preferred Jehazpoor to Cuttac, was the natural adopted son of Shuja Khan, and many years older than Serferaz Khan, born in wedlock with the daughter of Jasseir Khan, who first made the subah of Bengal hereditary. When Shuja Khan succeeded to that post, he left Meerzahee, his brother, viceroy of Orissa, but three years after sent Mahmud Tuckee Khan from Moorshedabad to succeed him, who continued till his death, which happened just before that of his father. He was succeeded by Moorshed Kouli Khan, who, after the death of Serferaz Khan, fought Alliverdi Khan, the usurper, near Ballasore, and was defeated.

May 3.—The country beyond Jehazpoor is so intersected with rivers that you cross one every two miles. After crossing the Betruneer twice, I crossed the Cursuah, six miles from Jehazpoor, and entered the Burway pergunnah. One mile from hence is the town of that name, in which are the ruins of a magnificent garden planted by Meerzahee, of which only a tank, lined with brick, remains entire. Beyond this is a very fine plain, watered by the rivulet Lussonea, over which is a handsome stone bridge, said to have been built by a servant of Meerzahee. At the extremities of the piers are small turrets, and as the bridge is built on marshy ground, a stone causeway is carried on at each end of it to some distance; a precaution, for want of which most of the bridges in this country soon fall to decay.

Two miles beyond this bridge I crossed the river Bommonee, and entered the zemindary of Arungabad. The country between the Gaintee and this river is by much the finest part of Orissa. It is inhabited by a great number of weavers, who weave muslins in pieces, chiefly for turbans. Manufacturers will always settle in those parts where they are most free from oppression; and for this reason, so many flock hereabouts; for Jehazpoor being a fouzday or military station, to the support of which the rents of the neighbouring country is appropriated, it is, in other words, an official fief, and the country becomes the property of the fouzdar for the time being. Now it is the custom of the Mahratta troops, to plunder as much in the zemindaries tributary to them, as in any enemy's country; the tenants of such zemindaries, therefore, desert their villages at the approach of an army, while the fouzdar, meeting the commander with a present, obtains an order to be exempted from pillage, the execution of which he attends to himself, and, if any inferior officer commits violence, fails not to repel force by force. The fouzday also having continued some time in the same family, contributes to render the country populous. Jagoo Pandit has secured the succession to his son-in-law Incoojee, who came to see me. He praised Sheoo Butt, the late governor of Orissa. I asked him, "Why people, in general, preferred him so much to the present governor?" He answered in the style of a baron-bold: "Sehoo Butt supported the national troops with the plunder of foreign countries; Bowannee Pundit, with the plunder of his own."

I halted this evening on the banks of the Kimmera, where I began to feel the inconveniences of travelling in the manner Europeans do in a country, where, certain of meeting with no resources on the road peculiar to their wants, they are obliged to carry all necessaries with them. This evil arises from the surly obstinacy of the English, and from the totally different mode of living between the natives and us. *Their mode is better suited to the climate, being more limited; and I could not but observe, the ambassador who went with me knew not one twentieth part of the wants I did.* His train consisted of an emaciated horse, and a slave fourteen years of age.

The ambassador and his boy rose early. While the master washed, and said his prayers, the servant put a linen quilt stuffed with cotton on the horse's back, and a small leather pillow; the remains of his bedding served as a pummel, the whole fastened

with a circingle; thus, that which was used as a bed at night, served as a saddle by day. Just before we reached the end of our march, the boy, whose affection was equally divided between the horse and rider, slipped into a village, and either begged, bought or stole a wisp of straw, which, as soon as we halted, he threw before the beast. He took off the saddle, and spread it under a tree, and filled a small brass pot with water; then kneading two small cakes of flour, water and salt, and baking them on some coals, he put one of them, together with some water, at his master's pillow, who eat it, and composed himself to sleep. The poor boy then rubbed down the horse very carefully, and composed himself also. About four in the afternoon, he went to market, where he purchased rice, greens and fish, if it was to be got. On a Friday they usually feasted on a fowl cut in pieces and stewed. The cooking began about five; the rice was boiled in a large pot, while a small one which contained the sauce, served as a cover to it, and was kept regularly hot by the steam. The meal was ready by sunset, to which they sat down with a most hearty appetite. My God! how few things are necessary to the happiness of that mind which knows not abundance of wants! How miserable was poor I, compared to this rich Patan! My party consisted of Mr. Raby, a young gentleman that accompanied me, of an European servant, of three horses, two camels, three tents, thirty native servants, and twenty-six reposs. My wardrobe was a great incumbrance, containing four suits of clothes, and forty shifts of linen, since I could employ my washerman only on halting days; while Surdar Khan, assured that he should find a washerman at every pond of water, who would wash and dry his clothes in half an hour, and a shop and a tailor at every principal town, who would equip him in six hours, kept up no wardrobe at all. Tobacco smoked, supplied him with the refreshment which I derived from wine. I have given an account of his diet above, while an Englishman says, there is no dinner without roast meat, garden stuff, butter and bread, and I thought it an hardship to be confined to biscuit. My situation depending on so many circumstances, must be subject to many more disappointments than his, which rested on two; and I often went to bed in disgust, while he joined my attendants, who spent the evening in cheerful conversation, or assembled with silent attention round a story-teller, whom I entertained in my service for their amusement, and to improve me in the language and manners of the east.

May 4.—I entered most beautiful vallies, which lie between the Altee and Arungabad, and which, in spite of the present drought, retain a charming beautiful verdure, the vicinity of the hills affording them a supply of moisture. Through the last of these vallies runs the Nulla Gulgalla, or swampy rivulet, over which is a stone bridge in good repair. This road is so swampy, it is impassable in a wet season, or even after two or three smart showers of rain. At such times, travellers keep the river Commorea close on the right, till they come to the foot of the hills, which they ascend about half-way, and keeping on the brow, pass a fakeer's house; then descending again, fall into the other road at N. E. of the bridge. About a mile to the right of the road is the fort of Arungabad, situated among the hills, naturally very strong. In it is a Mahratta garrison, where the rajah is obliged to hold his court, that he may be immediately under the eye of the commanding officer. The highlanders might, in this pass, be troublesome to an army on its march, though it is scarce probable they would act in concert with the Marrattas.

The plains continue to the Hurreepoor river, overgrown with long coarse grass, such as is usual in marshes. Crossing this river, came to Arrucpoor, which was formerly a village, but, being destroyed by the Mahrattas, on account of a riot, a good Hindû beggar built two sheds for the reception of travellers, to which the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages bring provisions for sale, in proportion to the number of persons who halt there. Many herdsmen from Cuttac drive such cows as are dry, and such bullocks as are out of work, to graze on the spacious plains, building themselves temporary huts at this place. Here, also, when the Mahrattas are not in the field, live those followers of the camp, which are plunderers by profession. These are under a chief, who accounts with the commanding officer. They carry each an iron rod, ten feet long, with which they probe the ground wherever they suspect money or effects to be buried. They smell the rod, repeating cabalistical words, and pretend they make their discoveries by the nose; but this is mere affectation; for they know by the ease with which the rod enters, whether the ground has been lately dug, however carefully the earth may have been thrown in again, or however artfully the surface may have been formed. As soon as the army takes the field, they make a feast, and burn their huts for joy.

May 5.—From Arrucpoor the land is arable, interspersed with bushes, but not thoroughly cultivated, and continues so for

a mile and a half; you then enter thick woods, though you have usually the river close on your right. This is here called the Jipoor river, from a village of that name which stood on its banks. It is, however, only a branch of the Maha Nuddee, which separates from the main body above Cuttac, and, as it runs, taking the name of a neighbouring village, it goes near Arrucpoor, where I passed it by the name of Hurrepoor river, and falls into the Commorea, about two miles below the ford, where I crossed that river.

Indeed the rivers, both in this country and Bengal, change their names so often, as makes it very difficult for travellers to ascertain them; and as hircarras scorn to be ignorant of any thing, ask one of them the name of the river, he seeing it has no current, and being ignorant of the name of the next village, pronounces it a Connur Nuddee, or one-eyed river, a name common to all such as do not run the twelve months. This the traveller sets down as the proper name, on which account you meet with so many Connur rivers in the English surveys.

Keeping the river still on your right, you come to the spot where stood the village of Mausumpoor, on which two weekly markets are still held; just beyond which the hills project into the river, and form a strong pass. The road, about three feet wide, strewn with fragments of the rocks, runs at the foot of the hill, which is so steep, it, as it were, overhangs the way, while the river, in this part more than ordinarily deep, runs close on the right. On the top of the hill is a stone taghurbarray, from whence troops might be much annoyed; however, as the Mahrattas have no respectable infantry, and as the cavalry could not act in this pass, a company of sepoys thrown into the taghurbarray, would be sufficient to keep the enemy in awe while a road was making for the guns.

Beyond this you still keep the river on your right for a mile, when the country begins to be more open, and you approach Puddampoor, where it is thoroughly cultivated. Puddampoor is a military station, under the command of Futtee Khan, the principal officer in the service of the nabob of Orissa, and may be called the advanced guard of the Mahratta camp. It is, in consequence of being well protected, a considerable village, inhabited by a number of weavers. From hence to the Maha Nuddee, or great river, is a heavy sand, which is sometimes overflowed even unto this village.

May 6.—Cuttac appears from hence a noble city. The rising ground on which it is situated; the stone wall by which it is defended from the force of the stream; the great number of mosques with which it is adorned, and the regular appearance of the citadel, strongly resembling the west side of Windsor castle, unite to make the perspective view of the place extremely grand. It is true it has the advantage of being viewed from the opposite bank of a river two miles and a half wide, whose course is so straight, that the eye takes in the whole city at one sight. But when you have crossed a long burning sand, and forded the river, what a falling off is there! You find the ground is raised entirely by the rubbish of the ruins, the stone wall maintains itself by its original strength; for people are suffered to steal the materials though on the wall depends the very existence of the city. Such mosques as are in repair, are dens of thievish beggars; and the citadel, on examination, proves a weak fortification.

To be more methodical, Cuttac is triangular, built on the neck of land formed by the separation of the two rivers, the Maha Nuddee and the Cotjuree. The Maha Nuddee, or great river, runs on the west by the north side, and keeping a course about E. by N. it is joined by the several streams of the Sollundee, the Gaintee, the Bitrunnee, the Cursan, the Bommonee and the Commorea, and falls into Kunneka bay, in Ballasore road. The Cotjuree, washing the walls of Cuttac on the S. S. W. side, and keeping about an E. by S. course, divides itself into two branches, one of which joins the Maha Nuddee again, while the other, taking the name of the Kouakai, runs into Chilka, which bounds the province of Orissa to the southward, and which falls into the sea, twenty-five miles north from Juggernaut, and about the same distance south from Point Palmiras.

Each of the sides of the triangle, on which Cuttac is built, is two miles, but that on the banks of the Cotjuree is best inhabited. On it is Lolbaug, the residence of the governor of the province, a large building, laid out in a number of courts, in the Morisco taste, but much out of repair; the governor, when one part is ready to fall, removing to another. From the principal entrance of this palace, runs the great street, formerly built in a straight line, one mile and a half long, and still the chief place of business in the town. On the right of it is the English factory, the meanness of which does no credit to so flourishing a company.

Cuttac is not fortified now, but on the side next the Maha Nudde is a citadel, called the Barahbattee, because it is said to contain 12 battees, or 240 biggahs of land. But this must be understood not only of the fort itself, but of the official fief annexed to the command; for the fort itself did not appear to me above 800 yards in circumference. It is square, with a small bastion at three angles; at the fourth, to the N. W. a very large one, evidently the improvement of an European engineer, to counteract a lofty mosque, which commands that quarter of the fort; the ditch is 20 yards wide, and 7 deep, lined with stone, and a perfect square without; for the bastions having been added since the fort was built, there are no projections in the ditch to answer the projections of the bastion. The works are formed of two stone walls, each 18 inches thick, built perpendicular two feet from each other, which distance is filled up with rubbish. The outer wall being raised five feet higher than the inner, forms the parapet, which is only one stone thick. The entrance is defended by three gateways, so strong, it would be impossible to force them, if they were manned by brave fellows; for the passage between them is narrow and winding, with a stone wall on each side, thirty feet perpendicular, from the top of which, if they were to let large stones fall, every man in the passage must be crushed. The fort is, however, too small to make a long defence against an European enemy.

I found at this place Mr. Charles Alleyn, a gentleman employed by the government of Calcutta as post-master, to keep up the communication between Madras and that place. He waited on me to the court of Bowanee Pundit, the governor of Orissa, where I was received with more politeness than state. I delivered him the letters from Lord Clive, which desired him, in general terms, to pay all attention to what I should say, as I was in his lordship's confidence. I began by opening to him my desire of purchasing diamonds at Sumbhulpoor, as the object of my journey thither. He looked at me with a penetrating eye, and said, so trifling a matter could not be all the meaning couched in his lordship's letter, nor all the purpose of a man of my consequence; for the diamond trade of Sumbhulpoor could not be carried on to any considerable amount. His suspicions were, that I was employed to form alliances with the mountaineers, through whose territories my road lay. He explained to me the just demand, Jannoojei, his master, had on the Company, for the arrears of the tribute of Bengal and Bahar. I seized this

lucky opening, entered at once on the discussion of the point, and answered, I understood the revenues of Orissa were made over to Jannoojei, in lieu of the tribute of the three provinces, and that the best mode which could be adopted, was to restore it to the Company, who should pay a stipulated sum, and send a resident to the court of Nagpoor as an hostage. I urged, that by so doing, a mutual confidence would be formed between that court and the government of Calcutta, for the advantage of both.

Jannoojei's situation was at that time extremely critical. A bitter inveteracy had arisen between him and Maddoo Row, the peshwa, in effect the sovereign of Poonah, while he became detested by the nizam of the Deccan, his only ally, for his treachery at the conclusion of the last campaign. The peshwa resolved to make him feel the weight of his resentment. Bowanee Pundit was too good a statesman not to comprehend the use which might be made of an alliance with the English. He caught the idea with the vivacity of a Mahratta, told me the interest of his court and ours were the same; that he would write what he had said to Jannoojei, and desired me to write to Lord Clive. Business being finished, he became extremely cheerful, supplied me with guides, and promised me every assistance. I then paid a visit to Laicmunjee Jazie, the commander of the citadel, who treated me with great civility.

May 10.—I left Cuttac the 10th, and crossed the river Cotjuree, one mile and a half broad. I passed from hence through a country divided into small zemindaries, from which the collections are made at Cuttac. They are most grievously oppressed by the jemidars stationed at that place, who daily send out their servants hither to forage. It is consequently very thinly inhabited, overgrown with bushes, and continues so for five miles, when you come to the banks of the Maha Nuddee. On the neck of land between this and the Cotjuree, is the fort of Ottagur, fortified with a ditch and bamboo hedge.

May 11.—Keeping along the banks of the river four miles, I came to a pass formed by the projection of the rocks into it. The pass is 200 yards in length, and strewed with broken rocks. At the S. W. end is an excellent spot for a small encampment, the rear of which to the N. E. would be covered by the pass and the river, the right flank also by the river, and the left flank by the perpendicular hanging rock; in the front to S. W. a very pleasant plain, the part by which alone an enemy could

approach. At the S. E. foot of these hills, three-fourths of a mile from the road, is the town of Ghilobonk, defended by a bamboo hedge.

The river is here full of rocks, most of which are something lower than the height to which the waters rise in the rainy season. This makes the navigation difficult, and obliges the natives to use small boats to carry on their trade. The boats are very light, the plank being only an inch thick, and the timbers small in proportion. They are built like Chinese junks, with a flat bottom and perpendicular sides, and carry from 60 to 100 maunds; the largest I have seen were 40 feet long, and 4 wide. In going up the river, during the season of the floods, the following observations may be of use. The hills run always in regular ranges, from N. by W. to S. by E.; now from the place where they project into the river on one side, to where they project on the other you may be sure of finding a reef of rocks. But this holds no farther than Boad, beyond which, the country being totally mountainous, no regular ranges can be traced.

May 12.—Four miles from the pass of Ghilobonk, I entered the zemindary of Bonkey, where the country begins to wear a different aspect with respect to cultivation, the consequence of more numerous inhabitants. The manner in which the small villages are built, was also new to me. The houses are placed in a regular street, close to each other; and have neither door nor window, except in front. At each end of this street is a fence made of bamboos, knit together like cow-cribs in England. This serves to protect the inhabitants and their cattle from bears, wolves, and tygers, which come from the mountains every night to these plains in search of prey. The large villages are not built in the same manner, because the Mahrattas will not permit any thing that looks like a fortification in the grand road.

Near the village of Sumulpoor, ten miles from Ghilobonk, a rock of white marble appears above the ground, which somebody has made sacred, by building a taghurbarry over it; from hence it is probable a vein of fine marble runs hereabouts; but tradition has prevented any one from working it, by asserting that under it lie a great number of venomous snakes. The rajah of Bonkey is named Seerec Chundeen, and resides usually at the town of Bonkey, one coss inland from Chadgeka, but was at this time prisoner at Cuttac, on account of his revenues.

Chadgeka is a large village, remarkable for a handsome tag-hurburry, or house of God, built on the summit of a rock, forty feet high, which is ascended by a very handsome flight of stone steps. This place of worship is endowed with 20,000 biggahs of land, as the gardeners who officiated in it told me.

I cannot conceive how the gardeners, in this country, have stolen from the Brahmins the right of officiating in the temples of Roadur and Bowanee. Was a person of that caste to do so in Bengal, all the Brāhmins would rise and thunder the most shocking anathemas against him. It is certain the Brahmins originally confined the priesthood to their own tribe; it is as certain the priesthood is beneficial, because the priests hold everywhere large tracts of land, in the name of their God, rent-free; by what means, then, the laity have been admitted to share this advantage with them, I am at a loss even to guess. I inquired of a learned Brahmin; he told me Roadur and his family were so jealous, and punished the least omission in their duty with so much severity, that the Brahmins, not caring to serve them longer, gave up that office, reserving to themselves only the right of officiating to Kishnu and his wife. This is scarce probable; for the Hindus being strict manichees, actuated rather by fear than by love, are much more generous in their offerings to the god that hurts them, than to him who does them good. The service of Roadur is much more profitable than that of Wiestna. The Brahmins of this country, having thus lost the means of supporting themselves without labour, are much more illiterate than those in Bengal, which has also an effect on their religion, in the practice whereof they are not near so strict.

May 13.—Opposite this part of the Bonkey country, on the other side of the river, is the chucla of Tigorea, the rajah of which is named Chumput Singh. This rajah has taken great pains to improve his country, by keeping it in a state of tranquillity. When Seccoo Butt laid waste the zemindaries of Dinkanol and Burrumba, because they did not pay their rents, Chumput Singh invited the weavers, who fled from thence, to settle in his capital; Nia Patna granted them extraordinary privileges, and has since given all possible encouragement to merchants. That place, therefore, bids fair to be a flourishing manufacturing town, if not nipped in the bud by the rapacity of the Mahrattas. Dinkanol is a large zemindary, which bounds Tigorea to the northward; Burrumba, a small one, which bounds it to the westward. The latter is on the banks of the Maha Nuddee, opposite the

westerly part of the Bonkey country; in it is the town of Monneabund, formerly a considerable place of trade, but lately fallen to decay.

Keeping still on the banks of the river, through a very pleasant country, I came to Bidissur, a large village at the foot of a steep mountain, on the top of which is a plain, and a mango garden, to which the inhabitants of the village retire with their effects upon any alarm. The eminences I had hitherto passed were mole-hill compared with this mountain, the side of which lies on an angle of seventy degrees, and is half a mile high. The commander of the place desired me not to go up to the top; and truly all the paths I could find were so overgrown with thorns, that, climbing only a little way to shoot peacocks, I tore my waist coat and shirt off my back. Probably there was another path which I did not hit on. This mountain forms also a pass, rendered strong by a rivulet, which running at the westerly foot of it, falls into the great river, and is not fordable even in the driest seasons. I was obliged to cross the stream of the river, and keep on the northerly side, till I had passed the mouth of the nulla, and then to recross the stream, and ascend the banks again. This pass, therefore, must be of consequence at any time when the river is not fordable.

In the middle of the river, opposite this mountain, is an island, a most romantic spot of ground. At the west end, a rock, thirty feet high, most irregularly shaped, breaks the force of the stream, echoes the sound of the current, and preserves the island from being washed away. The rest of the island consists of a grove of venerable mango trees, 600 yards long, and 300 broad. While the river is full, it must be the pleasantest situation in the world.

May 14.—The Bonkey country reaches only five miles beyond Bidissur, when you enter the Cundea Parra chucla. Cundea Parra, the residence of the rajah, is three coss S. E. from Coollo, where I halted two days to provide my servants with necessaries, as I understood they could not meet with another place where they could be supplied; the rest of my journey being through a country thinly inhabited, mountainous, ill cultivated, and barbarous in every sense of the word.

Coollo is a large village, the most considerable place for trade in this road. The merchants of Berar, and the inland parts of India, bring cotton and other goods hither on bullocks, which return loaded with salt, which is made at Cunter Bi, on the

Chelka, and in the parts to the southward of that river, which is the only kind of salt in consumption; the rigid Hindus thinking their purity would be doubted, if they ate salt made by an inferior tribe. The trade of Coollo is founded on the same principles as the fairs in Europe were, ere the increase of wealth gave rise to merchants on speculation. During the months of January, February, March and April, the traders of the inland parts of Hindustan form themselves into caravans, for the better security of their property, and bring their goods on bullocks hither, where they are met by the traders from the sea-coast with salt and European commodities. Business is carried on by barter; so that very little money passes between them. They live in huts, with which they are furnished by the factors they employ, who furnish them also, during their abode here, with food and necessaries at reasonable rates, and for their trouble draw only one per cent. A month before the setting in of the rains, they take their departure; and the factors, who are by no means opulent, remain the only inhabitants of the place, in which condition I found it. Nothing could induce the inland merchants, who bring their goods five or six hundred miles, to carry them one hundred and twenty miles farther to the sea; but this I attribute to the dread they have of the noxious effects of the salt air.

May 17.—Opposite this place, on the other side of the river, is the chucla of Nersingpoor, whose capital of the same name is three coss inland. It is bounded to the northward by the countries of Tolchair and Hindole, from whence only come the best bamboos used for palankeens, particularly from the mountains of Goorjang, and Rodgong, in the Tolchair chucla. They grow near the summits of the rocks, and spring in July, when the people who prepare them, culling the strongest shoots in the clumps, tie them to stakes drove into the ground, and thus direct their growth to the proper shape. In this manner they grow twenty yards long by the setting in of the dry season, when their tops are cut off, and they are sent to market. If they are suffered to stand longer, the hollow part increasing, and the wood growing thinner, they become so weak as to be unfit for service. I believe no plant equals this for rapidity of growth, it being in five months 20 yards high, and 18 inches in circumference.

Three miles from Coollo, the road again passes at the foot of a mountain, with the river close to the right. However, it

is here two yards and a half wide, and not spread with fragments of the rock, as in the other passes. From hence the country, less populous, begins to be overgrown with bushes.

Twelve miles from Coollo, I entered the Dusspulla chucra, and came to Bailparra, where the rajah collects duties on travellers for passing the straits of Bermule, which are 14 miles distant; so that if any person proves refractory, he has time to send orders to his people stationed there, to prepare for the reception of an enemy. The commanding officer of this place knew not in what manner to treat me, when I shewed him the edict of his majesty Shah Allum, then residing at Allahabad, concerning me. I was surprised to observe the respect with which he received it; for the gentle conquerors of the race of Timur are still beloved by tradition, even in parts where they have ceased near a century to reign; he also paid attention to Lord Clive's letter, for his fame was then at the highest; but when I shewed him the Mahratta pass which Bowance Pundit had given me, he laughed at it, and said the Mahrattas had always made him presents when they passed that way. He assumed the bully, demanded bills on Cuttac for a large sum; but finding, by his frequent changing his note, that he was irresolute, I was apprehensive, lest if I submitted to his extortions, his people should behave tracherously when I was entangled in the straits; I, therefore, assumed a superiority, ordered the sepoys to seize him, and him to attend me through them myself, at the end of which, if he behaved well, I would make him a present. I served my sepoys out with fresh ammunition in his presence. His people outnumbered mine five to one; but, struck with my firmness, although they at first put on a threatening appearance, submitted to let him escort me with twenty men. Indeed these people are far more necessary as guides than formidable as enemies; for a small body might, in spite of such ill-armed troops, force its way if it could but find it.

May 18.—I marched early with my new companion, and found the country indifferently cultivated. The mountains also, which began to surround me more closely, formed several vallies, which at any other season had appeared pleasant. At present the extraordinary heat had the effects of frost, and robbed the trees, which sprung from the crevices of the rocks, of their leaves. The rocks, deprived of the screen which sheltered them from the sun, were affected by his fiery rays, particularly in his descent, and reflected them on the vallies with such redoubled force, as rendered the

air pent up in them almost suffocating. At this time also, I was seized with a mountain fever, which held me the rest of the journey. This shed a browner horror on the woods, and aggravated the heat by occasioning an insatiable thirst. The thermometer was, at three in the afternoon, at 112 'in my tent.

I halted this day at Burmule, where is a something called a fort. It might, with more propriety, be called a fenced village, being only some thatched houses surrounded with a fence made of dry bamboos wove together, ten feet high. The fence is fastened to rough hewn timbers, irregularly stuck in the ground, like piles. The timbers in those parts near the entrance of the village are only twelve inches distant from each other, but in other parts three or four feet; so that when the bamboo fence was destroyed by fire, or otherwise, two men might enter abreast. The gateway is in the form of a gallows, to the horizontal timber of which is tied the gate, made also of bamboos, wove together in the manner of a cow-crib. At a distance equal to the height of the gate is another gallows, by which it is drawn up. This is certainly the most simple, and consequently the original of all portcullises.

May 19.—I left Burmule early, and entered the grand pass, which is the key of Orissa. The whole way from this place to Khussumgur, may, with strict propriety, be called a pass, since it is every where defensible; but that part called Burmule Gautee is more particularly strong. The entrance is 600 yards from the fort of Bermule, and it continues near a mile. It is formed by two very loft mountains, almost perpendicular, 200 yards from each other, between which the road lies.—Through this valley runs a deep rivulet with a very muddy bottom. The stream being at first close under the southern mountain, I was forced to dismount my horse and climb the crags a little way, since the consequence of a false step either of horse or man, would probably be either a broken neck, or suffocation in the mud of the rivulet. Beyond this, the river glides across the valley from the foot of the northern mountain, and forms a beautiful plain 500 yards long and 200 wide, at the end of which the stream is again close under the southern mountain, where the path is better than the former, being ten yards wide, but spread with craggy rocks. This valley is therefore a very strong pass; and if the straits of Thermopylæ were as strong, we must acquit Leonidas and 300 Spartans of temerity.

From hence I ascended from rock to rock for ten miles. Whether the road, or rather path, was originally formed by the course of the water from the top of the mountain, or whether, as a road the labour of man, it has since become a channel for the water, I cannot determine; the regularity of its direction seems to countenance the latter opinion, but the roughness of the way strongly indicates the former; for man would surely never leave a piece of work so imperfect in all its parts as this is, considered as a road; while, considered as a water-course, it is a perfect work of nature. This path is quite impassable for wheel carriages, nor could it be made passable but at a very great expence. The trees which grow on the rocks are mango, saul, and such other sorts as are common in the plain country; but their roots being limited to a narrow space of soil, furnish a very slender supply of nutritive juices, so that the trees are stunted in their growth, and never rise to the sizes of the same kinds of trees planted on the plains: the face of the country, therefore, resembles a forest of three or four years growth. The mangoes may be called crab-mangoes, being small, sour, and full of strings. If any body of men refuse to make the mountaineers a present, they fell the largest trees, and lay them across the road, so as to obstruct the passage of horses; and this obliges the travellers to buy their assistance for removing them: so that they pay at last. Whether, however, you pay them or not, they will plunder any part of your baggage that straggles, if they can master it. I was protected from anything of this kind, by having the commandant of Bailparra in my company; and every hour we travelled together, he became more conversable as we became better acquainted.

As nothing refreshes the people of this country so much as a whiff of tobacco, which fire is necessary to the preparation of, the mountaineers, whenever they see a withered tree, put a little fire to the stem of it; which burning slowly near a month, affords travellers a supply. This accounts for a circumstance Mr. Marriott mentioned. He said, that on the Neelgur hills were many volcanoes, and that from the top of the factory at Ballasore he saw, during the months of April, May, and June, pillars of smoke issuing from them. These volcanoes I judge to be nothing more than burning trees, as well such set on fire by the mountaineers for the above purpose, as such as take fire of themselves; for, during those months, the sap being down in some measure, and the wood being more inflammable, if one tree is by the wind

rubbed against another, the friction will cause it to take fire. From observing this, mankind were probably taught to kindle a fire, by rubbing two pieces of dry wood against each other; a mode in practice from Kamschatka to the Cape of Good Hope.

I reached the summit of the mountain at two o'clock, after a fatiguing march; and halted on the banks of a large pool of water, where once stood the village of Puddumtolah. At night there was an alarm of a tyger, and the next morning we missed a great dog; I therefore suspect it was an hyaena, that beast being particularly fond of dog's flesh.

May 20.—I was too much fatigued in the evening to look much about me; but flattering myself that I was at the summit of the highest mountains, I pleased myself with the hopes of commanding by the break of day all the flat country; to trace the road I had come; and to count over the various precipices I had passed: but getting up a tree, the mountains to the south still rose so considerably above me, that they seemed to touch the skies; while the ground was so overgrown with trees, I could not see above half a mile from me, save when one of those mountains intervened. I expected, in the interval between the nearest of these and that I was upon, to find a promontory commanding a beautiful prospect; but after scrambling among the bushes a mile, I found only a deep chasm, which probably afforded a grand cascade in the rainy season, but now resembled the descent of Avernus.

I then commenced my descent, which I found more difficult than the road up, though not quite so rugged. But first I dismissed my conductor, with a present of a piece of scarlet broad cloth, a fusee, and a pair of spectacles, with which he was highly pleased, and vowed an eternal friendship for me. I now entered the province of Boad. The descent was, by my calculation, nine miles and a half, which took me up the major part of the day. I halted in the evening at Khussumgur, a small village in a dreary valley, overgrown with underwood. The descent did not appear by the measurement as great as the ascent had been; so that the ground I was now upon must be higher than that on the other side the straits.

The face of this whole country is mountainous, interspersed with vallies from four to sixteen miles in circumference, in each of which are from 300 to 700 acres of rice grounds, surrounding a village:—whenever, therefore, you come to any tilled land, you

may depend on finding a village near. The villages are all fenced with bamboo and rough hewn timbers, as I have already described Bermule, to protect the inhabitants and their cattle from wild beasts. Here I was first struck with the sight of women ploughing, while their female children drove the oxen; but this is the practice through the whole mountainous country, while the men, strolling through the forests, armed with a spear and hatchet, plunder everything they can master. This abuse of the fair sex is characteristic of a barbarous people. They grow no grain or pulse, but such as ripen in the rainy season. Such as ripen in the other months are entirely neglected, because the inhabitants expect the Mahrattas to overrun the country in those months.

May 21.—The policy of the Mahrattas in the government of this country appears very strange to a son of liberty, taught that government was instituted for the protection of every individual, and that the meanest who feels himself oppressed, has a right to complain, and ought to be redressed, if such redress is not inconsistent with the common weal; while the people of this country, endowed by nature with a stoical indifference which blunts all sensibility, and finding in their own hearts a dastardly mean perfidy, which bars all confidence in their neighbours, and forbids an alliance with them who might protect them, submit to every thing the individual cannot resist, who, in the midst of his misery, impiously pronounces the visitation the will of God.

When Ragoojee entered Orissa, at the instigation of Meer Hubbeeh, who had fled disgusted from Alliverdi Khan's service in 1738, he found these parts divided into small zemindaries, dependent on the rajah of Pooree, at whose capital is the famous temple of Jeggernaut, near the Chilka lake. This prince was regarded by his subjects in a religious light also, and appeared formidable to the Mahrattas, who, apprehensive lest he might seize a favourable opportunity to cut off the communication between Nagpoor and Cuttac, resolved to reduce his power by dividing it. He made the petty zemindars independent of him, and formed the chucklas of Dinkanol, Bonkey, Nersingpoor, Tigorea, Tolchair, Chunda Parra, Dispulla, Hindole, Ungool, and Boad. On his death, a dispute arose among his sons respecting the succession; and although Jannoojei secured Berar, Orissa, and all the mountainous zemindaries between those two kingdoms, yet a jealousy arising between him and Maddoo Row, the

chief candidate for the office of peshwa, which soon brought on an open rupture, he was too much employed to subdue the mountainous princes thoroughly, but was content to exact a tribute from them. This tribute is so ill paid, he is obliged to march his troops after the rains, and to extort what he can; for in consequence of their default, he demands, moreover, the charges of the expedition against them. If this, like all other eastern armies, lives at discretion, the prince is only to be blamed for bringing such vengeance on his people. But what wretches are they, not to depose such a pest to government !

May 21.—I left Khussumgur early, and, having travelled ten miles, came again to the banks of Maha Nuddee, which was deeper, narrower, and more rocky than where I left it. The mountains were not so high, and the vallies more extensive than before. I made a long march, and halted at Ramgur, a considerable village on the banks of the river.

May 22.—I found my road today much more open. I passed from one valley to another by intervals in the hills, which ceased to be mountains. The villages were also planted more closely; for in the distance of fifteen miles which I travelled to-day, I passed three. The merchants who travel in these parts, apply to the rajah of the country they are passing through, and, making him a present, get a guard, who convey them into the territories of the next rajah. This certainly is more for the interest of the rajahs, than to plunder them, since, in such case, the mountaineers would run away with the greatest part of the booty, while the Mahrattas, getting intelligence of such a prize, would immediately send a force to claim it, and oblige the government to refund the amount of the plunder, aggravated by fame to five times its real value.

I halted this day at Boad, the residence of the rajah, a large fenced village. I here was overtaken by letters from Bowanee Pundit, of Cuttac, acquainting me with the fate of his master and Goree Punt, a Mahratta of some consequence, on his way from Nagpoor, who related to me all the circumstances. The Mahrattas are divided into two parties, the Brahmans, or religious order, and the khatory, or fighting men. The rajahs have been for many generations of the first order, until, about thirty-five years ago, during a weak minority, the power fell into the hands of the peshwa, or minister, a khatory, whose grandson,

Maddoo Row, now holds it, and keeps his monarch a prisoner near Poonah. His rival is Jannoojei, the sovereign of Berar and Orissa, who is a Brahman, a descendant of the old princes, who claims the sovereignty, should the present line fail. During the last year, Jannoojei had engaged himself in the pay of Nizam Alee, to attack the peshwa; but at the conclusion of an unsuccessful campaign, in June last, his troops being considerably in arrears, were left in charge of the Nizam's baggage, while his ally crossed the Kristna, at that time swelled by the rains. This was too tempting an opportunity for a Mahratta to miss. He plundered the baggage, paid his troops with the plunder, and made Nizam Alee his inveterate enemy, who instantly clapped up a peace with Maddoo Row.

Jannoojei, thus left to the mercy of his rival, was attacked at the opening of the present campaign in November. He was defeated in a general engagement; his capital, Nagpoor, was taken and burnt in February, and he was glad to accept of such terms of peace as Maddoo Row would grant him. Bowanee Pundit, therefore, wrote me, his master must give up all thoughts of an alliance with the English at present, and Goree Punt seemed of the same opinion. This reverse of the fortune of Jannoojei obliged me to make a total alteration in my plan of operations, to give up all thoughts of a journey to Nagpoor, and to confine my ideas for the present to the diamond business.

May 23.—But this was not the deliberation of one day. I halted two here, as well to get information from Goree Punt, as to write my letters to Bowanee Pundit and Lord Clive. I found Goree Punt an active intelligent fellow, who, with the true spirit of a Mahratta, had advised his master not to give up the point of working the ruin of Maddoo Row, but to fall on other means, and to endeavour, as he expresses himself, to find a passage round a mountain, which was inaccessible. During the halt, the rajah of Boad sent me a present of provisions, according to the custom of the country; and at the same time gave me notice, that he proposed doing himself the honour of paying me a visit, but insisted I should return it. I answered, that, as it was impossible, in my weak condition, to return the compliment, I must beg him to defer the intended favour till I came back. He sent another person, privately, to examine if I was really ill, lest his honour should be hurt; and being satisfied on that head, came to see me. His train consisted of about three hundred men, some

armed with bows and arrows, some with swords and shields, about twenty with matchlock pieces, but the greater number with spears and hatches. I received him as he alighted from his palankeen. His dress was a cotton cloth about his loins, and another thrown over his shoulders; a large turban; two pearls and an emerald strung on a gold wire suspended to each ear; and some charms about his neck, inclosed in gold cases, like the baubles of a lady's watch. Our conversation was short, consisting of observations on the consequences of the present drought with respect to the cultivation of the country, curses on his tyrants the Mahrattas, and professions of regard for each other. At going away I made him a present of a pair of pistols.

May 25th.—I here struck out of the high road to Nagpoor, and crossing the river Maha Nuddee, saw it no more till I reached Sumbhulpoor. The dominions of the rajah of Boad continued fourteen miles, though the country was so mountainous, and overgrown with trees, it was scarce worth owning. This being a by-road, though with strict propriety it could not be called any road at all, was almost impassable even for a palankeen. The first ten miles was among mountains, not so lofty as those I had already passed, but overgrown with bushes, and the same kind of dwarf-trees as before. As I understood there was a better road, I was disgusted at my guide the ambassador, and I had reason soon to think he was treacherous. I halted this night in a vile forest, abounding with wolves and bears, and, the next morning, passed from the district of Boad into the Landacole country, in which the first village I came to was Koocheemool, from whence I found the villages more thick, till I reached Coogul, beyond which the road was among the mountains again.

May 27.—I halted here this night, and was alarmed towards morning by two large bears and their cubs, who attempted to come into my tent; but the sentry firing at them, they made off. These beasts, when irritated by the natives, frequently carry them away, and with their file-like tongues have licked off their flesh, and damaged the gristles of their joints, and then leave them in the forests, a helpless prey for the next wild beast that comes. I once saw a poor fellow begging in that condition, the joints of his arms having lost all their power; so that he was a miserable cripple. He told me, that attempting to drive a bear out of his garden, the bear turned upon him, carried him away, and treated

him in that manner, but that some of his family seeking him, found him the next day in the wood.

May 28.—In the morning my servants told me the kelladar of the village was resolved not to let me pass unless I made him a present, and that Surdar Khan, the ambassador, who had supped with him the preceding night, had instigated him to this attempt at violence; for which purpose he had collected about one hundred men, armed with bows and arrows. Despising so mean a force, and reflecting that to submit to an indignity of that kind, would make my character at Sumbhulpoor less respectable, I marched the sepoy and drew them up in front of the village; telling the kelladar, I would pay him for any mischief my people did, but that, if he opposed my march, I would burn every house to the ground. This menace had the desired effect; he let me pass without the least molestation. Nine miles from hence I entered the province of Sumbulpoor, which I found as mountainous and woody as the worst country I had hitherto passed. I halted this night at Joojoomsoora, where I halted the 29th, next day, and sent the ambassador before to the capital, to signify my arrival to the rajah. He sent a person back to acquaint me that the rajah was dead, but that his son, Obhi Sing, who had succeeded him, would be very glad to see me. He desired me to march the next day to Monisur, within five miles of Sumbhulpoor, whither the rajah would send his brother to meet me.

May 30.—I did so, and encamped, as he requested in a very pleasant grove, for the day was intensely hot, which was the signal for the change of the monsoon. In the morning, about nine, there came on a severe storm of thunder and rain. I had a large spare tent, in which the baggage was put. The sepoy and servants retiring thither for shelter, and fastening it down as close as possible, the lightning struck the iron pin at the top of the tent pole, and the end of the bayonet of the sentry, whom it instantly killed. It was conducted by the pole to the spare ammunition at the foot of it, which, by its explosion, struck every man senseless who was on his legs, but had little effect on those who were lying down. The lining of the tent being serge, the baggage took fire, and burnt all such as were rendered senseless by the rarefaction of the air. The pain roused such as were not quite dead, who ran into the tent where I was lying very ill, in the dark, for the storm had extinguished all the candles. It was with difficulty I got a light; but when it came, never were my eyes struck

with so terrible a scene! Conceive thirty poor wretches, on whose black skins the livid marks of the fire were most visible, standing stark-naked round my bed, imploring, with the most horrid screams, something to relieve their intolerable pains, from a fellow-creature exhausted by a long fit of illness. Excess of agony had banished respect; two or three of them had even thrown themselves upon the bed. I rose; the tent was by the time over shoes in water. I had their burnings anointed with oil. I sat myself on my elbow chair, and spent the most terrible night of my life among the shrieks and groans of those miserable men, of whom nine expired before morning, and seven the next day.

Grant, O my God! that in every future distress I may be reduced to, I may, by a reflection of what I then suffered, be prevented from falling into the black abyss of despair.

My situation was at this time truly critical. I was entering a place so remarkable for perfidy, that Captain Mallock durst not stay twenty-four hours in it; with a body reduced extremely low by a nervous fever, and no medical assistance at hand. The sepoys and other servants on whom I depended for protection against secret treachery, but which, in their best state, were insufficient to guard against open violence, instead of marching in good spirits, were obliged to be carried on a hurdle on the heads of two men; for almost all my people were burnt, several of whom died after I entered the town. These circumstances presented to me in all their terrors; but the state I found things in at Sumbhulpoor prevented many of the bad effects.

May 31.—Jite Sing, one of the rajah's natural brothers, came to congratulate me on my arrival in the Sumbhulpoor territories. He was shocked at the sight of my maimed people, and supplied me with labourers, who placed their bedding on hurdles, and carried them into the town like dead bodies. My entrance appeared rather like a funeral, than the conclusion of a successful march. The distance was only five miles to the place the rajah had pitched on for me to reside in; it was an outwork which had been added to the town in the manner of a ravelin. It formed an irregular triangle, two hundred yards in circumference, defended on two sides by a deep ditch and high mud wall, and covered towards the town by a mud wall ten feet high. The part allotted for me was surrounded also by a mud wall, and contained two sheds, used before as stables, which I gave up to the sick, pitching

my tents for myself and those in health, until I could build a thatched house.

I found the town in great confusion, on account of the state of the government, ever since the death of the late rajah. To explain this more fully, I shall give the history of the last three years.

In the year 1763, Ajeet Sing was rajah, and Deccan Roy, dewan. This man, taking advantage of his master's indolence, acquired such an ascendancy, that he directed every thing according to his own will and pleasure. At length the rajah's wife roused him, by representing the extreme dependence of his situation. The rajah privately raised a party; for the dewan had obtained grants of so many villages, that his master durst not attack him openly. Assassination best suited the spirit of the government. The cowardice of the rajah, and the genius of the people, who were sensible, that in the midst of the disturbances consequently to such an act of treachery, the plunder of the dead, and of many houses, would fall to their share, came readily into the plan; and Ajeet Sing, on the 16th of June, ordered the public hall to be cleared of every body except Deccan Roy, on pretence that the Ranny would pass through it in her way to a temple, whither she was to pay her devotions, and would then speak to him. The dewan, not suspecting any violence, sat waiting for her, when eight or ten ruffians, who had been concealed for the purpose, rushed out and cut him to pieces. This was the signal for plundering his house, which the populace instantly did; and when the rajah sent a party to secure his share of the booty, they found nothing left. Peelo Roy was the principal actor in this tragedy; but Kascree, who had charge of the rajah's household, jealous lest he should become his master, by being appointed dewan, persuaded Ajeet Singh to keep that post vacant, sensible that when the rajah's indolent fit should come on, the administration of affairs would fall into his hands; and he judged right: for no sooner did Morpheus shed his poppies on his master's head, than Kascree became as powerful as ever Deccan Roy had been. But Peelo Roy, sensible that Kascree had stood between him and the desired post, did not suffer him to enjoy his master's favour long. He employed a villain, who cleft his skull as he was passing through the gateway of the rajah's palace.

Peelo Roy having thus removed the chief obstacle, was appointed dewan, and Ajeet Sing sunk into his usual insignificance.

In the year 1764, Akber, a relation of Kascree, finding Peelo Roy's advance was incompatible with his safety, represented to Ajeet Sing, how shameful it was, that he, who had shaken off the fetters of so wise a man as Deccan Roy, should submit to be ruled by such a wretch as Peelo Roy. This representation had such an effect, that the rajah gave Akber a private order to murder him; however, the dewan being on his guard, no opportunity offered, until 27th August, a great holiday, when all the principal people of the town being assembled in the public hall with the rajah, at the dances exhibited on the occasion, and Peelo Roy retiring, Akber dispatched two or three ruffians after him, who murdered him as he was pressing through the crowd. In an instant the hall was cleared, every one running with the greatest alacrity to plunder his house.

Akber succeeded to all the influence of his predecessor, and continued until the death of his master, Ajeet Sing died the beginning of May 1766, not without strong suspicion of poison. It appeared he had resolved to destroy Akber, and, on his death-bed, recommended the destruction of him to his son, Obbi Sing. His son, therefore, as soon as the funeral of the father was over, refused to return him the seal, but gave it to Kissun Bur Mullic. Akber, being commander of the troops in the capital, retired to his own house, which was in the midst of the town, where he fortified himself. In this state was the country when I arrived.

On the 2nd June I paid the rajah a visit, being introduced by Jite Sing. Kissun Bur Millic officiated as his minister. He told me his master would enter on business with me immediately. He complained much of the insolence of Akbar, in defying his master in his capital; and gave a hint, that he expected my assistance. I heard all, but said little. The rajah, Obbi Sing, was sixteen years of age, looked very stupid; his eldest natural brother, who had the command of the troops, was haughty and impetuous; his other brother, Jite Sing, of a sweet, open disposition.

The rajah returned my visit, but scarce spoke two words, though he seemed pleased with the presents I gave him. They consisted of two pieces of velvet, four of broad cloth, a fusee, a brace of pistols, a spying glass, and some other trifles. The next night Kissun Bur Mullic came, and represented to me, that the principal objection to entering on business, was the distracted state of the town, on account of the rebellion of Akber; and

hinted a wish that I would assist him in seizing him. I excused myself from giving any advice, as not being master of the subject; and my assistance, by shewing the terrible condition of the small force I brought with me.

The town became daily more confused by mobs and riots, insomuch that I forebade any of my servants to go out of my quarters in the night; but my poor cook, disobeying that order, was next morning found murdered in the street.

Matters came to a crisis the 17th of June, at night, when Akber having collected his people, marched from his own house to the palace, secured the person of the rajah, and murdered every one who offered to oppose him. A massacre followed in the town, where three hundred of the dependents of Kissun Bur Mullic were put to death. I doubled my guards, and kept all my people together. There were in the rajah's service, two Germans, and two Frenchmen, who were employed in taking care of his guns; the two former were killed in the palace; the two latter, making their escape to me, were protected.

My steward having straggled in the morning, was seized by Akber's people, and carried before him, who, without ceremony, ordered him to be put to death. The news flew to me. I sent a man, acquainting Akber that I had as yet taken no part in the disputes; but that if he did not instantly release my servant, I would march my sepoy, and join the rajah's brothers, who were then defending themselves in their houses. This threat had the desired effect; the steward was sent to me, so frightened, that he was not in his senses.

Akber was appointed dewan, and confined Kissun Bur Mullic in a dungeon, the entrance to which was by a trap door, whereon Akber always slept.

In a country thus torn by dissensions, I had little prospect of doing any business; but the rains being set in, I could not return by land, nor could I get boats to transport me by water: so that I was obliged to sit down as contented as I could.

The Sumbhulpoor province is so called from its capital; but rajah takes the title of Rajah of eighteen forts. Such titles are common among the Hindus; and I doubt, if the capital of the Mahrattas, which we call Sattarah-gur, or the star-foot, is not Sattarah-gur, or the seventeen forts; for Sattarah is not a star

in any of the Hindu languages. There are two rajahs of thirty-six forts, one in the Allahabad province, the other to the northward of Lucknow.

Sumbhulpoor was founded by Bulram Dakee, of whom they relate the following history. About two centuries are past, since a company of Hindus set out from the banks of the river Sommer, in the province of Azmir, on a pilgrimage to the temple of Jugernaut. On their return the whole party was murdered, except one woman, who made her escape to Patna, a place thirty coss south from hence, at that time the capital of this part of the country. She supported herself with begging until her son grew up, who shewed such a happy genius for learning, and such dexterity at his exercises, that the rajah adopted him. When he succeeded, he built this palace, and made it his residence, calling it Sumbhulpoor, from the country of his father. Had his family come from the Sommer, he would have called it Sommerpoor; whereas, I should think, he came from Sumbhul, a large city in the Rohilla country.

The province extends from lat. $20^{\circ} 50'$ to $22^{\circ} 15'$ north, and from long. $83^{\circ} 20'$ to $84^{\circ} 50'$. It is bounded to the west by the countries of Boora Shumbur, and Rottunpoor; to the east by Bimbera, Lundacole, and Boad; to the south by Patna, and Coondon; to the north by Gungpoor, and Soorgooja. Rottunpoor is subject to Bimboojee, the eldest son of the late Roogoojee, who tamely suffered his younger brother, Jannoojei, to succeed to the major part of his father's extensive territories. In the year 1760, when Mr. Law was made prisoner, a party of French, consisting of 120, endeavoured to retreat from Bahar, through this country, to the Deccan. They halted here, and Bimboojee entertained them for a few days; but at the end of that time, put them all to death treacherously. Patna, which means, in the old Hindu language, what we call caravanseraï, or place of reception for travellers, is now so changed from its original name, that the people will not suffer a stranger to enter the country; and when the Mahrattas have attempted to do so, they have always been murdered. The rest of the countries, mentioned above, are small and insignificant.

The air of Sumbhulpoor is very unwholesome, owing to the great vicissitudes of heat and cold; for the vallies, the only inhabited parts, are impenetrable to the breezes, which, during the hot

season, render the torrid zone tolerable, while if a shower comes, such a piercing wind comes with it from the mountains, that I have, within twenty-four hours, felt the weather hotter and colder than I ever felt it in Bengal within twelve months. This makes the inhabitants subject to rheumatisms, and this occasioned every person I carried with me to be affected with violent fevers.

The soil in the vallies is a rich loam, in which grain or pulse thrive well. It is, perhaps, worse adapted for rice than for any other crop that thrives best in a strong clay, which holds the water a long time; whereas, in a light soil, the water soon failing, the corn ripens before the ear is full, and light grain only is produced. Yet rice is the principal grain cultivated, because the harvest of it is over before January, when the Mahrattas overrun the country.

The mountains abound with gold and diamonds; but the natives are deterred from working the mines by their indolence and fear of the Mahrattas, to whom their riches would only point them out as a more desirable prey. They, are, therefore, content to wash the sands of the rills which descend from them: nor is the quantity of gold they procure thereby despicable. The mountains are composed of the native rock, which forms the basis, and of the bark (if I may so call it) which covers them.

The ordinary revenues of the country are paid in kind, and the regulation of the collection is simple. Each village being rated at a certain number of measures of paddy, or rice, in the chaff, the ground is divided among the inhabitants in this manner. Every man, as soon as he is of proper age, is enrolled as a soldier, and allowed half a measure (about 6 pounds) of rice per day for his subsistence, and three rupees per annum for cloathing. As much arable land is then made over to him, as is supposed to produce 242½ measures. He is to deliver to the rajah, or his order, 60½ measures, and the remainder is for his own use. The land is given in charge to his wife, who feeds him, and provides for paying the rent; if the ground produces more than it is rated at, it is her profit, if less, her loss. The reserved rent of three or four villages, being one-fourth the produce of the land, is applied to the use of the rajah's household. The reserved rent of the rest is given to his relations, or principal servants, who by these means have all the inhabitants dependent on them.

The extraordinary revenues consists of duties on merchants and others passing through the country, and of fines. The former are not settled, but depend on the conscience of the rajah; and indeed, within three years, since his people robbed and murdered a considerable Nagpoor merchant near this place, none have passed this way. The latter, also, are entirely arbitrary; nor is it necessary to find a man guilty of any crime in order to fine him, in a country where money cannot be acquired but by means prejudicial to society.

The government of Sumbhulpoor is strictly feudal, the fiefs of which being originally official, are, by the weakness of the sovereign, become hereditary; and indeed the feudal governments tended rather to an aristocracy than to any other form, since it was natural for a man possessing an official fief, to wish to make it hereditary, and for the possessor of an hereditary fief to be jealous of his sovereign, who was alone able to deprive him.

The principle of a feudal government is self-preservation, which is ever accompanied by a watchful suspicion. It is the interest of the sovereign to foment dissensions among the lords. The lords are attended by large bodies of guards, which they call state; these frequently produce quarrels between their masters, the which if the sovereign can aggravate so as to bring them to blows with each other, he has only to take the part of him who has best interest among his compeers, and resume the fief of the other; so that during a long reign the sovereign becomes opulent and powerful. On the other hand, during a minority, the estates which devolved to the crown being thrown away on favourites, or, what is worse, on uncles and brothers, a superior power is raised, like the cursed house of Lancaster, which involved England in troubles during upwards of two centuries. How miserable is that people, whose sovereign, instead of preserving the peace, is interested in the breaking it! It appears from the history I have given, that all the evils attending the feudal system were centered in this government; for such is the danger of degrading a man from an office, that it is seldom effected without murdering him; for, if he can fly to his fief, he is able there to raise an opposition dangerous to the sovereign. The former dewans were possessed of villages at a distance from the capital, and were of course liable to surprise; but Akber the present dewan's power lay in the capital itself, so that he was mayor of the palace, and made the rajah prisoner at last.

How much more pleasing is it to reflect on the manners of a people in a state of improvement, than in a state of degeneracy ! How disagreeable then is the reflection on this people, deep in degeneracy ! Under the old Hindû government, the inhabitants of the hills were more warlike, and of course claimed a superiority over the lowland people ; though fond of migrations, they were not so populous. The conquerors of the race of Timur demanded of them a trifling tribute, and a strict attention to passports, and all other orders of government. They were therefore contented with what the country produced ; and in a soil so fertile, supported with little labour, became inactive. When they fell under the yoke of the Mahrattas, the oppression of that vile government broke their spirits, and their custom of inactivity became a total aversion to labour. They threw the cultivation of the lands, and all other works of fatigue, on the sex designed by nature for softer toils. The sex, loving that gentle tenderness for which the women of England are famed, lost all the power of pleasing ; while the men, becoming worse than brutes, addicted themselves to the most shocking of all vices. Even on this they have refined. Public dancing boys are as much encouraged as the poverty of the place will admit, and behave with as much insolence as whores of fashion in the polite assemblies of London. They often insult the married women, who do not fail to exercise the female weapon on them with great volubility, and sometimes proceed to blows, though then they come off with the worst, because the husbands always take the part of their minions. This serves, however, as a spur to the industry of the women, by which they get the command of the purse, and are enabled to buy the favours of their husbands or of other men.

I have been more than once requested to join in effecting the destruction of the dewan. Had the women desired my assistance to make a female dewan, I had granted it, since they form evidently the superior sex. So indelicate are the men with respect to the women, that I have been introduced, and obliged to shew respect to a man of consequence in the morning, whose wife has in the afternoon brought a load of wood of her own cutting, as much as she could stagger under, and sold it me for a penny.

The natives in general are very abstemious, eating only once in twenty-four hours, and that in the evening. Their meal is then two pounds of rice ; and they keep the water in which it

has been boiled for drinking the next day; raw water being apt to give them a flux. The men are low in stature, but well made, lazy, treacherous, and cruel. But to these ill qualities of the tiger, the Almighty has also, in his mercy, added the cowardice of that animal; for, had they an insensibility of danger, equal to their inclination for mischief, the rest of mankind must unite to hunt them down. They profess themselves Hindûs, but practise only that part of the religion which consists of external ceremonies.

They, as well as every other nation of the world, have music. The instruments consist of drums and trumpets. The drums are larger at one end than at the other, and tied round their necks, so as to hang horizontally at their waists. The only beat they have is two gentle taps with the right hand on the small end, and one hard stroke on the large end with the left hand. This is answered in the step of their dance by two shakes of the toe, and a brisk spring of the heel; so that the bells which are fastened to their heels, jingle in unison with the hard stroke of the drum. They have also an instrument composed of a cane bent in a semi-circle, both ends of which go through holes made in a small piece of plank. At each end of the cane is a flat piece of wood; they hold the plank in one hand, and drawing the cane backwards and forwards with the other, the flat pieces of wood sound against the plank something like a cherry-clack, but more like a pair of shears cutting a hedge. In short, the rajah's band always put me in mind of a number of children coming from a country fair. The patshis are the only dancers; but the dewan, understanding I would not admit them into my house, sent twenty miles for two dancing girls to amuse me. They sing at the same time as they dance; but the songs are not at all in concert with the instrumental music. Their poetry consists of songs, relating to the achievements of Vishnû in his several incarnations. Painting is not practised among them. In their temples you find many pieces of sculpture: but as the subjects are monsters, there is no rule to judge of the execution. That art also is now lost among them. They have books in which eclipses are calculated for 2500 years to come, at which period they say Vishnû will return, and make all the inhabitants of the world of the same religion.

The common disease of the country is a violent fever, the first symptom of which is being light-headed. The doctor first

enjoins the patient to vow a sacrifice to Sumbhute, the deity of the place, to expiate her wrath. He then proceeds to exercise the patient gently if his fever be mild, but with greater violence if he be light-headed. They then employ five or six men to hold the patient in a sitting posture, while the doctor jabbars over a form of words, blowing in his face at each period. This provokes him very much : he swears, abuses, and curses horridly ; this is all placed to the account of the devil in him. They aggravate his rage by holding a burning horse's hoof, so that all the smoke goes up his nostrils. He grows outrageous, till, quite exhausted by the struggles he makes to extricate himself from those that hold him, he falls down almost insensible ; and a profuse perspiration succeeding, they cover him up close to encourage it, which carries off the fever. He sleeps usually twelve hours, and awakes so much emaciated as is surprising. Thus he is cured of his madness, by means which drive a sane man out of his senses. If the patient is so much exhausted that he cannot struggle, the doctor pronounces the devil to be too much for him.

I was surprised to find among these people a trace of mechanics which seems to show they have once known them. They use stilliards instead of scales. In every other respect we may say, that if a state of ignorance is a state of nature, the inhabitants of this country are perfect naturals, since they are as naked with respect to rational improvements as when they were born.

As soon as Akber had established himself firmly in the Dewanee, I entered into a conversation with him in respect to the diamond trade ; and here a great difficulty occurred ; for Surdar Khan, who had returned with me, had reported to the dewan, that he had delivered the diamond to Lord Clive, who had sent me to settle the price, and pay for it.

I had not brought more money with me than was necessary to pay my expences, but had established a credit at Cuttac, whither I could send whenever it was necessary. This was a prudent precaution ; for if I had had the money with me, Akber had undoubtedly plundered me, and paid himself. I answered, that the diamond had been valued by the vakeel at 3,500 rupees, which sum I was ready to pay. He insisted on 6,000 rupees, and went away disgusted.

I was a good deal surprised the next day to find, that a proclamation was issued, that no person should supply me or my

people with any provisions, nor have any conversation with us. This was a whimsical order, to be sure : however I put as good a face on it as I could, and acquainted the dewan by message, that my sepoys would bear any thing but starving; that if his subjects refused to take their money for provisions, I could not prevent their taking them by force. This matter was decided, like most other critical situations, by a circumstance which had nothing to do with it. Akber wanting a sum of money for other purposes, withdrew the prohibition, and sent me a few more diamonds, the price of which we settled, and for which I paid him, having sent for the money from Cuttac.

The above bears the appearance of a gasconade : but I was sensible Akber was by no means firmly established; for the rajah's two brothers maintained themselves in their houses, nor durst the dewan enter the quarter of the town they inhabited; whereas civil messages passed between them and me. Besides, my sepoys being recovered, and trained, formed a respectable body on the parade.

Being now reconciled to government, I requested permission to go to the places where the diamonds were found, but the minister made many scruples. He first said, that the river was so full there was nothing to be seen : next, that the country was unsettled, the manners of the inhabitants of those parts so rude in their disposition, so mischievous, they were not to be trusted. I persisted; and after various invasions, catching him at length in a good humour, obtained his consent.

He gave me his son-in-law as a guide, and a party of archers as a guard; for I was not willing to carry the sepoys, lest the novelty of their appearance should cause an alarm. I set out with Mr. Raby, and a few servants, the 16th July. We travelled that day ten miles on the banks of the Maha Nuddee river, in which I frequently saw rocks peeping above the water, and halted at night at the foot of the hills. The next morning, having marched three miles, we passed the side of a rock which projected into the great river, and came to the mouth of the river Hebe, where the diamonds are found. A servant of the rajah, who had charge of this rich spot, met us with only three attendants. A countenance naturally morose, a voice studiously rough, and sentences affectedly short, with a desire of looking formidable, joined to form one of the most disagreeable human creatures I ever saw. Raby was so much out of humour with him, as to

propose to me to beat him into good manners; but this brute expressed much surprise at the curiosity which brought me hither; and, after I had worked him into good humour by a present of two yards of scarlet broad cloth, became more communicative. He told me it was his business to search in the river Hebe, after the rains, for red earth, washed down from the mountains, in which earth diamonds were always found. I asked him if it would not be better to go on the mountains and dig for that earth. He answered it had been done, until the Mahrattas extorted a tribute from the country; and to do so now would only increase that tribute. He shewed me several heaps of the red earth, some pieces of the size of small pebbles, and so on till it resembles coarse brick-dust, which had been washed, and the diamonds taken out. I was desirous of going towards the source of the river, but my guide told me it was impracticable during the rainy season. Where the river Hebe discharges itself into the Maha Nuddee, it is 200 yards wide. I went into it in a boat, and found a bay, near a mile in diameter, the banks of which were overshadowed by thick underwood. I with great labour got the boat forward about two miles to where the river poured from the mountains; then, convinced that what my guide had told me was true, I returned, not a little dissatisfied.

The great Boyle advances, that the generality of transparent gems have been once liquid substances, shot into the form of crystals, by the supervenience, or the exalted action, of some already *inexistent* petrescent liquor, or petrific spirit, which he supposeth may sometimes ascend in the form of steams. This hypothesis is supported by the doubts of Jonecherus of the diamond's hardness, by an ingenious French author, who reduces it to a phosphorous, and by some noble experimentalists, who think they have caused it to evaporate. Tavernier, and others, say, that the matrix in which it is formed is a cavity in a flint; but as I had samples of the strata in which it was found, both here and from Bundelcund, and observed it was a clay which appeared burnt red, nearly to the degree bricks usually are, I think the diamond was formed not without the interference of fire, perhaps of a volcano, but that a greater degree of heat than that which was necessary to the formation of it may affect the petrescent liquor, or petrific spirit. This is a subject on which I have made some experiments, read much, and thought not a little. I may hereafter find time to collect my inferences.

July 19.—On my return from this place, I paid a visit to the Naik Buns, the great snake worshipped by the mountainous rajahs, which they say is coeval with the world, which at his decease will be at an end. His habitation was the cavern at the foot of a rock, at the opening of which was a plain of 400 yards, surrounded by a moat. I understood he generally came out once a week, against which time, such as make religious vows carry kids or fowls, and picquet them on the plain. About nine in the morning his appearance was announced to me; I stood on the banks of the moat opposite the plain. He was unwieldly, thicker in proportion to his length than snakes usually are, and seemed of that species the Persians call Ajdha. There was a kid and some fowls picquetted for him. He took the kid in his mouth, and was some time squeezing his throat to force it down, while he threw about his tail with much activity. He then rolled along to the moat, where he drank and wallowed in the mud. He returned to his cavern. Mr. Raby and I crossed the water in the afternoon, and supposed, from his print in the mud, his diameter to be upwards of two feet.

A few days after I returned from this trip, Raby was seized with the fever of the country. We sat down to tea in the afternoon, when he looked and talked very wildly. I took him by the hand, felt him in a strong fever, and advised him to go to bed, from whence he never rose, but to the hour of his death, on the third day, continued light-headed. Charles Smith, my European servant, died with the same symptoms. When I read the funeral service over him, I could not but seriously reflect there was no one left to perform the same duty over me.

Having now no European with me, I wished to leave a place where I was likely to do no business; but the rain prevented me. I found the people of the country tampered with my sepoy, and prevailed on one of them to desert. Conscious I was in their power, I thought it best to put a confidence in them. I paid them to the end of July; then mustering all my eloquence, I contrasted to them the horrors of the country we were in, with the charms of that we had left; and told them the only chance of ever seeing that dear country again, rested on their adherence to me; that I should conduct them thither as soon as the season would permit. They were struck with my frankness, unanimously declared a perfect confidence in me, and not a man deserted afterwards.

Schoo Butt, the former governor of Orissa, having been sent a prisoner to Nagpoor, made his escape from thence on pretence of a pilgrimage to Dehoogur and, flying to Sujah Dowlan's country, endeavoured to procure an audience from Lord Clive, but, meeting with no encouragement, came back with 30 men. In Orissa, several of the discontented zamindars flew to his sandard. He fixing his headquarters at Coonjur, where the Maha Nuddee falls into the sea, sent detachments from thence in boats up the river, and set fire to the suburbs of Cuttac. In order to make himself of consequence, Schoo Butt assured the zamindars he was promised the assistance of the English, and wrote me a letter, telling me he was come to take possession of Orissa by order of Lord Clive, and that I must act in conjunction with him. This letter was intercepted by Bowanee Pundit, who sent it to me with an expostulation. I saw my danger, and instantly answered that I was sure Schoo Butt's assertions were false, as he would find by an application to Lord Clive. Bowanee Pundit had, before the receipt of my answer, wrote to his lordship, who not only assured him of the falsity of Schoo Butt's assertions, but also offered him any troops he wanted to reduce him.

My time grew daily more burthensome, and I looked with anxiety for the day when I should leave Sumbhulpoor, where I was obliged to be always upon my guard. The beginning of September, Baboo Khan, detached by Jannoojei, to the assistance of Bowanee Pundit, encamped near Sumbhulpoor with 300 cavalry. He demanded forage and money of the rajah; but not being supplied immediately, blocked up the town, and threatened to attack it. He applied to me. I advised Akber to dispatch him as soon as possible and cautioned Baboo Khan not to attack the part of the town I was in, where I had put two guns I found into good order. The rajah delaying, Baboo Khan resolved to attack. He armed an elephant with a wooden shield on his forehead, from whence projected a strong iron spike. The driver, who was protected by a large wooden shield, attempted to drive him against one of the gates, in order to force it open; but the rajah's people throwing a great quantity of fire-works from the gate, frightened the beast so that he could not be brought to the charge. A few days after, Baboo Khan marched.

At length, at the end of September, the clouds which had covered the tops of the mountains from the time the rain set in, dispersed themselves, and the season was pronounced at an end. I prepared for my departure. The first of October, the rajah

came to see me, and begged every thing he saw; and it was with great difficulty I could save my compass. On the 2nd, in the morning, I went to take leave of him. He and Akber made great professions of their attachment to the English, and of their desire of being dependent on them; at parting he presented me with a rough diamond set in a ring. I believe they were all glad to part with me; for the rajah and his brothers were convinced I would not assist in turing out the dewan, while Akber feared I would change my mind. I marched in the afternoon through the town and suburbs, and encamped at the rajah's garden, three miles beyond it. Some of the principal people waited upon me in the evening, and advised me to be on my guard against the treachery of Akber, who had sent a force after me to cut me off. I answered, in such case Lord Clive would send forces to revenge my death, by destroying all the country with fire and sword.

October 3.—I was not alarmed by these insinuations, but at the same time took every precaution. I kept near the banks of the river, and embarked such part of my baggage as I had not immediate occasion for in boats. I armed all my servants with spears. I took into my service twenty men, inhabitants of Ballasore, with match-locks. I rose at four, sent on my breakfast apparatus, which I ordered to be prepared at Garey. The tents were struck, and thirteen sepoys sent with them; the kitchen furniture followed, and after it the rest of the sepoys. As soon as they were at a little distance, I mounted my horse, or got into my palankeen, attended by the match-lock men. I passed all my people, and came to the breakfast table, where I sat till all my people passed me again. I then pushed by them; and, going through several cultivated spots, came to the village Whoamah; and ordered the tents to be pitched in a grove without the town.

Whoamah is a large village on the banks of the Maha Nuddee, surrounded with a live bamboo fence. The commander would not suffer any of my people to go into the town, nor would he come to see me; but he sent shopkeepers with necessaries to sell to me. In the evening they all returned into the town; and although I did not like the sullenness of the commander, yet as I found it was tempered with fear, I was under no apprehensions.

October 4.—The march this day was through a mountainous uncultivated country. Twelve miles from Whoamah, I passed

the bounds of the province of Sumbhulpoor, and entered that of Jonepoor. I marched 13 miles farther, and encamped near Sindole, at the opening of a pass, where I could get no provisions of any kind; but as I had plenty on board my boats, I supplied my attendants from thence. We were disturbed this night by the howling of wolves, which abound in this pass. However they did no mischief; nor could I, from the intelligence of the inhabitants, understand they ever hunted in parties, as they are said to do in other parts of the world. The male and female usually accompany and assist each other, and, when they have young ones, are very dangerous.

I early entered the pass of Sindole, formed by the projection of the mountains into the river. It is half a mile long, craggy and steep. I ascended the top of the rock to the westward, and had a romantic view of the river, across three-fourths of which runs a chain of black rocks, over which the water descends ten feet in a cataract. The eastern side of the river was for a quarter of a mile free from rocks; and here was the passage for the boats, where the water was very rapid. Some men who came with me as guides from the fort of Sindole, told me, that in a month's time, the water in the river decreasing, would cease to fall over the rocks, and that in the height of the rains the rocks were not visible. They told me farther, that the rocks were the remains of a bridge built in the age of the giants. I made this day a long march, for want of a convenient place to bring my boats to, and halted opposite the town Jonepoor.

October 6.—Jonepoor is a large town, situated at the conflux of the Maha Nuddee and Tail rivers, the rajah of which is dependent on Jannoojei. The rajah took no notice of me, nor I of him, but proceeded the next morning on the banks of the Maha Nuddee, in the midst of which is an island covered with high grass. Passed through a country flat and woody, but interspersed with spots well cultivated. I had left the wolves in the mountains, but found these parts much infested with bears, tygers, and wild boars. My dog attempting to worry one of them, he was followed, and, skulking under my palankeen, the bearers, apprehensive for themselves, let it drop, and the boar ran away. Fortunately I was on horseback, and the palankeen not broke. I halted near the village Gurdunnesser, where there is a principal fort.

October 7.—A little money does a great deal in a country so poor. I hired all the boats I could find, and crossed my people at once, the river being a mile and a half wide, into the Boad country, and, having marched 12 miles, arrived at that town again.

October 8.—I halted here one day. The rajah was indisposed, and busy in providing his annual tribute for the pagoda of Jagernaut. This used to consist of provisions, fruit, and money; but the Mahrattas now seize the latter, and suffer him only to send the former in small quantities.

October 9.—I proceeded from hence to Cuttac, the same road I had come, and found no alteration, save that there appeared very little trade at Collo, the merchants having dispersed during the season of the rains.

October 19.—I reached Cuttac this day, and found that Bowanee Pundit, having taken the field against Sehoo Butt, was encamped three miles from the town. He sent to pay his compliments, and desired to see me the next day.

I went early to the Mahratta camp, which I found very unlike an eastern one, even inferior to an English camp in India, in point of luxury; the tents very small and low, save that in which the hall of audience was held; the bazar contained only necessities, and the baggage bullocks were few in number. I found Bowanee Pundit looking at his horses, which were picketted in the open air. This he told me was the first morning duty of a Mahratta. We walked to the tent of audience, where we sat together on the musnud. His conversation was lively no more resembling that of the Moguls I had been accustomed to in Bengal, than the liveliness of a Frenchman does the solemnity of the Spaniard. Perhaps the natives think it necessary to keep up that affected gravity, that they may be on their guard in the presence of their masters. He congratulated me on the escape I had had in passing through such villainous countries, and repeated many stories of the treachery of the rajahs. He then led me into his sleeping tent, ten feet long, five broad, and four high, where we sat down on the carpet. He began by ridiculing the machinations of Sehoo Butt, who endeavoured to incite a jealousy of the English, for whom he expressed a great regard, though he said an alliance with them was at that time incompatible

with the situation of his master, Jannoojei. I said, that the best means of forming a closer connection with Lord Clive, would be to cede to him the province of Orissa for a stipulated annual sum. He meditated, and said that should be discussed at our next meeting. I returned with him to the audience tent, where I observed a fine horse stood bridled and saddled, like a Cisebio, ready for service on any sudden emergency. This I understood was relieved every two hours.

I went again to the Mahratta camp; found Bowance Pundit had considered what I had advanced at the last meeting. He seemed convinced it was more for the interest of Jannoojei to cede Orissa to the English, provided the payment of the stipulated sum was secure. I answered, as a gentleman must be sent to Nagpoor, his residence there would be the best security. He had, according to the custom of the country, given me a dress of muslin, stained yellow. In the warmth of conversation, he declared, if I was sent to Nagpoor, he would go with me; and exchanged turbans with me, by which we became sworn brothers.

October 23.—I left Cuttac, and reached Buncce the 26th, which being a place remarkable for thieves, I ordered the sepoy to be particularly upon their guard. The sentry at my tent having observed a man skulking among the trees, who never would answer when challenged, pointed him out to the sepoy who relieved him at two o'clock. The sepoy observing him advancing in the dark towards the tent, and neglecting to give him an answer when challenged, fired upon him; the poor fellow ran a few paces, and dropped down. I sent for the cutwall to examine the body; he pronounced him a notorious thief, whom he had long been in search of.

I reached Ballasore the 28th, and crossed the Shoobunreeka the 2nd of November, overjoyed at having once more set foot on English ground. I now contemplate, that, after so perilous a journey, I had carried no one point I wished; but having resided during the most unwholesome season among a perfidious people, thought myself happy in having escaped with my life. The opening the diamond trade was prevented by the indolence of the inhabitants, and by their wretched dependence on the Mahrattas. The alliance with Jannoojei was obstructed by the very critical situation of his affairs, and by the distracted state of his family. The very severe illness Lord Clive laboured under, prevented

him from pursuing the plan for the cession of Orissa, though he entered on it with great alacrity; and the only satisfaction I had, was a promise to be employed in the negotiation, should it ever be resumed.

*[Extracted and Reprinted from the Asiatic Annual Register
of 1799.]*

JOURNAL OF A ROUTE TO NAGPORE BY THE WAY OF CUTTAC,
BURROSUMMER, DONGER GHUR AND THE SOUTHERN
BENJARE GHAUT, IN THE MONTHS OF MARCH,
APRIL, MAY, TO THE 3RD JUNE, 1790.

The following sheets are a Journal which my brother, when very young, kept, and intended only for my perusal; but as it appears that the route he took was through a part of India left blank in Major Rennell's Map, and laid down as little known to Europeans, it is offered to the Public in some measure to fill the chasm, until more perfect materials shall be produced towards completing that celebrated work.

14th April, 1800.

G. F. LECKIE.

Sunday, March 7.

DEPARTED from Calcutta at six in the evening, and arrived at Pulta Ghaut at nine o'clock.

Monday 8. Halted, and sent the baggage across the river.

Tuesday 9.* To Seinkole.

Wednesday 10. To Diverhutta.

Thursday 11. To Miapore.

Friday 12. To Dewaungunge.

Saturday 13. To Kerpoy.

Sunday 14. To Midnapore.

Monday 15. Halted.

Tuesday 16. Halted.

Wednesday 17. To Mookrimpoor.

Thursday 18. To a small village beyond Narraingurh.

Friday 19. Two miles beyond Dantoon, on the banks of a tank.

Saturday 20. Passed through Jellalore; crossed the Soobunreka, and encamped to the S. W. of Colonel Cockerell's detachment. My elephant unfortunately run a piece of Bamboo into his foot, and I should have been unable to have proceeded had it not been for the civility of Colonel Cockerell, who ordered me a camp elephant to Balasore.

*Any observations on the face of the country from Calcutta to Jellalore appear as superfluous as a journal from Windsor to Kew.

Sunday 21. The road was uneven, over fields, and as we advanced into the Merhattah territory there was less appearance of cultivation and inhabitants. We crossed two or three nullahs, or rivulets, and passed the Choker, or Station of Busta, to the right: there are only a few horsemen as a guard. We encamped at the village of Burrampore, in company with Lieutenant Maxwell, Ensigns Stokoe and Spotswoode, Mr. Forster having proceeded alone to Balasore, by the desire of Colonel Cockerell, to settle with the fowidar of that place regarding the supplies for the detachment.—Course nearly S. 10
Balasore was formerly a flourishing port, but their manufacture a more cultivated appearance than what we saw yesterday; we passed the village of Ramchunderpoor, where there is a fort of mud; cross the Sone at the Pollary Ghaut at low water, and arrived at Balasore at eight o'clock.

Balasore was formerly a flourishing port, but their manufacture of the Sanaes (properly Sekun) cloths is very much fallen off, both in quality and quantity; and the ruinous state of the English and Dutch factories, with the insignificance of the Danish one, seem to show that the trade is not of that consequence which it formerly was. The government is directed by a fowidar, a civil officer, having military authority, named Mohr Buri, to Cunnac. He collects the revenue from the Rajah of Mohr Buri, to Cunnac. The annual tribute from the Rajah of Mohr Buri, to Cunnac. Mohr Pundit came to pay Mr. Forster a visit at the factory, mounted on an elephant, and attended by ten horse and thirty matchlockmen. He is a tall, good-looking man, and wears the habit of the Deccan Mohr. Few compliments passed, and the conversation turned upon the provisions to be supplied for the detachment whilst it was passing through the Merhattah territory.

As I had heard much, and seen nothing, of Merhattah horsemen, I was particular in observing them. They ride with very short stirrups, in such a manner that their thighs are in an horizontal position with the saddle, which is made of cloths or silk, according to the ability and fancy of the rider, thickly quilted; and they have a firm seat. Their arms are sometimes matchlocks, with sword, and shields, but most commonly the spear, which they use with great dexterity.

The country round about Balasore has a pleasant appearance, and no eye not very much relieved by the prospect of the Neelgarh hills, after having been used to the dead fat of Benral for near four years.

Thursday 23. Halted at Balasore.

Wednesday 23. A good road to the village of Bygonca, where we encamped. —Course S. W.

Thursday 25. Road good, partly through a jungle; passed a large tank to the right on entering the village of Surrow; proceeded to Kauri Baun Nudde, where we encamped at the foot of a bridge thrown over it. The water of the stream was excellent. —Course S. and by W.

I could not learn by whom the bridge had been built, but it may be estimated during the reign of Antungrebe, when the splendour of the empire created works of this nature to be performed so remote from the capital. Whilst we were here, some bearers, who had been servants in Calcutta, brought us fruit and milk, and were very civil. Most of the bearers called Baharee bearers come from this place and its environs: so they cannot with any degree of propriety be called Baharee bearers, as this place belongs to Cuttack.

Friday 26. Road good, passed the village of Simie and Gousindpoor, to the right and left; came to a tank of water, called Kauri Ka Tallow, at about six miles from Kauri Baun. This is the only water to be met with till you come to Rudree. Proceeded from thence through a plain, open country, to the village of Rudree; to the south of which, after crossing the Soudurdee Nudde, we encamped in a delightful mangoe grove.

Mr. Motte remarks, when he passed this place in 1769, that there was a manufactory of fine cloths; nothing but coarse are now made.

The thieves of this place are notorious. Colonel Peirce was robbed in the midst of his camp. We doubled our guards and escaped. —Course nearly S.

Saturday 27. —Passed, at the distance of a mile, Sautbienne Ka Tallow; crossed the Toonda Nulla, ankle deep. Passed, at three miles, Choracoola, to the left and went through a stream and canal of the same name adjoining. Crossed the Iye Nudde, and encamped to the westward of Daumneger, on the banks of a tank of fine water. The country is woody. —Course, first S. E.; latterly S.

Sunday 28. Road woody to the Gaimtee river, which we crossed where it was entirely dry. We then passed through the town of Jangepore, which during the Mogul government was a place of some consequence, and there are yet many remains of their buildings, particularly a mosque and mehl serai, or women's

apartments, within the walls, of which the present Merhattah officer has erected a bungalow. The following verses will point out the area :

"May the standard of King Aurungzebe be displayed while the world exists !!! The pure Nawaub of high dignity erected a mosque in the town of Jangepore, beyond the power of language to describe, from the dome of whose roof the heavens appear low. Hear, O ye bead-tellers ! If you make this place your asylum for a night."

As the constructor of this mosque was abow Nessur Khan, the age in which he lived will serve as its date. The builder, with the vanity of a Mussulman, is very extravagant in the praises of his mosque, though it is very ill-proportioned, having a large dome, with short pillars. We encamped, having first crossed the Bitturue and Cassoah rivers, in which there was water, in a mangoe grove on the banks of the latter.—Course S. and by W.

Monday 29. Went through the village of Burwa, passed a tank to the left, crossed a bridge, with four centre and four corner minarets, and the Bomine and Komrea rivers; crossed the Gainkel again, passed through the village of Arckpore, and encamped about a mile beyond it, in a fine mangoe grove, where we had the water of the river.—Course S. and by W. The road from Burwa to Arckpore lies in a fine broad valley, but the cultivation of it appears to be in a neglected state; but when we consider the system of government of the native princes, which pays little regard to the ability of the cultivator, and the frequent introduction of rapacious soldiery, deserted villages and uncultivated plains become more matter for grief than surprise.

Tuesday 30. Passed the Burpah and Jeipore nuddees to the right; came to Luckunpoor serai; passed Gopeynautpoor; road good: arrived at Pudumpoor. There is a tank of good water on the left on entering the town, and one of bad on leaving it. We encamped in a mango grove, a quarter of a mile beyond it.

Wednesday 31. Road good to the banks of the Mahanuddy: there was little water in it, and where we crossed, at the Anisa Ghaut, it was fordable; but the sands, which are on either side of the stream, are deep, and about three miles across. We were met on the banks of the river by a party of horsemen, who told us that the Rajah did not wish we should encamp at Nuyeenah Baugh; but we explained to them, that we were not a part of the detachment and were going to Nagpore: upon which we proceeded thither without opposition.

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About two miles from Cuttac, to the west, at the foot of a Hindoo temple, the Cutjoora, separating itself from the Mahanuddy, flows to the southward of the town, while the Mahanuddy, passing under the fort of Beerbauty to the north, bends its course to the bay of Coojungh, where, together with the Cutjoora, it falls into the sea, insulting the spot in the form of a Delta (Δ). The land, from the point of separation of the waters, on one side as far as the town, and to the fort of Beerbauty on the other, is defended by a strong stone embankment, which preserves the place from inundation in the rains. It is a great work. The stone is of the country: apparently a concretion of land; which is soft when dug out of the quarry, and acquires durability by exposure to the air. There are steps cut in the embankment, and several temples on the Cutjoora bank for the convenience of bathing and performing the Poojeh in the rains. But the stream lies above a mile off at this season of the year.

There is a number of brick and stone buildings: amongst which are, the Laul Baugh, the residence of the Rajah, situated on the Cutjoora, surrounded by a high stone wall with gateways; several religious edifices, both Hindoo and Mahomedan, particularly a very handsome mosque, built by the order of Zeebul Nissau Khanum, Aurungzebe's daughter, during the government of Ekraum Khan. The fort of Beerbauty, to the northward of the town, is surrounded by a wet ditch, about 150 feet broad, which is supplied from the Mahanuddy by a channel covered with large stones. It is built of the stone already mentioned, and the walls do not appear thick or in good repair. There are embrasures for cannon only in the bastions, in the parapet, and curtain loopholes.

From the most accurate information I could procure, I found that the whole force consists of 1000 Merhattah and 150 Seik horsemen, and 500 irregular foot, little better than rabble.

The Soubadhar, as he is styled, Rajah Ram Pundit, is now at Nagpore, whither he is generally summoned once in two or three years, to give in his accounts. His tenure is on the footing of that of a farm: he pays the Rajah of Nagpore 10 lacks of rupees out of the collection, which are estimated at 22 lacks, including what is sent from Balasore: the remainder the Soubahdar applies to his own use, the pay of the soldiers, &c. &c.—He generally returns from Nagpore well fleeced; for he is obliged to make considerable presents to retain his office; when, to make up his own private losses, and to realize the usual revenue, the blow falls with redoubled weight on the wretched inhabitants of his

districts. Gowraung Roy, a Bengalè by descent, born at Cuttac, is the instrument he makes use of; and such is the utter detestation that he is held in, that a poor man will not utter his name, for they say it brings misery with it.—Piles of skulls and bones lie scattered in and near the town: a miserable spectacle! at which humanity shudders; and the streets are crowded with beggars starved almost to death. They frequently surrounded my tent, and I could not shut my ears to the cries of wretchedness I could not help drawing a comparison between the wretched state of these people and those under the protection of the British government; and only wish that Mr. B. could be a spectator of what I have seen.

There is very little specie in gold and silver in circulation, and the rents are paid in cowries. I imagine the greatest branches of the revenue are the customs, and tax upon pilgrims going to Jugurnaut. A bullock-load of silk is taxed at six rupees; and so on in proportion to the bulk and value of the load. Pilgrims from the Decan pay six rupees; those from Bengal, who are generally richer, ten rupees. They however are not severe in the exaction when they think the party really poor; and they make up their loss occasioned by this lenity when they find out a wealthy subject in disguise, which is frequently the case.

Thursday April, 1. Cuttac.

Friday 2. Ditto.

Saturday 3. Ditto.

Sunday 4. Ditto.

Monday 5. Ensigns Stokoe proceeded towards the southward, to fix the encamping ground of the detachment.

The Rajah's son, Sudashevaraou, paid Mr. Foster a visit. He was mounted on a small elephant, which he rode with a saddle, and was attended by the Dewaun, the Kelladaur of Beerbautty, the Paymaster of the troops, &c., horsemen and footmen. He is a young man, black and short. His dress was a short jacket of white cloth, with a piece of loose fine linen thrown over his shoulders, silk drawers, and a turban and handsome diamond bracelets. He scarcely spoke; but the Dewaun talked as much as four people. We received them under an awning, and we were all seated in the manner of the East, upon a white cloth spread upon a carpet. The ceremony of the distribution of otter and paun being over, the company broke up.

Tuesday 6. At Cuttac.

Wednesday 7. Colonel Cockerell's detachment arrived, and I went in the morning to be present meeting of the Rajah's son

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with the Colonel, and accompanied him to Laul Baugh in the evening, to return the visit, Lieutenant Maxwell and Ensign Spottiswoode left us, and joined the detachment, having been relieved by Lieutenant James Davidson, the officer commanding the escort ordered with us to Nagpore.

Thursday 8. At Cuttac.

Friday 9. Ditto.

Saturday 10. Ditto.

Sunday 11. Ditto.

Monday 12. Ditto.

Tuesday 13. Ditto.

Wednesday 14. Ditto.

Thursday 15. Returned the Rajah's son visit.

Friday 16. At Cuttac.

Saturday 17. Ditto.

During the time we were at Cuttac it was in general cool and pleasant; the wind from the S. E.; but stormy and rainy in the night.

3 *Sunday 18.* Crossed the Mahanuddy in boats, and encamped in a mangoe grove; situated about W. and by N. from Nugeenah Baugh.

Monday 19. I went into the village in the morning, and could perceive where the Cutjoora separates itself from the Mahanuddy, which is to the southward of the Dewul, or Hindoo temple, before mentioned.

Tuesday 20. Remarkably cool in the morning, but at twelve o'clock it became very sultry, and the thermometer rose to 100°.

14 *Wednesday 21.* Mr. Forster received at twelve o'clock at night Colonel Cockerell's long-wished-for letter, informing him that all the detachment had crossed the Chilca Lake, that the object of his residence at Cuttac was completed, and that he might proceed to Nagpore: we accordingly marched in a few hours afterwards. The first part of the road was narrow, and led through the village, with the river* to our left. Beyond that, although there is a great deal of wood, there are some open spots of ground, which are crowded with game; as hares, peacocks, &c.

The last four miles of the road were full of trees, and the elephants were in a small degree obstructed. We went under a gaut; called Raoutoragurh, and encamped at the village of Nundeilt, about a mile beyond it, having Kunderpoor in our front.—Course S. W.

*By the river is meant the Mahanuddy.

Thursday 22. The first part of the road was rocky and bad. MILES. 12
 Passed the villages of Ishea, Noa, Patna, and Soobunpoor: the two first are small, and the latter is large. Crossed the river in an oblique direction, and encamped at Simela, a small village.

Friday 23. For three miles, to the village of Cutchkie, the 15
 road was narrow, with trees on either side, and frequent openings to the river. Passed the villages of Berau and Golgong; the former about six miles distant from Cutchkie, the latter nine. The elephants were rather impeded by the branches of trees. After leaving the village of Berau the country becomes more open. The Mahanuddy is near the road, and to the right; and there are ranges of hills on both sides of it. The valley is well cultivated. We encamped at Baidishwore, on the banks of the Nulla, which joins the Mahanuddy.—Our course was nearly S. W.

Saturday 24. The elephant went round the hill at the foot 16
 of which the village is situated: the horses and foot passengers kept on the road at the bottom, which in some places was very craggy and uneven. We passed the villages of Beerpara at three miles, Kurbara at five, Budumunt at seven, Pudmawuttie at thirteen, and Cullaub at fifteen, from Baidishwore; and encamped in a fine mangoe grove on the entrance into the village of Cutloo, in which there are two wells: the road was very good, and near the banks of the river, and between Budumunt and Pudmawuttie partly over the sands of it. The hills on each side of the river are high, and on the north side the ranges are triple.—Course S. W.

Cutloo is an extensive market. The merchants of the Decan bring cotton and other articles; and those from Cuttac, and the northern circars, import sugar, tin, copper, salt, and silk. The trade is all settled by a mutual barter. The walls of the houses are built of red earth, strengthened by bamboos in the middle, and they are disposed in more regular form than the houses in Bengal, but are badly thatched. The inhabitants drink well-water, as the course of the river lies on the opposite bank, and the water is so troubled in the rains that it is unfit for use.

Sunday 25. Struck off to the left through a field, and entered a bamboo jungle, which was stony and craggy. 12
 The elephants and loaded cattle kept more to the right after leaving the field, and avoided the jungle. We then proceeded about two miles over the bed of the river, and returned again to the bank, when the road became better and the hills nearer on each side. There is a single hill to the right, which intervenes between the river and the road, it is high, and near it is a chokey, called

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Cundeapara, at about eight miles distance from Cutloo. After passing the village of Lungracunta, a mile further, we encamped in a spacious mangoe grove, near the village of Bealpara, under which the river flows. Our course was about W.

17 *Monday 26.* The road lay through a thick forest, and the hills to the right and left were nearer than they were yesterday. The people say tigers are numerous. We encamped in a mangoe grove at the entrance into the village of Burramool. The situation of this place is very romantic: the hills on either side approximating, leave only a small space, through which the Mahanuddy flows in a winding course, and form the pass of the Burramool, which they justly style the Western gate of the country dependant at Cuttac. This village, and the adjacent country, called Duspullah, for about fourteen coss, belongs to a Zamindar, whose strong situation has rendered him almost independent of the Merhattahs: and the present Rajah of Nagpore, Ragojee, has given up the consideration of his peshkush, or tribute, and conferred upon him the Nishaun and Meraukib colours and arms, on condition that he will grant free egress and regress to his subjects over his side of the Burramool Pass. The Zemindar's vakeel came in the evening. He seemed rather to demand a complimentary present from us, than ask it, but we told him, that if he would go on with us to the next stage, at Cussumgurh, and behaved himself properly, we would not let him depart unsatisfied.—He left us, and promised to send guides at twelve o'clock at night, when we intended marching.

21 *Tuesday 27.* When we arose, we sent people into the village to get guides, but they refused to come until daybreak, and appeared to be very turbulent. It was fortunately moonlight; and the baggage, preceded by a Jemadaur and twelve Sepoys, and followed by the rest as a rear-guard, went on without opposition. The road for six miles is very good, without any perceptible ascent; for two miles it is indifferent; and the remainder of the distance, to the summit, for four miles, is very rocky and bad, and for the last 500 yards very steep. There are two hills on each side of the ghaut. When I had arrived within two miles of the summit the moon set, and as I had left all the lights with the baggage I was obliged to feel for the path with my hands: when I passed the tank, called Pudumtallai, on the top, it was dark. I understand that there is a chokey of a few pykes there, and that it is the eastern extremity of the zemindary of the Rajah of Boad, with whom the Merhattahs have entered into the same mutual contract as with the Zamindar of Duspullah. The descent from Pudumtallai to Cussumgurh, near

which we encamped, is gradual and easy. There is a bamboo fort: it is out of the high road. We were obliged to dig for water on the bed of a nullah. There is a tank in the village, where the elephants went to wash, but the water was bad.—Our course was irregular, but inclined to the westward.

Wednesday 28. The road was good: we crossed the beds 12 of two nullahs, which were broad, and passed two villages, the last called Beinsghorau, at seven miles from Cussumgurh, and encamped at the village of Pungurha, on the banks of the river.—Course W. N. W.

Thursday 29. The road was very good, and in general led 12 through a thick wood. After crossing the beds of two nullahs we passed Ramgurh, where the country is more open, and encamped in a mangoe grove about two miles beyond it, close upon the banks of the river, which is rocky and deep, and bears a beautiful appearance. At forty minutes past four o'clock A.M. there was a total eclipse of the moon.—Course W. S. W.

Friday 30. The road was excellent and the country open. 10 We crossed the beds of two dry nullahs, which were broad, at about three miles distance. We passed by the village of Quoid, to the right, which is fortified in the country manner with clumps of bamboos: we arrived at Boad at six o'clock.—Course nearly N. W. owing to a turn which the river takes: and it will be found the direction of the road is governed by the situation of the river, as water is scarce in that country.

Saturday, May 1. Halted at Boad.

The Rajah paid us a visit; he is an old man, and of very descent deportment: he came in a palankeen, and had the Chetz Nishaun, and Merautib, and a number of people attending him. He is a Rajpoot, and his family has been in possession of Boad for a long series of years. His country is a fine valley, and the inhabitants appear to be rather numerous than otherwise. Boad extends from the Burrarmool Gaut to the eastward, to the junction of the Tail Nudde with the Mahanuddy to the westward, and is confined on north and south by the hills on each side of the river. The village is small: there is a bamboo fort. The only remarkable objects I saw were some pagodas, dedicated to the Maha Deu; the figures carved on the outside were very light, and better executed than any thing of the sort I ever saw. It is curious to observe, that in Orissa the bramins do not officiate in the pagodas, but the gardeners. In my walk this evening I met with a bramin, an intelligent man; he told me that the Rajah Muddoo Soodur was very ill obeyed, and that he received no revenue from

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his country, and only a small amount in kind for the use of himself and family, which was paid from some of the villages in the immediate vicinity of Boad.

He said it was otherwise during the government of the Rajah's brother, who died about two years ago; he was dreaded by all the petty Zemindars, and received a tribute equal to 5,000 rupees per annum.

17

Sunday 2. Country open, and fine road. Passed the village of Comarhara to the right, at about four miles from Boad. Crossed the Sunklee Nuddee, a clear stream, ankle deep: there is a fort and a village near it, called Mirzadhore, situated on the either side. From thence the road lies through a thin forest, in which I saw a great number of deer: when we had got clear of It we came on to a plain, on which Byraghur is situated; but finding no shelter we proceeded two miles farther, and encamped under the shade of some peepul and dauk trees. There is a jeal and a well of water, which are both bad; but there is a tope near the river side, which we did not see till we had encamped. The Rajah of Boad had sent a man along with us, and ordered the people at Byraghur to sell us provisions; and we received great civility from all his people.—Our course for the first part was due W.; latterly S. W.

13

Monday 3. The country was in general open, and where there was jungle it was thin. The hills to the right and left were distant. We crossed the Baug Nudde at about four miles from Byraghur, and nine miles beyond it the Tail Nudde, at its confluence with the Mahanuddy, three quarters of a mile to the S. E. of Sohnpoor, near which we encamped in a pleasant mangoe tope.—Our course was nearly W. and by S.

The Rajah, Pirrit Singh, a boy of about ten years of age, came and paid us a visit in the evening. The management of all the business is in the hands of the Dewaun, an Orissa bramin. They complain much of the licentiousness of a Merhattah army under the command of Bundhoo Jee, the nephew of Maipuh Raou, the governor of Raypore; and the Dewaun entreated Mr.' Forster to represent their situation at Nagpore, and procure redress.

The inhabitants of the countries which we have hitherto passed through style themselves Woreas, or natives of Orissa. They are a fierce people, and possess a considerable degree of personal courage; they are commonly armed with bows and arrows, or swords: the latter are generally carried naked, and are broad at the end and narrow in the middle. They have a rooted antipathy against the Merhattahs, and frequently boast of the

numbers they have slain. The latter are too strong for them in the plain, but they can make themselves very formidable to cavalry in the woods.

Tuesday 4. We struck out of the usual road to Nagpore, 16 which is by Sumbulpore and Saringurh, to go by the Burrosumber district, which is shorter by six stages than the former. After we had got clear of the town our road led through a jungle of low trees. When we had travelled six miles we came to a tank and a village, to the left of the road, called Baunkherja: at twelve miles another tank and a few huts. We crossed the beds of several dry nullahs, and water is in general to be found by digging for it. After going through an extent of nineteen miles of jungle and wood, and passing two deserted villages, I arrived at Luchinpoor, and sat down in expectation that the party would come up; but after waiting two hours, a servant came and told me that Mr. Forster had encamped four miles in the rear. It was then excessively hot, and I rode up to the fort, and requested the Kelladar to give me shelter: he gave me an outhouse to remain in, brought me milk, and was very civil, but would not let me go into the fort. It is of mud. The country round about is open: there is a stream of water about half a mile to the north of the fort, and a tank of fine water near it. I remained till near five o'clock, and returned where Mr. Forster was encamped under some peepul-trees. They had been obliged to dig for water in the bed of nullah.—Our course was W. and by N.

Wednesday 5. We passed through less jungle to-day. The 12 hills to the right scarcely discernible; those to the left near. We passed a deserted village, after having travelled about ten miles, and encamped at another deserted village, called Tintulgoun, situated on the banks of the Aung Nudde, opposite to which there is another village, called Dongrapalle. The channel of the Aung Nudde is about 200 yards broad. There are only pieces of standing water at this season, which are very good. The guides informed me the source is to the westward, at a great distance. The country appears to have been cultivated to the extent of some miles round this village, and it is only a few months since the inhabitants have fled into the hills, which was at the approach of Bundhoo Jee's army.

Thursday 6. The road lay through an open country. After 12 advancing about four miles, we came to Hurbunga, which we found totally deserted; and a mile beyond it, we saw Moorsond in the same condition. Here the guides from Lucheeep fell on their knees, and said they would go on if we ordered them, but that they would return at the peril of their lives. They pointed

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out the road, which was straight and well beaten, and we went on alone to a village called Saulebautte, where we found one family and we persuaded the master of it, after much entreaty, to show us the road to the next village. He conducted us to Phasur, where we procured two men, who brought us on to Doorka. This village did not appear to have been long deserted, and I imagine the people must have left it at our approach. We instantly placed a guard of Sepoys to prevent our servants from pulling down the houses for firewood; and we sent the Bunnies, or grain people, with the guides, to a village about three miles off, called Huldee, where they got plentifully supplied with every thing, and I am persuaded, that if any English gentlemen were to travel this way again, they would not find the people apprehensive of being plundered. I recollect at Sohnpoor, amongst the number of persons collected round us, there was a bramin, who made the following observation in the course of some conversation we had with him:—Said he, “You are natives of a region beyond sea, and have made yourselves masters of a large tract of country in India, and we are sitting round you without dread and in an amicable manner. When the Merhattahs, who profess the same religion with us, come into our territory, we seek for refuge amongst the hills; our herds and flocks are plundered by them, and our temples even not left unviolated.”

I could not help feeling a degree of force in the bramin's sentiments, though he might have intended what he said only as a compliment; and I was happy to find the people in general impressed with a good opinion of the justice of the British government in India.—Our course to this village was west.

N. B. There are several roads which turn off to the left, but the high road is that to the right. There is good water in a tank and the Aung Nudde is about half a mile to the north of it.

12 *Friday 7.* The road was good: the hills on the right discernible, those to the left more distant. We crossed the bed of the Moneadur Nullah about two miles from Doorka, and the Aung Nudde at six. Two miles further went through Auglypore, where our people got supplied with grain: passed by Babopaulle, where there were only a few huts, and encamped at a deserted village, two miles beyond it called Tellingapaulle, to the southward of which is the Aung Nudde. The country was in general open, and appeared favourable for cultivation, and where there was jungle it was thin. We saw several herds of deer with fine branching horns.—Course to Auglypore W.; from thence S. W.

16 *Saturday 8.* Passed Sarungpore at nine miles from Tellingapaulle, and Jumlah (where the Bunnies got supplied with grain),

at twelve and encamped at Donga Ghaut, to the S. W. of which we again met with the Aung Nudde. The country is open, there are marks of cultivation in many places, and we saw some large drove of cattle.—Our course for the first ten miles was N. W.; latterly S. W.

Sunday 9. Crossed the Aung Nudde; passed Poalgoun to the left, at about two miles, and Bobra at seven. Crossed the bed of the Komrea Nudde at ten, and encamped in a fine grove of bur, tamarind, and peepul trees, called Burkale, near which there is a jeal of water. The road was good, and lay in general through a thin jungle. The hills to the left very near.—Course W. S. W. 13

Monday 10. Crossed the Komrea Nudde. The road from thence had a wild appearance, and led through a forest over a low ghaut at the foot of the hills for near eight miles, at which distance the road leads off to the left to the hill on which the Burrosumber Rajah lives. There is no water to be met with except in one place, near two miles beyond the road which leads to Burrosumber. Mr. Forster and myself having procured guides took one, and proceeded beyond the people; but he, mistaking the road, conducted us to a small village, inhabited by mountaineers, who fled at our appearance, but returned again in about two hours, making a most hideous noise, dancing, and beating their axes on the ground. We judged the shouting would bring more; and, as we had only a few servants with us, we thought it best to attempt a retreat without bloodshed: but we found at this crisis that the horses were gone to water about half a mile off, and that these savages were ready to draw their bowstrings, and we were obliged to present our firelocks to restrain them. In the mean time our horses coming up, we sent the palankeens on first, and kept in the rear ourselves on horseback, as it was the only quarter from which they could attack us, and we fortunately got into the high road, after going through two or three miles of bamboo jungle, which they fired, no doubt with an intention to cut off our road. Their language was almost unintelligible to us: but it should appear from the frequent use of the word "Burgah" that they took us for Merhattahs, which it implies, and perhaps expected that we should plunder their village. We found the people encamped on the banks of the Teerce Nullah, a running stream, which flows to the right. There was a good shade.—Our course was S. W. 20

N. B. There is water to the right and left of the road for three miles before you come to the nullah. Travellers ought to be careful in going through the country; the hills are full of robbers, and they are a daring set of fellows.

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We ought to have stopped at Burrosumber, to have received a visit from the Rajah. A present of some broadcloth and a few trinkets might have disposed him to be favourable to Europeans in future, and been instrumental to keep this road always open in cases of emergency.

- 12 *Tuesday 11.* Our road was very good and broad, and the country more open. We left the hills, and crossed the Aung Nudde at about half a mile from the Teeree Nullah; and at a short distance beyond it we fell in with a party of Bunjaree people, who had fifteen bullocks loaded with grain, &c.: they returned with us cheerfully, and brought us to a place called Musankoonda, where there was no village, but shade, and water in a deep hole. This place belongs to the Sumbulpoor country which seems to intrude itself here between Ruttunpoor and Burrosumber.

The Teeree Nullah forms the western boundary of the Berea Rajah's country (the Burrosumber Rajah).

There is a village called Hurrinbaub, about four miles from the high road to the left of the Teeree Nullah, which is held sacred by the Hindoos on account of a fall of water; and the bramins who reside there have four villages allotted them by the Rajahs of Berea, Patna*, and Sarungurh.

- 15 *Wednesday 12.* Fine open country, with a gradual descent. Crossed a small nullah, in which there was water, and a nudde called Joong. Our road from thence for about six miles ascended, and we encamped at Soormul, inhabited by Gondest†. The water is bad.—Our course for the first part was W. and by S.; and latterly W. and W. and by N.

- 10 *Thursday 13.* The road good. Went through some jungle; passed the village of Causebara, at two miles from Soormul, and Pauplie at four, and encamped at a place called Pundrepauney, where there is some standing water in the bed of a nullah.—Course, first part W. and by N.; latterly N. and by W.

N. B. Nurrah is laid down in the map on the high road.—There is a place bearing that name, which lies off the high road, to the left beyond Causebara; none on the road we went.

- > *Friday 14.* The road was good, and led through a thin jungle: we encamped at the foot of a rock near a village called Khullaree.—Course W. and by N. and N. and by W.

*A jungle Rajah in the vicinity of the Berea one and dependent on him.

†Gondwauna, or the country of the Gondes, extends from about seventy miles north of the Narbudda as low down to the southward as the districts of Nagpore and Ruttunpoor. The natives are a hardy, quiet people, and good cultivators. They profess themselves Hindus but eat fowls and do not abstain from flesh in general except that of the ox, cow, or bull. When Aurungzebe reduced this part of the Deccan he obliged numbers of them to become Mussulmans.

Saturday 15. For the first ten miles the road led through a thick jungle; we then entered a fine, extensive, cultivated plain: with the villages of Mahsawen and Beejpor to the right and left; beyond these we passed Karora, where there is a tank of water, and encamped at Balsoura, at which place we found little shade and bad water.—Course N. W. MILES. 15

Sunday 16. The road, as yesterday, led over a fine cultivated plain: crossed the Mahanuddy at two miles from Balsoura; the channel is about 300 yards broad. Passed the villages of Pauragaoun and Aring, at three and six miles beyond it. The latter is a large and flourishing place, where there are many merchants, weavers, &c. There is a most extensive grove of mangoe trees near it. We encamped in a fine mangoe grove on the banks of a tank near Rewa.—Course to the Mahanuddy N. W.; from thence W. 13

All the persons with whom I have had any conversation, both at this place and at Balsoura, concur in saying that the source of the Mahanuddy is about thirty gond coss, equal to 120 English miles, to the S. W. from hence, at a place called Sehawa, and that it rises in a field at the foot of a hill.

Monday 17. The road led over the plain. Passed Nowagaon at six miles from Rewa. It was dark, but I could perceive trees and a tank. There is a number of villages scattered all over the plain, but none that either affords water or shelter sufficient for a large party. We encamped to the eastward of Raypore on the banks of a tank, called Bygenaut Ka Tallow, the only good tank near the place.—Course W. and by S.; latterly W. 16

Tuesday 18. Halted at Raypore.

Raypore is a large town, and numbers of merchants and wealthy people reside there. There is a fort, the lower part of the walls of which is of stone, the upper of mud; it has five doors and several bastions. There is a fine-looking tank built round with masonry, but the water is bad.

Ruttunpoor is in general a very fertile, fine country, and may be styled, from its plentiful produce of rice, the Burdwan of these parts. The widow of Bembajee, Moddajee's brother, is still alive, and all ostensible respect is shown to her; but the executive part of the government is in the hands of Mayput Raou, a bramin from Nagpore. The collections of Raypore, including the toll upon loaded cattle, are only 70,000 rupees, and those of all Ruttunpoor not above 1,50,000. During the government of Bembajee the revenue amounted to five or six lacks of rupees; but I was unable to learn the cause of this astonishing decrease. The

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people were remarkably civil; for it seems the Rajah had given orders that we should be supplied with every thing we wanted.

- 14 *Wednesday 19.* Plain and open country. Crossed the Kharavn river eight miles from Raypore, and passed the village of Komrie a mile further; to the right of which there is a road leading to Nagpore by the Lanjee Pass, and another to the left by the Dhongur Ghaut: we took the latter, and advanced about five miles, to the village of Suruckdeh. There is no shelter, but a stream of good water near.—Course W. and by S. and latterly S. W.

- 12 *Thursday 20.* Plain open country. Passed several villages and crossed a nullah, in which there was some standing water. We encamped near the fort and village of Doorg. There are several fields of paun, and the adjacent country appears well cultivated. The Komaishdar, or head man of the place, came out and visited us, and was very civil.—Course W. and by S. and latterly W.

- 12 *Friday 21.* Plain open country. After travelling a mile and a half, we crossed the Sheo Nudde; they say it takes its rise from the southward, about fifty miles, and falls into the Mahanuddy at * * * *. There was no stream, but pieces of standing water. It was about 250 yards broad. There is a village on the banks, called Piepursain. The plain from thence is crowded with villages, the largest of which, called Pursool, is seven miles from Doorg. We stopped at Hurdwah.—Course S. W.

- 12 *Saturday 22.* After advancing a mile and a half, we passed Mohurrimpoor. We then began to approach the jungle, and passed the village of Causepaul; a little way beyond which we turned to the right, leaving Belhare on our left hand, and encamped on the banks of a tank of very muddy, bad water, near the small village of Porinna.—Course W. and by S. and S. W.

- 18 *Sunday 23.* Our road led through jungle. For the first three miles we went W. and by S. and for five miles nearly S. W.; after which we turned out of the high road to the left, and encamped at the village of Cheepa, where we got provided with grain and remained all day. We marched again in the evening, and the road led through a forest of large trees. Dongur Ghur is off the road to the right, about eight miles from Cheepa. There was formerly a fort there; but both that and the village are in ruins. We encamped on the banks of a dry nullah, two miles beyond it, in which we were obliged to dig for water. The road was remarkably good.—Course S. W.; and latterly W.

Dongur Ghur appears to be one of the southernmost hills of the range of which Lanjee forms a part. There is no ascent

or descent of consequence, and there is a number of detached hills scattered round about. This range appears to extend from the north to the south-west, and forms the natural division between Nagpore and Ruttunpoor, or Chehteess Ghur. The Rajah of Ruttunpoor was called the Rajah of Chehteess Ghur, or the Rajah of the Thirty-six Forts, as the Rajah of Sumbulpoor is styled Rajah of the Thirty-six Forts.

Monday 24. We found that though the road we were upon led direct to Nagpore, yet there were no villages to be met with; we therefore, after crossing the bed of the nullah on the banks of which we had been encamped, struck off through the forest to the south-east, and got into another Banjaree road, for there are many that bear that name, and travelled nine miles nearly south-west to the Jhoora Nullah, in which there is a fine stream of water; near it the village of Mahldongra is situated, to the left of the road. We proceeded to Banjaree, about eight miles further, and encamped. There is plenty of water in large holes, which appear to have been made by the torrents during the rains. Mr. Forster pitched under a paukur-tree, the branches of which were hung round with old bells, which the Banjaree people offer up to Caille, the goddess of destruction, when their journey has been fortunate. Out of a frolic I offered up a tin canister, and inscribed the date of our encampment upon it, and Mr. Forster sacrificed a goat. There are evident marks of cultivation having been carried on at no very distant period in the country we came through, and several spots of ground appear to have been cleared to their wood for that purpose.

Banjaree is so very high a spot of ground, that it causes its neighbouring rivers to take very different courses from each other. To the south-west of it, about eleven miles, the Bauz Nudde runs and joins the Bein Gunga, which falls into the Gunga Godaveri, which disembogues into the sea at Masulipatam. To the east the Ihora Nudde meets the Sheo Nudde before noticed, and runs into the Mahanuddy, which empties itself into the sea at the Bay of Coojungh.

Tuesday 25. The first part of the road led through a thick forest, several spots of which were however quite clear of wood to the village of Doortura, when the hills, which were to the right and left, became nearer, and seemed to form a semicircle. They appear to be detached from those of Lanjee and Khyraghur. The road onwards was irregular, and winding amongst hills and woods, without either any acclivity or declivity, and admits of the passage of country carts. There are some loose stones, which would be troublesome to loaded cattle in a dark night, but we were

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favoured by the light of the moon. After passing a deserted small village, to the right, we encamped on the bank of the Baug Nudde. There is only some standing water; the bottom is rocky. The general inclination of our course was to the southward, but very irregular. We were in great want of grain, and the cattle and people had only half allowance.

14 *Wednesday 26.* The first part of the road led through a thinner forest than what we had passed through yesterday, with ranges of small hills to the right and left. At three miles from the Baug Nudde we crossed the Goredau, in which there was water, and passed a deserted village of the same name. The jungle from thence to the village of Huldee, six miles, became more thick, and the road stony, with some acclivity. We procured guides from thence, and proceeded to Cheesgurh, which is situated in a fine cultivated valley, and there is a tank of water, but it is muddy, owing to the buffaloes which wallow in it.—Our course was winding, but upon the whole we came a good deal to the southward.

14 *Thursday 27.* The road for a mile was very good, when arriving at the foot of a hill we turned off to the left, and went over a narrow road on the ridge of a hill, with a precipice for a few hundred yards to the left. The surrounding trees were small and stunted in their growth, from the parching heat of the rock. As we advanced the road became better, and at seven miles from Cheesgurh there is an open spot of ground, where we saw a Bunjaree encampment; they have the water of the Gaurvey Nudde, the source of which is near. Onwards there is nothing but wood and jungle, till you come to Poulandre, which is an open spot surrounded by hills. We passed it to the right, and proceeded to the Gaurvey Nudde, where we had good shade, but were obliged to dig for water.—Our course was very winding, but inclined to the westward.

10 *Friday 28.* The road led through a jungle and between hills for eight miles, when it became more open, and we encamped at Nowagoun. Near it is an extensive lake of water, which you see to the right of the road for two miles before you come to the village: it is situated in a deep hollow between the hills to the east and west, and is confined by a bank to the northward. The waters of it are distributed through the village by several channels, and it is of great use to the cultivators on the dry plain.—Course, first part W.; latterly S. W.

12 *Saturday 29.* The road led through a thin jungle. At seven miles from Nowagoun we passed Cheesa, and at ten Chandgherri, or Saungherri: the last is the most populous place I have seen

since I left Cuttac. There is a fort and a large tank; we encamped beyond it, on the banks of the Chilbun Nudde, off the high road, in a pleasant mangoe grove.—Course nearly W.

Monday 30. Sheikh Mahomed Ally, with a party of Sepoys, dressed after our fashion, and some horsemen, came out to meet us from the Rajah of Nagpore. The Sheikh is a polite old man, and has always been sent out to meet the English.—The road led through a thin jungle. At three miles from the Chilbun we passed a wretched jungle village, and four miles beyond it came to Kenary, which is large: from thence the country is more open. We encamped at Maungley, under the shade of some mangoe trees planted in a row on the edge of a stream of water, which flows through a channel cut to supply the surrounding fields: it comes out of a large tank, as at Nowagoun. There is a Hindoo temple on the bank of it.—Course to Kenary W.; from thence S. W. 10

Tuesday 31. The road lay through a thick jungle for some miles. Mr. Davidson and myself were carried out of the road through the ignorance of the guides; when we found it again we passed Kasulbarry at nine miles from Maungley, Chichy at eleven, and Adara at thirteen. The country from Kasulbarry to the Beirgunga is open. Where we crossed there was little water, but it was sweet and clear; the channel is 300 yards broad. The country beyond it to Beltoa, where we encamped, is a plain, finely cultivated, and covered with villages. There was bad water at Beltoa, but good shade.—Course W. and by N. 20

Wednesday, June 1. The road for near two miles led through a thin jungle. When we crossed the Aum Nudde we found the country more open, the plain finely cultivated, and a great number of villages. We encamped in a mangoe grove near Kohy, in which there was a well of good water.—Course W. 14

Thursday 2. The road led over the plain, the produce of which is wheat: it was highly cultivated. There is a great number of villages all over it. We encamped at Teetur, in a mangoe grove. 8

Friday 3. Plain richly cultivated, and covered with fine villages. We encamped in a mangoe grove to the east of Nagpore. 10

N. B. Our hours of travelling, until the 23rd of May, were from two o'clock in the morning to seven, eight, or nine, according to the length of the stage: from the 23rd of May we used to march half an hour before sunset, and encamped at nine or ten o'clock. We should have been unable to have gone through the countries we did, had we not had grain, people and bullocks of our own.

ACCOUNT OF NAGPORE, ETC.

Nagpore, situated in $79^{\circ} 46'$ east longitude from Greenwich, and $21^{\circ} 49'$ north latitude, is the present capital of Gondwauna*, a name little known to Europeans, perhaps owing to the remote situation of it from our settlements and the Rauj† of that name having been dismembered before we possessed any territory in India, at which time the comparatively confined state of the affairs of the Company did not lead to geographical inquiries.

I have taken no small degree of pains to ascertain the boundaries of Gondwauna; and though I will not pretend to say that the information I have procured is in every respect exact, yet it may serve to give a general idea of the extent of the country.

It is not amiss to observe, that the people of this place are by no means communicative, and very circumspect in giving information, particularly to Europeans, and it has cost me no small degree of trouble to collect what trifling information this account contains.

Gondwauna is bounded on the north-east by imaginary line, drawn from the town of Belhare to the city of Ruttunpoor; on the south-east by such another imaginary line, drawn from Ruttunpoor through the village of Soormul (situated about five coss to the north-east of Nurrah, which last is laid down in the map) to the junction of the Oordah and Beingunga rivers; on the south-west by the Oordah river; and on the north-east by that chain of mountains which separates it from Malwa.

When Gondwauna was partly reduced by Aulumgwer, he obliged a great number of the natives, together with the Rajah, to embrace the Mohomedan religion; and the country remained for a series of years in this situation, the Rajah paying a sort of homage to the Moghul, as lord paramount: when, in the beginning of the present century, Ragojee Bhooshla, descended from the great Sevagi, reduced the greatest part of Gondwauna, to the south of the Nurbudda, with the province of Berar. The lenity with which he treated the Gonde Rajah deserves particular mention, as it shows a trait of humanity in the Merhattahs worthy of the highest pitch of civilization. He not only obtained from all sorts of personal violence, but allotted three lacks of rupees annually for the Gonde Rajah's maintenance, and the fort for him to live in, by no means as a confinement.

*The three ancient capitals of Gondwauna were Gurry Mudlah, Gurry**** and Deogur.

†The dominion of a Rajah is called Rauj, that of a king is denominated a kingdom.

Burhaun Shah, the son of the conquered Rajah, has still handsome allowances, and the fort to live in; and the confidence which the late Moodajee placed in him was great: for what could be a greater mark of it in the East, than putting his family and women under his charge when he went upon any warlike expedition? which he constantly did.

Ragojee was the founder of Nagpore, which he surrounded with a rampart, it being only an insignificant village appertaining to the fort prior to his capture of it. It is situated on a fine high plain which is richly cultivated, and produces fine wheat, and bounded by hills to the north-west and south. The Nag Nudde, a rivulet running to the southward, gives name to the town. The houses are generally meanly built and covered with tiles, and the streets are narrow and filthy. The only good building is the palace, begun by the late Moodajee, and now finishing by his son, the present Rajah; it is built of a blue stone dug out of a quarry in large blocks on the western skirts of the town. The present Rajah, however, has destroyed the grand effect which would have been produced by the stone alone, by intermixing brick-work in the building. There is a very large and deep tank^{*} near the west gate, called Jumma Tallow, three sides of which are handsomely built up with masonry, and the Rajah has a foundery to the southward of the town, called Shukerderri, where he casts tolerably good brass guns. These, with some few gardens of the Rajah's neatly laid out in walks planted with cypress trees, and interspersed with fountains, are the only places of note at Nagpore.

It should appear that Major Rennell (Memoir, second edition 4 to page 12) is not perfectly clear with regard to the idea he has formed of the Merhattah state, that all the chiefs owe a sort of obedience to the Paishwah, resembling that of the German Princes to the Emperor. The account I heard from the Dewaunt in the Durbar[†] was, "That there is a person whom they call the representative of the Ruj, who is kept in the fort of Sattarah, and he is treated with all imaginable respect when he makes his appearance at Coonah, which is only upon particular occasions; and when at Sattarah he is supplied with every luxury, and magnificently attended. On the demise of this image of government the handsome son of some poor man is chosen to supply his room. The Paishwah is prime minister to the Merhattah state; the Rajah of Nagpore, etc., commander in chief of the

^{*} Po. J. (M. 1767). 2 Court.

armies; and they, as well as the rest of the chiefs, call themselves servants of the Raj; and none acknowledges the least immediate authority of the Paishwah, but they are all bound in cases of necessity to render mutual assistance to each other, for the public good of the constitution." But the fine extensive country which the Paishwah occupies, together with the advantage of playing the Sattarah puppet, will always give him influence with the other chiefs.

The present Rajah, Ragojee Bhooshla, the grandson of the Conqueror (Ragojee the First was succeeded by his eldest son, Jannojee, who was succeeded by his brother Sabage, who was slain in battle by Moodajee, the father of the present Rajah. I have not the particulars of their histories), does not seem to be either adapted to civil or military business; he is generally dressed plainly in white but wears costly diamonds and pearls: his behaviour is courteous to strangers. His great penchant is for elephants and mares. He has about 200 of the former, the finest I ever beheld; and they are fed so sumptuously with sugarcane, treacle, ghee, etc., and not unfrequently fowl pallow, that they become almost mad with lust, breaking their chains and doing great mischief, which is considered by the Merhattahs as fine sport. The principle people about the Rajah are, his brother, Munnea Bapoo, a very quiet young man; Bhowaunny Cauloo, the Dewaun, a shrewd old fellow, and his nephew, Pondrang, the commander and paymaster of the army; Siree Dhur, the Monshee; and Mahadajee Leshkery, the Rajah's confidant, who is consulted on all occasions.

The Rajah does not keep up above 10,000 horse, the pay of which, as is the custom among all native princes, is irregularly distributed. He has two battalions of Sepoys, armed and clothed like ours; and although they have been drilled by black officers, formerly belonging either to the Nabob of Lucknow, or our service, yet they go through their exercise very badly, and I do not think they will be able to make a stand against any body of native Sepoys disciplined by European officers.

I have heard that the total collections of the Rajah's dominions, including Ruttunpoor and Cuttac, only amount to seventy lacks of rupces per annum. I will not, however, pretend to affirm that this is exact, though I do not think it can much exceed that sum; for the Rajah's country notwithstanding the great extent of it, does not contain a proportionable quantity of cultivated land to that which is waste and occupied by forests.

It is generally supposed that Nagpore is the capital of Berar. This is evidently mistake. The inhabitants of Nagpore talk relatively of Berar as an adjoining province, as we do of Bahar to Bengal; and it has been shown that Nagpore is a city of late date. Elichpur is the capital of Berar, by the accounts I have received from the natives, who represent it as a very ancient city and much larger than Nagpore.

A custom prevails in this town, which I cannot forbear taking notice of, because it serves to prove that long usage will give a plausibility to things seemingly the most preposterous. The bramins and best people at Nagpore have women attendants upon their families, whom they breed up from their childhood, and are called Butkies, or Slauls. They attend on their masters and mistresses during the day-time, and are permitted to go to any man they please in the night; some of them become very rich, and they are in general very handsome, fine women.

NAGPORE:

August 20, 1790.

JOURNAL OF A ROUTE FROM NAGPORE TO BENARES
BY THE WAY OF THE SOUHAGEE PASS, 1790.

Monday, September 6, 1790.

Left Nagpore, and encamped at Kampiy, immediately after having crossed the Kanzaan Nudde*, below its junction with the Coila Nudde. The source of the Kanzaan Nudde is about 100 miles to the westward, and it falls into the Beingunga at or near the Lanjee Ghauri. It is a fine stream of water, but not deep; it flows to the right. The road was good, and led through cultivated fields.—Course N. and by E.

Tuesday 7. The road was good, and led through fine cultivated fields of jowauri. We encamped at Ramtagh, which, amongst the Hindoos, is a place held sacred: for they inform you that Ram collected his army there prior to his expedition against Rawun at Lenka, or Ceylon. The Hindoos suppose all Europeans to be descended from Rawun, and they believe Ceylon to be an immense mountain of gold, invisible to them. The

*Small river.

†A pass, or defile.

‡Sort of grain.

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place where the Hindoos offer up their sacrifices and devotions is on a hill to the right of the high road upon which a dewul, or temple, is erected.—Course inclining half a point to the eastward of north, with very little deviation.

15¹ *Wednesday 8.* For the space of two miles the country was open; after which we passed through a thick forest, in which there were many trees of teek and sissoo*, which brought us to Dongertaul; to the right of which we encamped, near a well of good water, where we had good shade also. We crossed the beds of many rivulets in the jungle†, some of which were broad; however, I did not inquire into their names, as they can only have water in them at a time when the torrents pour down from the hills, when they are found dry at this season of the year; and their course must consequently even then be very short.—Course very little to the eastward of north.

12 *Thursday 9.* Passed the village of Ghurra to the left at seven miles; crossed the Pitaur Nudde (bed of which is broad and rocky, rocky, and contained only a little water) at a short distance beyond the village, and passed the village of Souwausa to the left, at nine miles from Dongertaul, and arrived at Paunehdhaur, so called from five streams running together, two of which we crossed, and encamped on the banks of the second. The road led through a thick forest, with the exception of a few cultivated fields near the villages above noted, and was rocky, with a small degree of ascent.—Course N. and by E.

Whilst I was sitting at breakfast under a tree, an old man eighty years of age threw himself at my feet, and told me that his son's wife was afflicted with a terrible disorder, which had baffled the skill of all the village doctors, and requested me to give him some medicine. I told him I was entirely unacquainted with medicine, and feared I should be able to do his daughter-in-law no good; but he persisting in his request I consented that she should be brought: when how was I shocked to see a beautiful young woman, who was reduced that she could not stand without aid! She had a violent pulsation in the jugular vein, and she said her menses had long been stopped. I gave her thirty mercurial pills, and desired her to take two every night; as I thought it probable that they might remove any obstructions, from which it appeared to me her distemper proceeded; and I

*Both durable kinds of wood, particularly the former.

†Wood, or forest.—Hindastauni word.

sincerely wish from my soul that they may produce a happy effect which I have no right to expect from my ignorance. I cannot express the gratitude of the old man and his son; they brought me comfits, and stayed with me for an hour talking, and it was with difficulty they would leave me. MILES.

Friday 10. Passed the village of Koorie at eight miles from Paunehdhour. The road led through a thick forest, and was rocky and bad; and beyond Koorie there is a succession of ghauts, of the same name with the village, which alternately ascend and descend; but the acclivity being less than the declivity, you get into a higher country, which brings you to Magaum, where we encamped. There is a number of cultivated fields round the village, and the country is open. 16½

We had a great deal of rain at this place.

Saturday 11. Passed the village of Gopaulpore at three miles from Mogaum. The road led over a plain, open country, that did not appear to be well cultivated, but was covered with grass, which seemed to be reserved for the large herds of cattle, which we saw, to feed upon. Beyond Gopaulpore, about a mile, we passed through a thick jungle, which ends before you come to Chowree, where we encamped. The country round about this village, which is populous, has a beautiful appearance, with hills to the north and east of it, at a considerable distance, which leave a fine plain, that is well cultivated, and interspersed with some fine large trees. There was a great deal of water on the road, and my tent was double its usual weight, owing to the rain of yesterday, which occasioned the shortness of the stage.—Course N. 7

Sunday 12. Passed the village of Jaté at five miles; crossed the Gunga at six (which has its source seven miles to the eastward, and falls into the Bein Gunga); and passed the village of Dawulé at eight, and encamped at Narrailah, where there is a tank of good water. The road led over a plain, and was very miry, owing to the late fall of rain. There are ranges of hills to the right and left.—Course N. 10

Monday 13. The road led through a plain country, which was, however, uncultivated, and was very rocky and stony, with an easy acclivity, and we crossed some nullahs*, the banks of which were steep. At eleven miles from Narrailah you came to Seunee Chowparah, near which the country seems to be well tilled. We 12

*Cuts, or water-courses.

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then went through the town of Chowparah, and crossed the Bein Gunga, in the middle of it, the stream of which was rapid, and the bottom full of rocks; it was, however, shallow: we encamped on a plain beyond the town. This place is famous for the manufacture of iron, a great quantity of which is imported into our provinces, and is chiefly inhabited by Afghans, more of whom shall be said hereafter.—Course N.

- 15 *Tuesday* 14. The road for the first five miles was winding amongst the hills and over low ghauts, which were very stony, and carried us a good deal to the eastward. Onwards, for four miles, to Sajepoore, was stony, though better than the former part. Under this village runs the Beejna, the bottom of which is rocky, and the stream rapid, at this season of the year, which is increased by many rills that pour down its rocky banks with a noise that has an agreeable effect; its source is about ten miles to the westward, and it ultimately falls into the Bein Gunga, but at what place I was unable to learn. We proceeded at six miles further to Lucknadow; two miles and a half of the road to which led over a barren, rocky country, and we passed over one ghaut that was rather steep. We then got into a plain, open country, that appeared to be well cultivated. Course last eight miles north, with little deviation. The country from Dongertaul to this village, an extent of seventy-one miles*, is held in jaguer† by Mahommed Umme Khan, a Pitân chief, to whose father the great Ragojee or Ragojee the First, granted it in regard for services during his reduction of Gondwauna and the northern parts of Berar. Mahommed Umme Khan resides at Seunee, eight miles to the eastward of Chowrie, and he seems to pay little attention to the Rajah of Nagpore; for although I had a couple of the Rajah's jasousis, or hircarahs‡, with me, with his perwanneh, directing that I should be provided with guides, yet they were obliged to get a second perwanneh from Mahommed Umme, to whom they went by the Rajah's express order. This seems to argue an internal weakness in the Merhattah state alluded to, that I had no idea of, and appears to proceed from the unwarlike disposition of the present prince; for what could a handful of Pitâns do against those columns of horse with which the Rajah might overwhelm them? The above accounts for the number of Pitâns to

*I am ignorant of the breadth of Mahommed Umme Khan's jaguer from E. to W. but do not imagine it is any where equal to twenty miles, and in most places much less.

† A grant of land is called a jaguer.

‡Running footmen, or spies.

be met with in the countries we have passed through, who for the most part are adherents to the Jaguerdar*.

Wednesday 15. The road led through an open country, with little jungle, and was not so stony as yesterday, and the ascent less, but it did not appear to be cultivated, except in the immediate vicinity of three or four insignificant villages we passed. At four miles from Lucknadowa you come to a stream called the Shur Nudde which forms the northern extremity of the territory of the Rajah of Nagpore, and the southern boundary of that of Ballajee. We encamped at Doombah, where I found a party of Pitân horse belonging to Ballajee, which had come from Jubbilghur, to quell some disturbances among the Gondes. The Jemadaure of the party came and visited me in the evening, and was remarkably civil, and said that if the rain ceased in the morning (for it had poured all day), he would accompany me for five or six miles with some of his horsemen.—Course N. and by E. 12

Thursday 16. The road was very bad and muddy where there were no stones, leading over a plain country, which was wild and covered with grass. At four miles from Doombah we passed the village of Buckery; and five miles further we went over a ghaut, which was short but rather steep, and covered with loose round stones, which made the ascent difficult to the loaded cattle. My tent was so wet and muddy, having fallen about my ears in the night, that I was obliged to seek shelter in the village of Raichore, where I fortunately procured three empty houses, purposely erected for the use of travellers, by the Modé, or grain-seller of the village, who permits people to put up in them on condition that they will buy their grain of him, which he seems to sell dearer on that account.—Course to the ghaut nearly north; after which the winding of the road carried us a great deal out of our right direction. 12

The Jemadaur of horse was so obliging as to send me three Sippahyst† to conduct me all the way to Jubbilghur. They were Bonedallas, or natives of Bundelkund; one of them, a fine stout fellow, sung all the way with a loud voice, that you might have heard him at the distance of a mile, was mightily pleased that I entered into conversation with him, and told me that he would accompany me to Calcutta if I pleased.

Friday 17. The road was very bad, and led through the skirts of a forest for the most part of the way. We passed over many low ghauts, covered with round stones, which made the 11

*Holder of jaguer.

†Soldiers.

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ascent and descent of them rather difficult to the loaded cattle, and one of my bullocks fell in the road. At six miles from Raichore we passed through the village of Cheriapaunrè, which is a decent place, and clean. We got shelter in the village of Peprea, in some thatched houses belonging to the grain-sellers of the place, on the same conditions as yesterday, which it must be allowed are very easy.—Course N. and by E.; and N. E. latterly.

- 8 *Saturday 18.* The road led through a thick jungle, with a range of hills to the right, to the banks of the Nerbudda, which we crossed opposite to Tilwaurre Ghaut, and got shelter in a most excellent tiled serai, built by order of Ballajee for the accommodation of travellers. The source and course of the Nerbudda are so well known, that it is needless to make any further observations on the subject. It is famous for being the ancient northern boundary of the countries of the Decan; and is held sacred in these parts by the Hindoos, as the Ganges is to the eastward. I was rather surprised to find the river so narrow (for an idea may be formed of its breadth from my having fired a pistol across it, the ball of which reached the opposite shore), expecting, from the room Major Rennell has given it in his map, to find it much broader; however, I understand it acquires breadth as it goes to the westward, and the narrowest part was in all probability chosen for the purpose of a ferry. It is now deep, but fordable in the dry months; the bottom is rocky; and perhaps it may be navigable to very near its source in the rains. But supposing this to be really the case, what does it signify? for the wild country through which it runs, from its spring at Surgooja to the Hoshungabaud, or Husnabaud Ghaut, the haunt of ferocious animals, seems to forbid that its stream should ever murmur under the weight of boats loaded with the wealth of merchants.—Course N. E.

- 8 *Sunday 19.* The road led through an open country: at four miles from Tilwaurre Ghaut there are large pieces of rock on the road, that have a romantic appearance; and there are several wells and a tank on the highway, built by a Gosheyn*, whose remains are buried on one of the hills of the range to the right. Beyond this we passed through the town of Ghurra: it is an ancient place, and there is a mint, in which an inferior rupee current through Bundelkund, called Ballashahy, is coined. A strong party of horse is always stationed here. The road was good between Ghurra and Jubbilghur, which we passed through, and encamped on the bank of a tank on the skirts of the town.—Course N. E.

*A religious man of the Hindoo tribe.

Monday 20. Halted at Jubbilghur.

I got up early in the morning, and went to the top of a rock, to visit a Sidh, or a Bhyraghe, who has lived in a cave there for these three years. I found him sitting on a deer's skin spread on a sort of wooden bed; he desired me to come into his cave, and I sat down near him on a mat which I found spread there. I drew from his conversation that he was a Decan bramin (any Hindoo may become a Sidh, or a Bhyraghe, or a Gosheyn), that he had travelled over a great part of India, and was well acquainted with many English characters; and he ran out into a long eulogium on the virtues of Mr. Hastings, under whose auspices, he said, the Shaster had been translated into English. I had twenty or thirty servants with me, and he seemed pleased with my visit; he particularly asked me whether I had come purposely to visit him, or had fallen in with his cave in hunting. I told him what was really true, that I had come purposely to see him. His countenance seemed to brighten at hearing this; which shows that the most recluse are not free from vanity: and I think myself, that it is nothing but motives of vanity that incites these people to give up worldly affairs, that they may be revered almost like gods, for many of them are discovered to riot in licentiousness under the mask of sanctity: and it seems, when the matter is simplified, to be one mode of getting bread in this country, as a shoemaker or a taylor, but more certain than following either of those two employments. I presented him with four rupees at parting, which brought a smile on his austere brow. Gonesh Pundit, Ballajee's Aumil* at this place, visited me; he was very polite: I presented him with a turban, some paper, two pencils (which they are much delighted with), otter and paun; and he said he would send his people with me to conduct me through his master's territory.

The country round Jubbilghur is a fine plain, bounded by hills, part of which is reserved for the pasturage of cattle, and the remainder well cultivated.

Tuesday 21. The road for the first two miles was very good, and we passed through the village of Adhartal. Onwards we got amongst overflowed fields, which in some places were up to my saddle-flaps in water; and the road continued thus for six miles, when we crossed the Pereat Nudde, and got into higher ground, that lasted for three miles, until we had passed through the extensive village of Punaghur, beyond which the road again

*Governor, or collector of the revenues.

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became bad, and led through fields. We encamped at Bhooraghur, on the edge of a large lake of water, in a fine mangoe grove. The country we passed through was very well cultivated, and the great quantity of water on the road is owing to the breaking-up of the monsoon, which has been attended with a great deal of rain to the north of the Nerbudda. The plain was bounded to the right and left by hills.—Course N.

- 12 *Wednesday 22.* The road for four miles was very good, which brought us to Goosulpore, a large and clean place; beyond which we got into fields, that in some parts were under water, and we were obliged to keep on the bund, or embankment. At three miles from Goosulpore we crossed the Herrin Nudde, the source of which is in the hills to the eastward. We proceeded through fields to Sahorah, a large village, where we encamped in a fine mangoe grove. The country we passed through was a plain surrounded by hills: the rich cultivated state of the former of which exhibited a beautiful picturesque contrast with the barren rockiness of the latter.—Course N. and by E.

I forgot to take notice yesterday, that the hills to the north-west of Bhooraghur produce iron-ore.

In the evening the Rajah's Aumil, a Merhattah Pundit, visited me, and was very civil.

- 12 *Thursday 23.* After travelling a mile the road became so bad that we were obliged to take a long sweep to the westward to avoid overflowed fields, and we did not get into our right course again for near three miles; after which the road for two miles was very good, and brought us to the Baugh Nudde, the stream of which, just above where we crossed, is confined by a wall to preserve the water in the dry seasons, for the purpose of religious ablutions, and the Poojeh, at some dewuls, or temples, on its banks; and the waters in the rains rising above the level of the height of the wall make a beautiful foaming cascade. Adjoining to the Nudde we passed through the village of Koowaû, which has a large lake on the skirts of it. The remainder of the road led through a forest, with hills to the right and left, and we passed two or three small villages. We encamped at Cawriah. The first part of the road, as has been observed, carried us considerably to the westward; for four miles we went nearly N. and by E. and the remainder N. E. We must have gone over at least fifteen miles of ground, but I have set down the measured distance as given me by Mr. Forster, who went this road in the dry weather, and of course was not obliged to go out of his way.

Friday 24. The first part of the road led through fields, and carried us a good deal to the eastward. At six miles from Cowrah we crossed the Kutteehna Nudde, which flows from the eastward. We continued to pass through a cultivated country, with a range of hills to the right, which breaks off abruptly before you come to the Bhora Nudde, which we crossed, and immediately got into the town of Belhary, where we encamped in a mango grove.—Course latterly N. and by E. MILES.
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Belhary is a very ancient town, and the northern extremity of Gondwauna. The old Gonde fort still remains, to which the Merhattahs have made some additions and alterations.

Saturday 25. The first five miles of the road led over a ghaut, or pass, the ascent to which was easy, and covered with huge flat stones: the descent in some places was rather abrupt, and very craggy; and nearly at the foot of the ghaut, on the right-hand side, are the remains of an old fort, which appears to have been designed to guard the passage. As we advanced we sometimes passed through jungle, and sometimes through field; but the former seemed most to prevail. We encamped at Chakah.—Course over the ghaut E. and by N.; latterly N. E. 12

At this village ends the territory of Ballajee in these parts: his country extends from Calpee on the banks of the Jumna, where he himself resides, to thirty miles to the south of the Nerbudda, where it acquires a breadth of two hundred and fifty miles more to the eastward than any other part of his dominions, including the ancient Gonde forts of Gurra Mundlah and Gurna Baundhoo. His son, Abhau Sahib, resides at Sagur, and has the management of the southern parts of his father's country. They say he is a very debauched young man, and we may well suppose his manners must have more or less a detrimental degree of influence on the country under his charge; however, if we make the flourishing state of the villages we have seen, and the appearance of the inhabitants, a criterion for our judgment, we cannot suppose any material oppression to have existence. Ballajee stands next in rank to Ragojee, the Rajah of Nagpore, amongst the Merhattah chiefs, or princes, and is well spoken of by his subjects. He is entirely at the mercy of the Paishwah, whose agent always resides at Calpee, and is continually making exorbitant demands in the name of his master. Ballajee's Aumil at Belhary was absent in the country yesterday when I arrived, and did not return until night, when he sent a polite message, excusing himself from visiting me, and ordered

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four Sippahys and a Chohdar* to conduct me to this place: and I must acknowledge having received uncommon attentions from all Ballajee's people.

- 15 Sunday 26. The road led through a plain country, covered with thin jungle; and at five miles from Chakah we passed a Bonedala fort. I had the precaution to send on a horseman before me to acquaint the people that I should pass in the course of the night, and desired them not to be alarmed, wishing to make them suppose I was the strongest party. They talked of searching my baggage, which my horseman told them he was very sure his master would not submit to, as he was not carrying merchandise; and all my things passed unmolested; myself, with a Nayk and six Sepoys, bringing up the rear. I continued to march slowly along with my elephant, &c., through a country tolerably well cultivated, till I had passed through the village of Dhowrah, at twelve miles from Chakah when the sun becoming very hot, and the wind in my back, I pushed on three miles further, to Bunjaree, where I had not arrived half an hour before I heard that my elephant had been detained by 300 or 400 matchlockmen, who insisted that I should return to Dhowrah; which I was advised by no means to comply with by the people of this place; and the Zemindar assuring me of protection, I remained, and sent a Nayk and four Sepoys to tell the Bonedalahs that if they did not release my elephant I should send to Chunar for an escort. They would not attend to this, and the Nayk and four Sepoys returned; two Sepoys, who had always guarded the elephant, still remaining with her: and they drove away the elephant. I wrote to Colonel Briscoe, at Chunar Ghur, to send me an escort of two companies of Sepoys. In the evening Roupee Kowaus, the Dhowrah-man, sent a horseman to entice me to return. I told him that it was customary, as well as his master's business, to have first visited me; not like a robber, to detain my elephant after I had myself passed on. I told him to go away; that I had taken my steps, and he might do as he pleased. Laul Jee, the Zemindar of this place, visited me in the evening. He came attended by a number of matchlockmen with lighted matches, and I drew up my Nayk and six Sepoys with their bayonets fixed, though I did not suspect any treachery. He behaved with the greatest degree of civility, and said he would bring my elephant the next day. I gave him otter and paun, and he retired into his fort, where he said I should find protection in case of necessity.

*A servant for them who carries a silver or a wooden stick.

I learned that the country is torn and shaken by intestine commotions. The barber, the shoemaker, the taylor, the clown, all have guns, and there is no appearance of the cultivator. Every petty scoundrel who has a tannah, or station, on the road, makes unjust exactions upon every traveller whom he can overpower.—Course N. E.

Bunjaree is a pleasant village and though I had no tent, yet I was completely sheltered from the rays of the sun in a fine grove of mangoe and tamarind trees. The Juphaow Nuddee runs through the middle of this village, and has its source in the hills to the S. W. It produces plenty of excellent fish.

Monday 27. Laul Jee, with an hundred matchlockmen, went in the evening, accompanied by a servant on whom I could depend, to endeavour to get my elephant released. I began to think Laul Jee is not better than his neighbours. I wrote a Persian letter to Rajah Dhokul Sing at Callenyer, representing the insolence of his servant's conduct, and demanding redress.

Tuesday 28. Laul is not yet returned. I understand they want to extort a thousand rupees from me. I have sent word to my servant not to agree to give a farthing in my name, and at any rate not more than an hundred rupees. They told my servant that my camp baskets were full of gold mohrs: he replied it was false; and dared them to force the padlocks. The Dhowrah-man is more civil, sent his compliments, and wanted a dress; which I had peremptorily refused to give him.

Wednesday 29. The Dowrah-man so worried my servant, a bramin of high spirit, from early in the morning until evening, and was so exorbitant in his demands, wanting 4,000 rupees, that he could not withhold himself any longer; he said, "Take twenty rupees," throwing them on the ground, "and release my master's elephant instantly, or you will repent it when you shall be bound hand foot, and carried to Calcutta." This incensed the Dhowrah-man so much, that he made a sign to his people and they were ready to fall on my servant, who at one leap cleared himself from the crowd, and drew his sword, daring any one of his people to attack him. They were astonished at this, and desired him again to sit down, and come to some terms. After a great deal of talk, he satisfied both Laul Jee and the Dhowrah-man with 100 rupees, and brought a written order to the Tannadars that I should not be stopped; and my elephant and baggage arrived. We shall be two days before we get out of the country under this plunderer's charge, and I am not

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wholly unsuspecting of treachery; however, my Sepoys are firm, and we are resolved, if we find the road stopped, to make a passage with our arms, or perish in the attempt. The justness of my cause, and the meanness of the character of Roupee Kawaus, who is by caste a barber, has armed my soul with a degree of fortitude, not to be daunted by these plundering mountaineers.

- 12 *Thursday 30.* The road led through a broad valley, with little jungle; the country, as may be surmised, is in a neglected state of cultivation. We passed three or four villages, and encamped at Ajwine, which has lately been plundered, and almost totally deserted in consequence. I could not get a rupee changed.—Course, first part E. and by N.; latterly N. E.

The plunderer of this village has sent me word, that the plunderer of another village will attack him in the course of the night. I have put two sentinels on guard, and ordered all my people to sleep on their arms, and to fire on any person who attempts to come near my encampment. No disturbance in the course of the night, except that occasioned by the noise of the village people to frighten a tiger, who killed a bullock within 600 yards of my tent.

Friday, October 1. The road led through an uncultivated country, with forest and wood in many places. At six miles from Ajwine we passed the village of Cullie, near which there is a fort, and encamped at Bhugunpore, at the foot of the pass of that name.—Course, first part, E. and by N.; latterly N. E.

The Zemindar, a bramin, visited me in the evening, and was very civil: he said, he was very sure that Rajah Dhokul Singh would be very much displeased if he knew I had been detained an instant. These people are all thieves; the Zemindar, who this minute visited me, and I thought appeared to be a decent man, has sent a message, desiring me to decamp and march instantly, as the Dhowrah-man's people are assembling to attack me in the night. This is a trick to get me into the pass while it is dark, where a dozen matchlockmen, behind trees in the wood, may obstruct my party, while the village people plunder my baggage. I have told him I am much obliged to him for his information, and shall stay here till morning, and am quite prepared for an attack. We all sleep upon our arms again to-night.

The rascal of a Zemindar kept up an incessant firing all the night, and made his people halloo in the woods, with an intention to terrify me. I put two sentinels on guard, and gave them

particular orders not to fire unless any body approached my camp. The event proved what I had judged, no attack. MILES

Saturday 2. I arose an hour before sunrise, and ordered my baggage to be loaded and driven off; and myself, with two horsemen, and the Nayk and six Sepoys, remained some time on the ground to observe the motions of the Zemindar. He sent a couple of fellows with swords in their hands, to tell me he had the guard of the pass, and would not permit me to proceed. I told them their master was a mean scoundrel, to send at that time and make any objections; and upon showing the Dhowrah-man's pass, they went away. The road for five miles led through the pass; and although the ascent and descent were both easy, yet I think cannon could not be drawn over the rocky road without great difficulty. There is a chokey, or guard of a couple of matchlockmen, on the top of the pass. We then got into a cultivated, plain country, and passed several villages, and encamped at Amirpatam; two miles before you come to which, ends the territory of Bundelkund.—Course E. and by N. 21

Sunday 3. The road led through a fine cultivated country, and we passed several villages: encamped at Reewah.—Course E. and by N. 28 The Rajah sent his Dewaun immediately on my arrival, with orders to supply me with what I wanted, and to tell me he would visit me the next day.

Monday 4. In the morning the Rajah sent the bramin to me, who dresses his victuals with twenty rupees; which I was informed it was customary to take, and give the brahmin ten per cent out of it: the Rajah soon after followed. He is a short, stout man, aged about fifty years; he sat with me about an hour, and asked a number of questions about England and Calcutta. I gave him six yards of scarlet cloth, a piece of Kimkhauf*, a piece of muslin, and otter and paun.

Rajah Ajeet Singh is the Maha Rajah, or Great Rajah of Bundelkund, Bogilcund, and the Singars; and though the Rajah of Bundelkund is entirely independent of, and more powerful than Ajeet Singh, yet he must be installed in his government by the latter, who bestows the honorary insignia.

The influence of the soldiery is so great, that there is not a single Jemadaur or officer in the Rajah's service but what has a jaguer of one or two villages for his support; by which means the country is entirely divided among them, and little remains for the Rajah's own expences, except what arises from the customs of Reewah, and the revenue of the land in the immediate

*Gold wrought cloth.

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Tuesday 5. I returned the Rajah's visit. He ordered the great gate of the fort to be thrown open, which at other times is always shut, and received me with a great deal of cordiality. I saw his son, a fine handsome young man, aged about twenty-five. I had it hinted to me that he was so much in debt, that he was scarcely able to stir for the importunities of his creditors. The Rajah gave me a piece of silk, a piece of muslin, and a turban, otter and paun. In the evening I sent the Rajah's son a turban wrought with gold, and a small looking-glass set in agate, and ornamented with stones. The Dewaun soon after came to me with three letters, addressed to the Zemindars on the road, ordering them not to obstruct my way; and the Rajah sent two Hircarrahs to conduct me to the foot of the Souhagee Pass.

*The third prince of the dynasty of Tamerlane that sat on the throne of Hindoostan.

Wednesday 6. The road led through a fine cultivated country with many fine tanks, and at twelve miles from Reewah we passed through Raypore, a large place. We crossed several rivulets, which were too insignificant to trace, and we encamped at Mungaouma, on the banks of the Singre Nudde, the source of which is sixteen miles off, in the hills to the S. E. and it falls into the Tauwuns river after taking a north-westerly direction.—Course very little to the N. of E. MILES
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The usual road to Mirzapoor from hence is through the country of the Singrahs; but Ajeet Sing advised me to go by the Souhagee Pass, as they are a turbulent people, and my guard is not strong.

Thursday 7. The road led through a country remarkably well cultivated, and the harvest ready for the sickle. It may become a question, and subject matter for surprise, that Ajeet Sing should be so poor, when his country is so well cultivated: but the case is this, that all his soldiers have assignments of lands for their support, as we have before observed, and are themselves remarkably attentive to agriculture, as they receive no pay; and you will see Rajpoots and bramins working in their own fields. We encamped at Ghur, in a mangoe tope, near a tank* of fine water.—Course N. E. 12

Friday 8. Eight miles of the road led through fields, and it was with difficulty we found our road; when we arrived at the Souhagee Ghaut, the ascent to which is very easy, but stony, and continues for eight miles; the descent is remarkably abrupt and rugged for the space of near a mile, as it was with the utmost difficulty my elephant got down. At the foot of the ghaut, to the right, is a stone well, but the water is bad. We encamped at a village half a mile further, bearing the same name with the ghaut.—Course to the summit of the ghaut N. E.; descent E. My people returned from Hullea, where they found Dhokul Sing: he sent a very polite letter, expressing his displeasure that my elephant had been detained, and a perwaneah† to the Khowaus to release it immediately. I shall write to him more fully when I arrive at Benares; and request that the 100 rupees may be taken away from the Khowaus, and distributed amongst the poor of the village of Dhowrah. 18

Saturday 9. The road for seven times led through fields, and brought us to the junction of the Balun Nudde with the Tauwuns, or Tonse. We crossed the former, which comes from the 15.

*A pond.

†Written order.

insisted that I should take some part of the things, and I accepted a pair of shawls and a piece of kimkhaub. In the evening I set off for Beejapour, and encamped there. The Rajah met me on horseback half a mile from the town, and I could not persuade him to leave me until my tent was pitched, and I had lain down. MILES.

Wednesday 13. I had a violent fever on me all the night, and the Rajah came to see me in the morning. I had heard that he had, with furniture, but I could not persuade him to accept it. on his arrival at Beejapour, and I offered him the best horse I had, with furniture, but I could not persuade him to accept it. At eleven o'clock A.M. relieved from the fever by a profuse perspiration. The Rajah sent a number of eatables for my entertainment.

In the evening the Rajah came to conduct me to his house, and was remarkably polite and attentive. On parting he wanted to give me shawls, &c.. and a horse; I requested he would excuse me, but he insisted that I should accept of something, and I took a piece of kimkhaub, and went home. The Rajah accompanied me, and brought the horse along with him, which he insisted on my accepting; I told him I would accept it on no other terms, than that he would take a Decan horse I had, in return, and a Hindoostany sword, which he at last agreed to : and the Rajah's horse is superior to mine, though I gave 800 rupees for him.

Thursday 14. The Rajah came in the morning, and insisted on accompanying me to Mirzapore, and he rode all the way with me. On parting I gave him a sirpeach* set with jewels, which had been presented to me by the Rajah of Nagpore, on my leaving that place. 12

Friday 15. To Benares, by Dauk, or post.

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*An ornament for the head.

[Reprinted.]

NARRATIVE OF A ROUTE FROM CHUNARGHUR TO YERTNAGOODUM,
IN THE ELLORE CIRCAR.

BY CAPTAIN J. T. BLUNT.

THE Government having, in the year 1794, determined to employ me in exploring a route through that part of India which lies between *Berat*, *Orissa*, and the Northern *Circars*, some months necessarily elapsed before the requisite *Purannahs*, from the *Nagpore* Government, could be obtained; when, at length, after receiving my instructions, and a party of a *Jamadar* and thirty *Sepoys* had been ordered to escort me, I commenced this expedition.

On the 28th of January, 1795, I left *Chunarghur*, and directing my course a little to the westward, ascended the hills at *Jurna gaut*; where I entered upon a kind of table land, on which there appeared but little cultivation, and the few villages that occurred were poor. We crossed the little river *Jurgo*, which falls into the *Ganges* at a short distance to the eastward of *Chunarghur*, and then entered a thick forest, which continued as far as *Suctasghur*. At this place there is a barrier for the defence of a pass through the hills, which consists of a rampart with round towers at intervals. The wall, besides including an angle at the bottom of the hills, is continued to the summit of them, on the south side, where it terminates among rocks and bushes. The west end of the works is terminated by a rocky precipice, and by the bed of the *Jurgo*, which has here been considerably deepened by the torrents. *Suctasghur* is the head of a *Purgunnah* bearing the same name. Its fortifications were erected by a *Rajah* called SUCKUT SING, about four centuries and a-half ago.

On the 29th, our road led through the town and works of *Suctasghur*, beyond which we ascended a steep and rocky pass, called *Barrak Gaut*. When arrived at the top of it, I found the hills covered with a thick forest. On my right hand, for more than a mile, the *Jurgo* continued its course, nearly parallel to the road. There is a considerable fall in it, called, by the natives, *Seedantat Jurna*, from which the source of the river cannot be far distant; but the fall is only in action during the rainy season. Our road now lay through woods, and rocky defiles; until we

approached to *Rajeghur*, where our journey for this day terminated. Near this place were several smaller villages, but few signs of cultivation; and the general appearance of the country seemed to prognosticate a very wild region before us. There were no hills in sight, but we were on very elevated land; for we had ascended at least 300 yards, without meeting with any considerable descent. Nothing worthy of remark presented itself at this village, but the ruins of an old fort, which had been built by a *Zemeendar*, who proving refractory in the days of BULWANT SING,* it had been in consequence destroyed.

Jan. 30.—My journey continued about nine miles to a little village called *Newary Pindarya*, and, as yesterday, through a thick forest. We encamped at a tank and grove of *Mowah* trees, where abundance of game appeared in every direction around us; and the devastation which was visible in the crops, evidently shewed how much the peasants had suffered from the incursions of numerous herds of wild beasts from the neighbouring thickets.

Jan. 31.—After leaving *Rajeghur*, we crossed the *Boker* river, which divides the country called *Chundail* from the *Purgamah* of *Suctasghur*. The same wild country continued, although the soil was somewhat less rocky. For the last two days the hoar frost had been so sharp as to blight the leaves on the trees, and had very much injured the crops. Low hills now appeared to the southward in even ridges.

Feb. 1.—A march of ten miles brought us this day to *Bilwanya*, a poor straggling village, consisting of about forty huts. No supplies of grain of any kind were to be had here; and although we had passed a considerable tract of cultivated country, I was told it would be the last we should meet with for some time. The latter part of the road had dwindled to a mere foot path; and I was informed, that we could expect nothing but the wildest and most desolate regions for a considerable distance.

The natives of this country call themselves *Chundails*, and are a tribe of *Rajepoots*. The present *Rajah*, whose name is FUTTEH BAHADUR, resides at *Rajepour*, about ten coss west of *Bidjyghur*. The country, I was informed, had become tributary to the *Rajah's* of *Benares* in the days of BULWANT SING, who made a conquest of it from SUCDUST NARAIN, the great grandfather of the present *Rajah* of *Chundail*.

*Bulwant Sing was the father of Cheyte Sing, the late *Rajah* of *Benares*.

It had been with difficulty that we procured provisions for the last two days; but notwithstanding our supplies had been sparing, we got withal to satisfy us. This made me seriously attend to the reports of the nature of the country through which my route was to be continued; and finding that no Bazar was to be met with, nor even supplies of grain, in any way, until we should arrive at *Shampooor*, the *Singroola Rajah's* capital, it imposed on me the necessity of collecting, and carrying an adequate quantity; in order that the want of food should not increase the difficulties which might occur in exploring a desolate and mountainous wilderness.

Feb. 2.—Our tract this day was in a defile of thick bushes, and the ground was level for the first two miles; when the country became uneven, and more rugged, as we went on; until we reached the summit of a very large acclivity, called *Kimoor-gaut*. The descent from this was so craggy and steep, as to be barely passable for our cattle. With much difficulty the party got down, and proceeded through defiles among small rocky hills, and thick woods, as far as the little village of *Selpy*, consisting only of four poor huts, situated on the north bank of the river *Soane*. To the westward of *Kimoor-gaut*, there was a peaked hill considerably elevated, which presenting a favourable situation for viewing the country, and the course of the river *Soane*, I inquired of a *Cole* villager if there was any path to ascend it; he informed me there was, and directed me with three or four of my attendants in the ascent. After an hour's hard labour, in climbing over rocks, and forcing our way through the thickets, we reached the summit of the hill; when our toil was abundantly compensated by a most romantic view of the river meandering through extensive wilds; the sun just rising, and lighting up the woods with his rays; and the beautiful tints reflected by the water, considerably added to the splendour of the scenery.

On surveying the spot where we stood, I observed three large rocks, with a kind of cell within them, and a cavity in front, that was filled with water, accumulated from the dew that had fallen from the trees which hung over it. Upon enquiring of our guide concerning the place, I found that the fanciful notions of the *Hindoos* had made it the abode of *RAM*, *LITCHIMUN*, and *SEETA*,* who, in their travels, were said to have rested in this place for a night; and the *Cole* observed to me, that the water I perceived in the hollow of the rock, was the same they had bathed their

*Hindoo Deities.

feet in. My curiosity being satisfied, we descended from the hill, and resumed our journey, which terminated this day on the south bank of the *Soane*, at a little village called *Corary*, consisting only of two huts, and five inhabitants of the *Cole* tribe. The bed of the river was about half a mile wide; and full of quick sands; but the stream was not more than a hundred yards broad, and flowed rapidly, with about three feet water in the deepest part. Many impressions of the feet of wild beasts were here visible.

Being this day at a loss for a place to encamp in, and not wishing to injure the *Coles* by encamping on the little spots, which, with much care and toil, they had cleared and cultivated, we took up our abode, for the remainder of the day and night, in the jungle. We found here the remains of two *Hindoo* temples, which had been dedicated to *Bhavany*, with many figures; but time had almost consumed the buildings, and had so wasted the images, that the attribute of each was scarcely discernible.

Feb. 3.—The road continued between two ranges of small hills, and through a forest, consisting of *Saul* trees, *Seetfal*, and *Bamboos*. The *Mowah* tree was here and there seen, and rarely the *Burr* and *Peepul*; but the stems of all the large trees were choaked with underwood. We arrived this day at *Aumrye*, a village consisting of about fifteen huts; and I was informed, that it was the last abode of men I should meet with for some distance. A part of the *Burdy Rajali's* country is near this place, intermixed with the Company's Territory;* and the *Purgunnah* of *Agowry* projects here so as to include the village of *Aumrye*. We encamped near the old site of the village; in which we saw the remains of an aqueduct, that had formerly conveyed water, from a fall in an adjoining rivulet, to the village; but was now covered with long grass and bushes.

Feb. 5.—Having halted the preceding day at *Aumrye*, we continued our route through a wilderness, continually ascending and descending over little hills. The frost, which had now continued six days, having blighted the leaves on the trees, my camels were consequently distressed for forage, and there was nothing to offer the cattle, but a kind of long grass,† which being

*To those who are conversant with Indian Geography, or have ever inspected a map in which the boundaries are particularly laid down between the territories of the several powers, this will not appear extraordinary.

†This grass appeared to be of the same kind which I had seen in the *Mysore* country; it has a strong aromatic smell, is somewhat prickly and grows very tall.

rank, they ate but sparingly of it. Our march this day terminated at *Der Nalla*, a rivulet of clear water, and we encamped in the jungle. I had observed, in the course of the journey, several *Saul* trees, which the hill people had tapped for the resin they contain. A tribe, called *Karvars*, are said to inhabit these hills. They had shifted the site of the village of *Darr*, about two miles to the eastward, for retirement. I was likewise informed of two iron mines which are situated about ten *cos* to the eastward of this place.

Feb. 6.—After proceeding about three miles through a thick forest, we crossed the *Jangmahal* Hills; the ascents and descents over which were frequent and rugged. We encamped this day on the banks of the *Guttaun*, which was the largest river I had met with since crossing the *Sonac*. The bed of it was full of the finest blue and red slate; and a stream perfectly transparent, flowing rapidly over it in unequal depths, had a pleasing and beautiful effect.

Feb. 7.—As we proceeded this day, we were frequently compelled to lop the jungle, to enable our cattle to pass, which occasioned much delay. The country was very hilly, consisting, for the most part, of separate hillocks, intersected by ravines; but we had the comfort of an open space to encamp in on the banks of the *Kungass* river. At a short distance from our encampment, there was a little field cultivated with gram; and I told that a village belonging to the *Karvars*, called *Udgegoor*, was situated only one *cos* distant to the eastward. While my tent was pitching, curiosity prompted me to visit it. I found it consisted only of six rude huts, which had been built in a recess of the hills. Three men with myself approached, with the utmost precaution, to prevent alarm; but on discovering us, the villagers instantly fled. I stopped to observe them, and perceived that they were almost naked. The women, assisted by the men, were carrying off their children, and running with speed to hide themselves in the woods. I then approached the huts, and found some gourds, that had been dried, for the purpose of holding water; a bow, with a few arrows, scattered upon the ground; and some fowls as wild as the people who had fled. After leaving their huts, I perceived a man upon a distant hill, and sent a *Cole* villager, who had accompanied us from *Aumrye*, to endeavour to appease his fears, and to persuade the people to return to their dwellings. The *Cole* expressed some alarm at going by himself; but, upon my assuring him of assistance, in case of his

being attacked, he advanced a short distance, and hallooed to the man on the hill, who, after some time had been spent in parley, said the villagers would return to their huts on our quitting them. I immediately retired, leaving the *Cole* with instructions to inquire if any grain could be procured. He returned about noon, and told me that, if I would send some cowries, it was probable we might get a little grain; but nothing else suitable to our wants. This I had provided for, and sent him again; when, after two hours, he returned accompanied by two of the villagers, who were almost naked, but were armed with bows and arrows, and a hatchet each. They brought with them about ten *seers* of *Chenna gram*.* I presented them a piece of red cloth, with which they seemed well pleased; and, returning to their huts, they soon afterwards brought me a present of three fowls. One of these was of the reversed feather tribe; and my people immediately called it the *hupsy moorghy*, or *Casfire* fowl. The panic which, on our arrival, the mountaineers had been impressed with, having now subsided, I asked the two men, if they would accompany us a part of our next day's journey. They appeared to be somewhat alarmed at the proposal, but consented.

Feb. 8.—We had proceeded about a mile when the two mountaineers joined us. Their delay had been occasioned by the cold; for having no clothes, and being abundantly supplied with fuel from the woods, they had sat round a fire during the night. They came armed, as on the preceding day, with bows and arrows, and a hatchet each; the latter of which they used with much dexterity in lopping the *jungle* for us. About two miles from the *Guttaun* river, we came to a very steep and rugged defile, called *Bildzarry-gaut*; but the road, after descending it, continued good as far as the *Bejool* river; on the south bank of which we encamped. We had passed in our tract two little dwellings of the mountaineers, who, notwithstanding our efforts, united to those of the two men who accompanied us from the last village, to appease their alarm, had immediately fled.

The inhabitants of these hills acknowledge allegiance to a vassal of the *Burdy Rajah's*, who resides at *Budderry*, a village situated four *coss* west of *Udgegoor*. His name is *BUDHOO*; and he has a *Jagheer* of twelve villages, in consideration of his bringing to the assistance of the *Burdy Rajah* fifty men in time of warfare. The *Karwars* are divided into many

* A kind of pulse with which horses are usually fed in Hindustan. (*Cicer arietinum*, *Lin.*) The *seer* is a measure weighing about two pounds.

sects, among which the following were named to me, viz., the *Pautbundies*, the *Tcerwars*, the *Sesahars*, and *Durkwars*. There were no villages, and few inhabitants, in that space of country to the eastward, which lay between my tract and the river *Soane*; but to the westward, a few villages were said to be situated, of which little account was made; for the inhabitants, who are fond of a roving life, are continually changing the places of their abode. The *Bejool* river rises in the districts of *Purrury* and *Gundwally*. In the former is a large town, bearing the same name, situated about twenty-five coss south-west of *Udgegoor*.

In the course of my inquiries into the state of this wild country, my attention was occasionally directed to the language of the mountaineers, which induced me to collect a small specimen of it; but as the only method I had of acquiring this, was by pointing to the object of which I required the name, the following were the only words which, after much pains, I could collect:—

ENGLISH.	KARWARS.
Food	... <i>Gopuckney</i>
To sit down	... <i>Goburro</i>
Salt	... <i>Minka</i>
A goat	... <i>Chargur</i>
Fire	... <i>Uggundewtah.</i>
A tiger	... <i>Kerona</i>
A hut	... <i>Mujjarah</i>
A horse	... <i>Chekut</i>
The moon	... <i>Chadermah</i>
The sun	... <i>Soorjundewtah</i>

Our provisions being nearly consumed, it was with much satisfaction that I understood our next day's journey would bring us to a village in the territory of the *Singrowla Rajah*; where, if the inhabitants did not abandon it, we should be abundantly supplied with grain.

Feb. 9.—We had not advanced far on our march, when we perceived the *Bickery Hills*, which were the largest I had seen since leaving *Kimoor-gaut*: I was informed that they extended to *Gyah*, and that *Bidjyghur** is visible from their summits

*A strong hill fort situated about forty miles S.S.E. from *Chunarghur*.

on a clear day. After skirting along the east side of these hills for about five miles, we passed through them at a narrow defile, called *Bulgaut*, and then entered upon the *Singrowla Rajah's* territory. The country now opened into an extensive plain, though still wild, and uncultivated. We stopped at the village of *Oury*, the inhabitants of which are mountaineers. *ALLAHAD MHATOE*, a vassal to the *Singrowla Rajah*, was in charge of this place, and of the pass we had come through. It was not till four hours after our arrival, that we procured a supply of grain, although much courtesy had been used to obtain it; for the inhabitants having fled on our approach, it was with difficulty they could be prevailed on to return to their dwellings: this, however, they all did before night.

Feb. 10.—We proceeded in a plain, about ten miles wide, but covered with a forest, and very wild. As we drew near to the village of *Gursery*, the country opened, and appeared cultivated. This village consisted of about fifty huts, and here we procured grain in abundance.

Feb. 11.—This day we arrived at *Shawpour*, where the *Rajah* of *Singrowla* resides. The first part of our road was through a level country, cultivated near the villages, but beyond half a mile from the road entirely waste. The last three miles were through a thick forest, in which were two or three narrow defiles, between high banks of earth, and fenced on each side with bamboos.

Shawpour, the capital of *Singrowla*, is situated in a fine plain, amidst lofty ranges of hills. It is a large straggling town, with a little fort, built of rubble-stone and mud, to which, at this time, the *Rajah* was making some improvements. The *Rhair*, a considerable river, runs by the south side of the town. The stream, which is about one hundred yards wide, and four feet in depth, dashes with great rapidity over a bed of rock. Nothing but the rocks, indeed, prevent its being navigable for large boats. This river rises in the hills and forests of *Surgooja*, and after being joined by the *Bijool* and *Gutaun*, falls into the *Soane* near *Agowry*. The plain in which *Shawpour* is situated, is tolerably fertile, and only wants inhabitants, and a good government, to render it more productive. Iron abounds in *Singrowla*, the value being from eight *annas* to a *rupee* the *maund*,* according to the quality of the metal.

*The *maund* of *Hindoostan* is a weight of about eighty pounds.

The inhabitants of this town, alarmed at the sight of the English sepoys, whom they now beheld for the first time, had most of them fled on our arrival; and by night the *Rajah's* capital was almost deserted. When the camp was pitched, I sent a messenger to the fort, with a letter which Mr. DUNCAN had kindly favoured me with, recommending me strongly to the *Rajah's* care. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, to inform me, that the *Rajah* was absent, being gone to *Ramghur*, to bring home the daughter of the *Chittra Rajah*, to whom he had been espoused. BULBUDDER SHAW, his uncle, then took charge of the letter, and dispatched it to his nephew, whose return was soon expected. Towards the evening a message was sent to me, requesting that I would not move from *Shawpour* until the *Rajah* should arrive; for that no steps could be taken to assist me until the *Rajah* himself should have arrived, and received from my own hand a *paun*,* as a pledge of amity. To this I answered, that I hoped the *Rajah's* return would not long be delayed, for that it would be very inconvenient to me to wait beyond two or three days.

Feb. 12.—This morning some matchlockmen came in from all quarters, and assembled in the fort, and I soon after learned that the *Rajah* was expected to arrive about noon. He had sent a message to BULBUDDER SHAW, to desire he would meet him, with all the people he could collect, near the entrance of the town; with a view, no doubt, to impress me with an idea of his consequence, by the number of his retinue. But the alarm which my arrival had created, had almost frustrated their intentions, and not more than fifty persons could be collected. About noon the sound of *tom-toms* announced the approach of RAJAH AJEET SING; and soon after, with my telescope, I beheld the whole cavalcade. The bridegroom, mounted on an elephant, was followed by the bride in a covered *dooly*; and about two hundred men carried the dowry he had received on his marriage. The party had no sooner arrived at the fort, than it was made known to me that the *Rajah* intended to visit me that evening.

I had already, in consequence of the rapidity of the *Rajah's* return, and the number of men who had assembled in the fort, begun to entertain some suspicion of his being alarmed. His deportment shewed that this supposition was not unfounded; for he had no sooner entered my tent, and mutual salutations were over, than he earnestly solicited a *paun*, from my hand, as a

*The custom of presenting *paun*, or *beeile*, is universal throughout Hindoostan. This ceremony, and that of the interchange of turbans, are considered as high pledges of friendship.

pledge of amity, and token of my good intentions towards him. Having presented him a *paun*, I immediately informed him that I had been deputed by the British Government on some business in the *Mahratta* country, and had accordingly taken my route through his country to *Ruttunpour*. He appeared on this to be relieved from a good deal of embarrassment. I next made some inquiry as to the journey he had just terminated, and congratulated him on the event of his marriage. Having represented to him that my business was urgent, and would admit of no delay, I told him that we were in want of provisions, and guides, for which I was ready to pay an equitable price; and that I looked up to him for every assistance he could render me, in prosecuting my journey through his territory to the *Corair Rajah's frontier*. To these requisitions he seemed to assent; and, after assuring me that every thing should be prepared for my departure in the course of the ensuing day, he took his leave, and returned to his dwelling.

Feb. 13.—This morning about nine o'clock AJEET SING came again to visit me. At the same time two of my *Hircarrahs* came, and reported to me, that no preparations were making to enable me to proceed on the following day; which being immediately communicated to the *Rajah*, and his people, a *Brahmen* was soon after introduced to me, by name SHALIKRAM, who was the *Zemindar* of that part of *Singrowla* through which my route would lie. AJEET SING then informed me, that he had given him orders to accompany us to the frontier of *Corair*; and being upon good terms with the *Rajah* of that country, he had written to him, recommending me strongly to his care and attention. He added, that I need be under no apprehension about taking grain and guides from *Shawpour*, as SHALIKRAM would see that I should be abundantly supplied on the way, and would procure guides from the villages. This matter being adjusted, I was next made acquainted with all the little jealousies and disputes that subsisted between AJEET SING and all the neighbouring *Rajahs*, but which I declined having any concern with. The next subject of discourse was the nature of the country before us, and the difficulty of the road was represented to me as insurmountable; added to which the *Mahrattas* being at variance with the *Rajah* of *Corair*, and the country consequently in confusion, I should be distressed both for guides and provisions. To this information I replied, that what he represented to me might be strictly true; but that the nature of my business was such, that I could not relinquish it before I had made every attempt to accomplish it; and finally, that it was

of rice and *gram*, equal to about ten days consumption; for which I paid SHALIKRAM at the rate of twenty-five *seers* the rupee, which was sixty per cent dearer than we had paid for grain at *Shawpour*. He received the money in the most sullen manner, apparently highly discontented at the discovery we had made.

Feb. 16.—It was necessary to halt this day, in order to divide and pack the grain, as well as to devise the means of carrying it. While my people were thus employed, I discovered that some *Hindoo* temples, called *Rowanmarra*, of great antiquity, and formed in the solid rock, were at no great distance.* But the weather proving rainy, I was obliged to defer my visit to this place until the afternoon; when I set out, and proceeding about half a mile through a thick forest, arrived at the village of *Marra*, near to which is a small rocky hill, covered with many little temples, sacred to MAHADEO. I continued to force my way through the jungle, for about a mile and a half, to a little recess at the foot of the hills; where, after clambering to a considerable height, I discovered a *Hindoo* temple, formed in the side of a rock, the base of which was 50 feet by 45, and $15\frac{1}{2}$ in height. The shafts of the pillars were very much diminished, and appeared as if attempts had been made to destroy them. The only *Mooruts* (images) which I could discover were RAWUN,† with twenty arms, a spear in one of his left hands, surrounded by all his warriors and attendants whose contest with RAMA is detailed in the *Mahabarat*. Opposite to him was the consort of SIVA, whose leading name in this part of India is Bhāvāni; and upon her right hand stood GANEISH, the *Hindoo* God of Wisdom, whose elephant's head, the symbol of sagacity, we could not fail of discerning. In the interior part of the temple was a cell, evidently set apart for MAHADEO; but the *lingam* was not there, although the place where it had formerly stood was visible. Other cells on each side appeared, which seemed to be the abodes of numerous bats. To the north-west of this temple is another of less dimensions; and between the two is a cell, which had been evidently intended for the residence of a *fakcer*. On the way from the village of *Marra*, I crossed a spring that issues from the neighbouring hills, and, my guide informed me, flows all the year.

Having taken a sketch of this very curious place, I departed in search of another, called *Beyer-marra*, nearer to *Deykah*, and

*These temples appeared to answer to the description of a place which Mr. Duncan and Lieutenant Wilford had, previous to my leaving *Benzers*, mentioned to me as worthy of my attention, and which they distinguished by the name of *Gupt Cāchi*. I cannot, however, pretend to determine whether it was the same place.

†*Hindoo* Deity.

started on the north side of the road and village of *Marra*. The road to it lay between two very high hills; and it was with infinite labour that we clambered over the rocks and forced our way through the jungle that led to it. We had no sooner arrived within sight of the place, than our guide advised us to proceed with caution, for it was oftentimes the shade of ferns, and cold logs we did not, however, meet with any. This temple is cut out of the solid rock in the side of a hill, and consists of two stories, divided into many small cells. We saw here no images, but there was a *Kula*, or a kind of altar, upon which I saw informed the Hindoos made their offerings to the Deity when married. It appeared to be very aged, for the external parts of it were much wasted. This place was so full of earth, and overgrown with bushes, that it was with difficulty we crept in, and I was disappointed in every attempt I made to discover any writing or inscription. Some of the pillars had been sculptured, and I could perceive on one of them the appearance of two birds uniting their bills, over something which I could not well make out, but it was of a circular form.

The measurements, and a sketch, which I took of this place, employed me till near the close of the day, when we directed our way back to camp, where I arrived about seven o'clock in the evening, much fatigued with the occupation of the day. But I had barely rested myself a little, and sat down to my dinner, when a man, who had gone a little way into the jungle, came running to me, and reported, that he had discovered a body of armed men in a ravine within fifty yards of our camp. That upon his inquiring of them the cause of their being there, he had been ordered in a very petulant manner to depart, and had thought it expedient to report the circumstance to me with as little delay as possible. Having finished my meal, I ordered the tents to be removed, from the skirts of the jungle, to an open situation; and sending then for *SHALIKRAM*, I demanded of him the cause of the armed men being assembled, and who they were. He told me they were the advanced guard of *Bulbudder Shaw's* army, which had left *Shawpou*, the day after us, upon an expedition to plunder some villages contiguous to the *Rajah's* eastern frontier. I observed to him, that their being posted so near us had a very mysterious appearance; and told him, that if I observed them approach any nearer during the night, I should not hesitate to attack them. He desired me to rest perfectly satisfied that they would remain quiet in their present situation, and departed apparently with the intention of giving them a caution on that head.

After the duplicity the *Rajah* had shewn in endeavouring to impede my progress, I conceived that anything SHALIKRAM might say, or do, could not be relied on; and by the intelligence I gained from an *Hirkarrah*, whom I had sent disguised to watch the motions of the armed party in the ravine, I had every reason to believe that it was their intention to attack me on the first favourable opportunity. We lay down, therefore, under arms, with our baggage packed; but nothing occurred to disturb us during the night.

Feb. 17.—We proceeded this day to the village of *Derry*. The forest during the march was so thick, that it was necessary to cut it, to let the cattle pass through. We found, however, a clear spot to encamp in near the village, which consisted only of about twenty poor huts, and, with the exception of a blind old man, who was the first of the *Goand* mountaineers I met with, was quite desolate. The inhabitants had all fled into the hills and wilds; having first thrown their property, consisting of a good deal of dry grain, and some cotton, into a ravine. I would not allow any of my people to touch it, nor to go into the village; having some hopes that the proprietors might be induced to return. But in this expectation I was disappointed; for, with the exception of two huge black bears, whose uncouth dalliance upon an adjoining rock might have forced a smile from the gravest countenance, I saw no living creature at this place during the remainder of the day.

SHALIKRAM, who arrived about noon, brought intelligence, that *Bulbudder Shaw* was encamped at *Moory*; and that it was his intention to attack and plunder some villages on the ensuing night. Upon interrogating him as to the nature of my next day's journey, he informed me, that I should quit the territory of the *Singrowla Rajah*, and enter upon *Corair*. He advised me to examine the gauts which divide the two countries; for the mountains being very high, and the ascent over them exceedingly difficult, he apprehended they might prove impassable for our cattle. Upon urging him to give a more explicit account of the passes, I found that one would be easier of ascent than the rest, although the road to it was more circuitous. SHALIKRAM now requested his dismissal, and said, that, as I should quit the *Rajah's* territory the ensuing day, I should have no further occasion for his services. Having then delivered to me two men as guides, to direct me to the gauts, he took his leave and departed.

As any delay in my present situation might be attended with inconvenience, I resolved to visit the nearest gaut of *Punkputter*

this evening, with a view to ascertain if it was passable for the cattle. Setting out accordingly at three p.m. I crossed the *Myar* river four times, and leaving it, with a very lofty rock, called *Lilcauntloo* on my right hand, I entered the gaut, where, after ascending over six ranges of hills and crossing the beds of several torrents, I saw enough to convince me that it would be impassable for my cattle. The bed of the *Myar* river is very rocky, and unequal in its depth of water, which in some places, from the descent being very abrupt, is seen dashing over the rocks; and as the friction occasioned by the rapidity of the stream makes them very slippery, the passage of the river, though not more than twenty yards wide, is very dangerous. This gaut is at least eight miles from *Derry*. Fine *Saul* timber is produced in these forests; and I observed some *Mora* trees of very large growth and abundance of bamboos. The hills abound with very plentiful springs of the clearest water. On my return I met a tiger, and saw numerous impressions of tigers' feet. It was nearly dark by the time I reached my tent, and I went to rest with the intention of going round in the morning to the other gaut.

Feb. 19.—We set off at the dawn of day, and after proceeding about six miles through a very thick jungle, arrived at the village of *Jeerah* from which the Goands had fled, and taken refuge upon the hills to the north-ward of the village. By looking with attention, I could discern them among the rocks and bushes; but all our endeavours to procure any communication with them were ineffectual; for when we attempted to approach them, they immediately retired further into the wilds. After leaving *Jeerah*, we soon came to the foot of *Heyte Gaut*, where the sound of human voices apprized us that travellers were near. The sound increasing as we advanced, we soon after met two men, who were conducting a loaded bullock down the gaut. As I was here considering by what method we should get the cattle up a very steep place, and looking around for a more accessible part, I perceived a *Goosaign* contemplating with trembling solicitude, a poor bullock that had fallen down the steep, and which appeared to be too much hurt to be able to proceed any further. I made my people assist in taking off the load, and then interrogated the *Goosaign*, as to the nature of the country above the gaut. He said the natives were mountaineers and at all times very shy; but that the depredations of the *Mahrattas* had compelled them mostly to abandon their villages: that in the village above the gaut, I should find a few inhabitants; and he would send a man, who had accompanied him from thence to guide us to it, and

who would desire the people to be under no alarm at our approach. He further told me, that a little way up the *gaut*, I should meet with another *Goosaign* who was better acquainted with the country than he was, and would give me every information in his power. This was a pleasing circumstance, and gave me great encouragement.

As I began now to ascend the mountains of *Corair*, it was with vast satisfaction that I found the *gaut* practicable, although labouring under many difficulties, from the great length and steep acclivity of the ascent. We ascended more than 300 yards in perpendicular height above *Singrowla*; and yet the country before us appeared considerably elevated. On approaching the village of *Ootua*, where we encamped, the inhabitants, to the number of about twenty, came out to gaze at us. As they appeared to be impressed with a good deal of surprize at our appearance, I desired the guide to assure them, that it was not our intention to do them the smallest injury; but that we should be much obliged to them, in case they had any grain, if they would bring some for sale. After staring at us for nearly two hours, they retired to the village, and soon after brought us twenty *seers* of rice and two fowls of the curled feather tribe, which they sold us for about four *annas* worth of *cowries*. They now informed me, that we had a much more difficult ascent to encounter than any we had yet met with.

This village consisted only of about six huts; but a considerable space of land, in which rice was cultivated, had been cleared around it. I found here an iron mine, which had been recently worked; but the habitations, and forges, of the people, who had smelted the ore, were desolate. The rocks in this country are mostly granite, and the soil red clay.

About noon I perceived the other *Goosaign* coming down the pass, and he soon after came to my tent. As he appeared to be very languid from an ague fit that had just left him, I made him sit down on the ground; and collected from him intelligence which proved afterwards of much use to me in my progress to *Ruttunpour*. He told me that the country was very poor, and travelling in it exceedingly difficult, particularly for all kinds of cattle. That the paths being rarely frequented, were almost entirely overgrown with bushes; but that I should get plenty of dry grain, provided the inhabitants, who had lately fled with their property into the hills and woods to avoid being plundered by the *Mahratta* army, could be found. The *Rajah* of *Corair*, he

said, was perished in a little mud fort at his capital *Sonchut*; and had, at this time no influence in the country: he therefore earnestly recommended to me to pay, if possible, while the *Mahratta* army was there; as it would effectually secure me from any measures which the *Rajah* might be inclined to make me of to impede or molest us. I felt myself much obliged to the *Gowazen* for the information he had afforded me. He was, I found, a native of *Berater*, and had come into these wilds to procure lac; a quantity of which he had purchased from the *Chohans* mountaineers for a little salt and cloth, and was carrying it to his country. He added, that the fatigue and trouble he had endured in the course of this traffic was such, that he would no longer continue it.

Having dismissed the *Gowazen* with a small present, I sent a party of my people to examine *Ootna gaut*. They returned in about half an hour, and reported, that, unless the stones should be removed, and the earth smoothed in some places, it would be impossible to get the cattle up the gaut. Finding it was likely to be an arduous undertaking, I sent for the head man of the village, who was a *Gautca*,* and asked him if he could afford me any assistance in ascending the pass. He replied, that, without invoking the Deity who presides over these mountains, and sacrificing to him a gelded goat, and a cock, we should never be able to surmount the difficulties before us. Being anxious, at all events, to prosecute my journey, I felt no inclination to argue with him on the propriety of this measure. Upon asking him at what place it was usual to perform the ceremony, and when the sacrifice would be most acceptable, he replied, that the name of the Deity was *LILCAUNDEO*; that he resided on the high rock which I have before mentioned in exploring *Punkyputter gaut*; but, to prevent my being delayed, if I would intrust the sacrifice to him, he would take the earliest opportunity of performing it; and he did not doubt it would have all the effect that could be desired. Having satisfied the *Gautca*'s prejudice in this matter, he readily promised to render me every assistance in his power, with the villages in the morning.

Feb. 20.—I set out to ascend *Ootna gaut*, and, after proceeding about a mile, arrived at the foot of it; where I found the *Chohans* had already been at work with my *lascars* and *coolies* to render it accessible. Having unloaded the cattle, we began to ascend a very steep and rugged hill, making an angle

*An inhabitant of the gauts, or passes.

with the horizon of about 75 degrees. The stones in it are placed somewhat like steps, and upon these men and cattle are obliged carefully to place their feet, and remove them from stone to stone. In two places where the ascent was very steep and the stones far asunder, it was very dangerous; but by the united exertions of the *sepoys*, followers, and *Chohans*, we had the good fortune to surmount every difficulty and to reach the top of the *gaut* without accident. Being much fatigued by the exertion, we only proceeded about two miles further, and encamped in the forest near a rocky hole in a small nulla, that was full of water. The *Chohans*, who, during our short intercourse with them, had become acquainted with us, now brought in small quantities of grain to barter; and I at length prevailed on the *Gautea* to provide us with two guides, to accompany us on the following morning.

Feb. 21.—Our route this day was continued over craggy rocks; sometimes in deep gulleys and defiles, or on the edge of the precipices. I met with only one hut, which had been deserted, until we arrived at the village of *Nutwe*, where I perceived the inhabitants packing up their property, and hurrying away: nor was it till after three hours had passed in endeavours to pacify them that we could get any of them to come near us. However, conciliatory measures at length prevailed; when we procured from them nearly a day's consumption in grain, and they relieved the guides who had accompanied us from *Ootna*.

Feb. 22.—The road was not better than that we had travelled on the preceding day; and it cost us infinite labour and trouble to get the cattle down precipices and over such energy rocks, and rugged paths, as harassed the whole party exceedingly. After proceeding about three miles from *Nutwe*, I observed the little hamlet of *Bugrody*, which was desolate, on our left. Although the whole distance marched was but seven miles, we did not arrive at the village of *Chundah* until the day was on the decline. We found here only two poor huts, and these had been deserted. Towards the evening, a *Byraggy* mendicant made his appearance, and brought with him a few of the *Chohans*, who complained that some of my people had taken grain out of the huts. I directed a diligent search to be made; but after opening every man's bundle, and not discovering the thief, I tendered the *Chohans* a *rupee*, conceiving that the quantity of grain, if any, which we had taken, could not exceed that value. They, however, declined taking the money. I then pressed them to sell us

some of their grain and to relieve our guides; but they stole away into the woods, and I saw them no more.

Feb. 23. Soon after leaving *Chindah*, it began to rain in small showers, but the weather was fair at intervals. In the night the rain fell very heavy, accompanied by a high wind: the road, which was bad enough in dry weather, was, in consequence, rendered so slippery that our toil was considerably increased, and we did not reach the village of *Purryhad* till afternoon, although the distance to that place was not more than seven miles and a half. We surprised on our journey a party of *Chohans*, who had taken refuge in a recess among the hills, in order, as we were told, to avoid being molested by the *Mahrattas*. The whole party might have consisted of about fifty men, women and children, who no sooner perceived us, than they ran off, howling and shrieking, into the woods. Their flight was so precipitate, that they left all their property behind them, which consisting only of dry grain, packed in leaves, and which being hung upon bamboo, they could easily have carried off. I was careful that none of their bundles should be touched, in hopes that, when they should recover from their panic, they might be induced to bring some of the grain to *Purryhad* for sale; but in this expectation I was disappointed.

The rain, on our arrival, came on so heavy accompanied by a high wind that it was with difficulty we could get a fire kindled, and a scanty meal prepared, to relieve the pressure of hunger. As any information regarding the situation of the contending parties at *Sonehut*, now only five miles distant, became of much consequence for me to attain, I sent a *Hirkarrah*, accompanied by one of our *Chohan* guides, with a letter to the *Mahratta* officer in command, and likewise one to the *Rajah*. Before night, I received an answer from each party; that from the *Mahrattas* very civil; and the *Rajah*, who had just concluded a cessation of hostilities, sent guides to conduct me to *Sonehut*.

Feb. 24. - The rain did not abate till about noon, at which time, being anxious to reach *Sonehut*, I moved on. But we had scarcely marched two miles, when it began to pour so heavily, that it was with difficulty we could proceed any further. Finding some deserted huts within a mile of *Sonehut*, we all crept into them, to avoid the inclemency of the weather; for the ground was so wet, that it was impossible to pitch a tent. We made fires to dry our clothes, and remained all huddled together in the *Chohans'* dwelling until next day.

Feb. 25.—This morning, as the weather cleared up, I discovered the *Rajah's* fort up on eminence to the N. E. of us, with about forty huts to the southward of it. The *Mahrattas* were encamped about a mile to the westward of the fort, and appeared to have been much incommoded by the rain; but the weather being now fair, and hostilities at an end, they were preparing to march.

About 2 p.m. the *Rajah* sent me word that he would visit me; but he did not come until the evening, at which time I was examining the road for the commencement of our next day's march. However, he stayed till I returned to my tent, where the interview took place. RAM GURREEB SINGH the *Rajah* of *Corair*, appeared to be about sixty years of age: he was a man of low stature, very dark and his features had quite the character of the *Chohan* mountaineer. He came accompanied by his son, his *Killadar*, a *Bogale Rajepoot*, and a *Sirdar* of some auxiliaries who had come to his assistance from *Nigwanny Coaty*. He appeared to be of a mild and affable disposition; but our salutations were no sooner over, than the *Killadar* very abruptly demanded a present of me for his master. Of this I took no notice; and immediately began asking them a variety of questions concerning the late contest between the *Rajah* and the *Mahrattas*; when the substance of the information I received was as follows: That since the *Mahrattas* had established their government in *Ruttunpour*, and *Bogalecund*, they had demanded a tribute from the *Chohan Rajah* of *Corair*, which, after much contention was settled at 200 *rupees*: but that RAM GURREEB had demurred paying anything for the last five years. GOLAUH KHAN had, in consequence, been deputed by the *Subadar* of *Choteesgur*, with about 200 matchlockmen, and 30 horse, to levy the tribute due to the *Rajah* of *Bezari*: and had been joined by the *Rajah* of *Surgooja*, with about 80 horse and foot. GURREEB SING, on his side, had been supported by the *Rajah* of *Nigwanny Coaty*, with 7 matchlocks and 3 horsemen; and his own forces amounted only to 10 matchlockmen, 3 horsemen, and about 100 of the *Colhan* mountaineers, armed with hatchets, bows, and arrows. They had attempted to fortify the pass through which they had expected the *Mahrattas* would have entered the territory; but GOLAUH KHAN outgeneralled them, by entering *Corair* through a different opening in the mountains; in the forcing of which, there had been four or five men killed on both sides. The *Mahrattas* then entered *Corair*, and took possession of *Mirzapour*, the ancient capital of the country. Upon this the *Chohans* fled; the *Rajah* took

inhabitants were busily employed in bringing back their property, and taking possession of their dwellings. The weather was still cloudy, and the air temperate.

There is abundance of game throughout the whole of *Corair*, consisting in partridges, quails of various kinds, and snipes; a few wild ducks and hares in great numbers; a great variety of deer, among which the *Sambre* and *Neelgaye* are found; a kind of red deer; the spotted kind, and hog deer; likewise a species of deer which I had never before met with, having a long neck, high fore legs, and low behind; but without horns. Some were of grey colour, and others black and white. Among the animals of a more ferocious nature, may be reckoned the royal tiger, leopards, tiger cats, and large black bears.

Feb. 27.—My journey again continued through the thickest forests. I descended two very difficult passes into a pretty little valley, on the west side of which is situated the village of *Mirzapour*, which had formerly been the capital of *Corair*, and the residence of ADEL SHAW, the father of GURREEB SING. It was desolate, excepting two or three *Chohans*, who had come to see what loss the village had sustained, and how much of their property the *Mahrattas* might have spared; for we, who had followed them in their retreat, could, from the quantity of dry grain, and other plunder, which they had dropped upon the road, perceived that they had loaded themselves to the utmost. With the exception of a square tank and a mangoe grove at *Mirzapour*, I could perceive but little difference between it and the other rude and miserable dwellings of the *Chohans*. I was informed that the motive which had induced the present *Rajah* to remove his abode from where his ancestors had always resided, was to secure himself from the inroads of the *Mahrattas*; the situation of *Sonehut*, which is nearer to the difficult recesses in the higher parts of *Corair*, being more favourable for concealment.

Previous to the *Mahratta* extending their conquests into these wild regions, the *Rajahs* of *Corair* appear to have lived in perfect independence; and never having been necessitated to submit to the payment of any tribute, they had no occasion to oppress their subjects. As far as my inquiries could penetrate into the history of this country, but which, from there being no records, must be liable to great inaccuracy, it appeared that the *Chohans* were the aborigines of *Corair*; and that a species of government very like the ancient feudal systems, had formerly subsisted.

Having proceeded about three miles beyond *Mirzapour*, we came to the village of *Sorrah*, where we found the villagers taking possession of their habitations; but on seeing us, they all fled; nor would they again return to their huts, until we had passed by. Between *Sorrah* and *Munsook*, where we encamped this day I observed several narrow valleys that were cultivated with rice. The inequality of the ground making it a receptacle for the water that falls, the natives throw little banks across the valley, of strength proportionate to the declivity of the surface, by which contrivance they preserve a sufficient quantity of water for the irrigation of their fields throughout the whole year.

The village of *Munsook* being desolate, it was fortunate that we had been so provident as to carry grain. Our guides, who had now accompanied two days journey, being impatient for their discharge, we were under the necessity of pressing a man who had come into the village to see what remained of his pillaged habitation. He was naked, having nothing about him but his bow and arrows, and appeared at first a good deal terrified; but on being fed, and treated kindly, he soon became pacified. As the evening approached, we heard a hallooing in the woods, and, after listening with attention, we found it was the mountaineers inquiring for their lost companion, whom they were seeking with much anxiety. We made him answer them, that his person was safe, and that he was well treated; upon which they retired apparently satisfied.

Feb. 28.—A heavy fall of rain, accompanied with wind, delayed our moving until noon; when we proceeded, and reached *Tuggong*, by half past five o'clock. This little hamlet, which consisted only of three huts, was destitute of forage for our cattle; and our provisions being also expended, and the place desolate, we had no resource left, but to march the next day, until we could reach some inhabited place, where our very urgent wants could be supplied. Our guides having now accompanied us three days, declared they would proceed no further; and the man we had surprised, proved so wild and untractable, that he was of little or no service. But, to add to our trouble, about three in the morning of the ensuing day, a very heavy storm of wind and rain came on, which lasted with little intermission till noon, so that we now became not only hungry, but wet and cold. The weather cleared up about noon, when three men came in from *MOOTYLOL*, the *Goand Rajah* of *Kurgommah*; the object of whose visit, I found, was to entreat me not to go near his place

of residence. It was with difficulty I could persuade them, that the object of our journey, and the nature of our situation, was such as to preclude a compliance with their message; but which appearing at length to comprehend, they readily undertook to relieve our guides, and conduct us.

March 1.—We proceeded in the afternoon through a very wet road to *Kurgommah*. The *Goands*, seeing us encamp quietly, came out to a number of about fifty to gaze at us. They appeared to be a stout well looking people, and in every respect superior to the mountaineers of *Corair*. We experienced some difficulty in conversing with them; but, after repeated applications, we made them at last comprehend, that we were in want of grain; when they informed us, that we could have none till the next day; as it would be necessary for me to halt, and see *MOOTYLOL*, before anything could be afforded us.

March 2.—*RAJAH MOOTYLOL* came to visit me; he was a tall well-made man, of a very dark complexion, but appeared to have been much reduced by sickness. Another sick man was with him, whose complaint seemed to be a leprosy, and who wanted physic, and advice; but which I told him I was unable to give him. On my inquiring of them what countries were situated contiguous to *Kurgommah*, I was informed, that to the north was *Corair*; to the north-west, *Ningwanny Coaty*, and *Bogalecund*; to the west, *Pindara*, and *Omercuntuc*; to the south, *Mahtin*; and to the east, *Surgooja*. These countries are all very wild, and thinly inhabited, and are seldom or never frequented by any travellers, except the *Hindoo* pilgrims, who go to visit the sources of the *Soane* and *Nurbudda* rivers at *Omercuntuc*. The usual road to this place is by *Ruttunpour*; but the *Brahmens* having been plundered, by the *Pertaubgur Goand Rajah*, of what they had collected from the offerings of the pilgrims, it was at that time little frequented. With much difficulty I procured here a scanty supply of grain, for which we paid exorbitantly, and prevailed on *MOOTYLOL* to give us guides to direct us in our next day's journey.

March 3.—Our guides, either from knavery or ignorance led us repeatedly out of the road, which was over very rugged ground, and through a very wild country. We were in consequence frequently puzzled to recover the tract, and obliged to grope out our way for the first five miles; after which it was with much satisfaction that we quitted the territory of *MOOTYLOL*;

and crossing the river *Hustoo*, entered upon the Mahratta's *Khass Purgunnah* of *Mahtin*. The banks of the river were very rugged and steep; and the impressions of the tigers' feet were visible in the sands. On the opposite bank stood the little village of *Mungora*, in which we found only one family, consisting of an old man, his wife, and two sons; the latter of whom very readily relieved our guides, and led us through a wilderness to *Coosgar*; the inhabitants of which were *Goands*. Excepting in the culture of the soil for subsistence, they appeared to be totally uninformed, and ignorant of every thing relative to other parts of the world. They did not, however, shew any symptoms of alarm on our approach, as we had commonly experienced among the inhabitants of these wild regions. Neither silver nor copper coins are current in this country; but cowries were passed at a profit of near an hundred per cent above their common value at *Chunarghur*. With much difficulty we procured here, from the villages, as much grain as sufficed for the day. The weather proved squally, but cleared up at night; and a clear sky at our setting out next morning gave us fresh spirits.

March 4.—A little after sunrise the sky was again overcast, and as we proceeded we perceived that much rain had fallen in every direction around us. We escaped, however, with little; and as we approached to *Julky*, the country appeared less overrun with large forest trees than that we had travelled through the preceding day; but the road led sometimes through almost impervious thickets of high grass and reeds. On our arrival at *Julky*, we found a different tribe of mountaineers, who called themselves *Cowhiers*. Two roads led from this place to *Mahtin*; one, by *Tannaira Cussaye* and *Butloo*; another, more circuitous, through the beds of the *Bockye* and *Hustoo* rivers, *Kurby* and *Bonnair*. In the evening I examined the former, and found it tolerably passable as far as *Tannaira*; from which place it appeared to lead into the hills. The village had been recently destroyed by fire; and on my inquiring the cause from the villagers at *Julky*, they informed me, that the tigers had carried off so many of the inhabitants, and had made such devastation among their cattle, that they had been induced to abandon it, and to settle at *Julky*. A herd of the *Sambre* deer, very wild had taken up their residence near the remains of the village of *Tannaira*, where we saw likewise abundance of green pigeons and peacocks.

Finding the road thus far good, I had determined to proceed by this route to *Mahtin*; but the Cowhiers dissuaded me from it; alleging, at the same time, that I pleased, I might attempt it, but that they were convinced it would be impassable in hilly part for the cattle of any description; and that the road was of so difficult a nature, that I could not hope to reach *Mahtin* by night; although the distance was only fifteen miles. To have involved myself in so arduous an attempt, without the prospect of any refreshment, and, after clambering over precipices all day, to have run the risk, of being benighted in so wild and desolate a part of the country, would have been highly imprudent; I therefore abandoned the idea, and determined on taking the road by *Kurby*.

March 5.—About an hour before daylight, our route commenced for about a mile in the bed of the *Bockye* river, which led us into the bed of the *Hustoo*, where the stream was considerable and very rapid. We crossed it twice, but in this we were not so fortunate as in the former, where we had found a hard bottom; for the wetness of the road, and the quicksands in which our cattle were frequently involved, rendered this part of our journey very tilsome and distressing.

We arrived this day at *Pory*, having left some lofty ranges of hills to the westward. At this place a *Cowhier* chief came to visit me; or rather his curiosity brought him to see a white man. He was accompanied by his son, and grandson; both stout and large limbed men for mountaineers, though not so well shaped as the Goands. We started at each other a little while, for our languages being totally unintelligible to each other, we could hold no conversation, until a *Byraghy Fakeer*, who had wandered into these wilds, tendered his services as interpreter. All that I could collect from this chief was, that in these mountains there are seven small districts, called *Chowrasseys*; containing nominally eighty-four villages; but that in reality, not more than fifteen were then in existence. That they were all considered as belonging to the *Pungunnah* of *Mahtin*, and that the tribute they paid to the *Mahratta* Government, which consisted in grain, was very inconsiderable. The *Mahrattas* kept it up to retain their authority among the mountaineers; who, if not kept in subjection, were constantly issuing into the plain country to plunder. I inquired of him, if there had ever existed a *Cowhier Rajah*, or independent chief of any kind; to which he replied, that the country had formerly been subject to the *Rewah Rajah* of

Bogalecund, and that about thirty years since, the *Mahrattas* had driven him out; having in the contest very much impoverished and depopulated the country.

The conversation was carried on under much disadvantage; for it was evident our interpreter understood but imperfectly the language of *Cowhier*. The old man, whose attention had been chiefly attracted by a *Ramnoghur Morah** of which he was desirous to know the construction, being satisfied as to that point, now took his leave, and departed.

March 6.—This day's journey brought us to *Mahtin*. The road, for the first five miles, was one continued ascent; in some parts steep; but in others, gradual; till we arrived at the village of *Bunnair*, where we turned to the westward, to ascend the very difficult *gaut* between it and *Mahtin*; which in length is about three miles. At the bottom of it is the little village of *Loungah*, which gives its name to the pass. We had hardly reached the top of the first ascent, when a violent squall of wind and rain, considerable, and very rapid. We crossed it twice, but in this were fortunate in escaping it; for had it fallen in our track, it would have rendered the road so slippery as greatly to increase the difficulty of the ascent. We arrived at *Mahtin* about an hour before noon, and encamped on the east bank of the river *Taty*. Near this place (bearing north about one mile distant) is a very picturesque mountain, called by the *Cowhiers*, *Mahtin Dey*. With my telescope I discovered a little flag on the summit of it; and on inquiring the reason I was informed that it was to denote the residence of the *Hindoo Goddess BHAVANI*. This day being the *Hooly*,† the mountaineers were celebrating the festival, by singing, and dancing in a very rude manner, to the sound they produced by beating a kind of drum, made with a skin stretched over an earthen pot. They seemed to be totally uninformed as to the origin or meaning of the festival; nor was there a *Brahmen* among them, to afford them any information on that subject. I am inclined to think that they are a tribe of low *Hindoos*; but being so very illiterate, and speaking a dialect peculiar to themselves, any inquiries into their history, manners, and religion, would have been little satisfactory.

This evening we had a good deal of thunder, and the sky was overcast and clear, at intervals, until near midnight; when

* A kind of stool, made of wicker work, and cotton thread.

† An Hindoo festival at the spring.

a violent storm of wind and rain came on from the NW. accompanied with very large hail-stones. The thunder was very loud and shrill, and, being re-echoed by the mountains, the noise was tremendous. The storm continued about two hours, when the wind abated; but the clouds came down upon the hills on all sides, and the rain continued more or less violent all the next day.

March 7.—In the evening the clouds began to ascend, and the day broke next morning with a clear sky; but the country being wet, and the *Taty* river quite filled, we were compelled to postpone our march.

March 8.—This morning a *Cowhier* came in from *Loffah*, a village about five coss distant, and reported, that close to *Mahtin* at the bottom of the large hills, he saw the mangled bodies of a man and a bullock, who appeared to have been recently killed by tigers. I found, on inquiry, that the traveller was a villager coming with his bullock, loaded with grain, to *Mahtin*, and that the accident happened just as he was terminating his journey. Upon asking the *Cowhiers* if they used any means to destroy the tigers, they replied, that the wild beasts were so numerous, that they dreaded if one were to be destroyed, the rest would soon be revenged upon them, and upon their cattle; and would undoubtedly depopulate the country. He added, that the inhabitants of *Mahtin* make certain offerings and sacrifices, at stated periods, to BHAVANI, on *Mahtin Dey*, for her protection from wild beasts, upon which they rely for preservation; and he remarked to me, that the man who had been killed was not an inhabitant of their village. I could not forbear as mile at the credulity of these mountaineers.

We had now experienced rain, more or less, for twenty-two days; the weather was still cold, but the air, clear and sharp; and, as far as I could discover, the fall of rain was not considered as unusual at this season in that part of the country.

From the time that we had entered *Corair*, I had observed a great variety of very beautiful flowering shrubs, which appeared new to me; but not possessing sufficient botanical knowledge to decide to what classes of the vegetable system they belonged, I endeavoured to collect the seeds of each kind; in the hope that, if the change of soil and climate should not prove unfavourable, I might enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them flourish in some part of the Company's territories.

March 9.—Proceeded to Jattaingah, a short distance; but the rain had made the road so bad that we travelled but slowly.

March 10.—The weather fair. Proceeded fourteen miles to *Pory*, a *Byraghy's* dwelling. We had now some respite from the difficult ascents and descents we had been accustomed to, our road lying in a valley between two high ridges of mountains. At this place I was informed that the sources of the *Soane* and *Nurbudda* rivers were not more than twenty-two *coses* distant to the westward; that they derive their origin from the water that is condensed, and issues from the cavities, in the mountains which form the high table land of *Omercuntuc*. Prior to my commencing this journey, I had pictured to myself a great deal of satisfaction, in the prospect of visiting this place, and in viewing the spot where two large rivers, issuing from the same source, pursue their courses in opposite directions until the one falling into the gulph of *Cambay*, and the other into the *Ganges*, they may be said to insulate by far the largest part of *Hindoostan*.

The *Byraghy* at *Pory*, who had been somewhat alarmed on our approach, seeing us encamp without molesting him, brought me a present of a fowl and two eggs, which I accepted; but being fatigued at the time I dismissed him, desiring him to call again in the evening. He came accordingly to appointment, accompanied by two or three *Cowhiers*; and as he had been a great traveller, I found him very conversant in the *Hindoostanny* language. I had observed his dwelling to be in a ruinous condition; and on asking him the cause of it, he informed me, that about two months before, the *Goands* had come in the night, had carried off all his property, and, after killing as many of the inhabitants as came in their way had set fire to the village, since which the inhabitants had only been able to bind a few reeds and straw together, to shelter themselves from the weather. Upon asking him the cause of these depredations, he informed me, that ever since the *Mahrattas* had attempted to subdue the *Pertaubgur Goands* who inhabit the hills to the westward of *Ruttunpour*, there had been a continual warfare between thmm. He added, that the *Goands* were frequently moving about in large bodies, and never failed to commit depredations, and to plunder when opportunities offered; and he concluded by advising me to proceed on my journey with caution. I inquired of him if it was practicable to proceed by any route from *Pory* to *Omercuntuc*; to which he replied in the negative; and expressed much surprise at my wishing to go into a country which, he said, was the abode only of wild beasts, demons, and the savage *Goands*.

March 11.—I proceeded about thirteen miles to the little village of *Naoparra*, consisting only of three miserable huts. It is under the *Purgunnah* of *Cheytna*, which is considered a part of *Choteesgur*. This day one of my camels died with symptoms of the hydrophobia; having, for some days, been so restless and unruly, that he was continually throwing off his load. I could not easily account for this circumstance, until I recollected that the night before I left *Rajegaut*, near Benares, a dog had run into our camp, and bit the animal in the face, as also a *Tattoo* in the leg, which had afterwards died in a very unaccountable manner at *Kurgommah*.

March 12.—We proceeded to *Maudun*, our road still continuing in a narrow valley between high ranges of mountains. On our march this day I had observed a few spots cleared, on the tops and declivities of the mountains; and I could discern here and there, with my telescope, a hut, and some people quite naked. We likewise met with numerous herds of wild buffaloes.

March 13.—We arrived at *Ruttunpour*, after quitting the mountainous country. This being the capital of *Choteesgur*, and the residence of the *Subadar*, I expected to have found a large town; but, to my great disappointment, I beheld a large straggling village, consisting of about a thousand huts, a great many of which were desolate; and even *ITTUL PUNDIT*, the *Subadar's* house, which was tiled, and situated in the *Bazar*, or market-place, appeared but a poor habitation.

I had been furnished with a letter, from the *Berar* government, to this chief, which I immediately sent him along with a copy of my pass. About noon he sent his brother to congratulate me on my arrival, who, after our mutual salutations were over, inquired by what route I had come to *Ruttunpour*. On my telling him through *Corair*, he expressed much surprise at our having travelled through such dreary wilds and mountainous paths; and told me, that the *Mahratta* troops always experienced the greatest inconvenience, when sent into that country, from the want of provisions, and always suffered much from the badness of the water. I had observed indeed the *nux vomica* hanging over the rivers and rivulets; which had led me to suspect, that the infusion of it might produce an irritation in the stomach and bowels; but the streams were pure and limpid, and the water not disagreeable to the taste. On my asking him what he conceived to be the cause of the deleterious effects of the water on their people, he said, that they attributed them to its extreme chill;

but this was a quality which I had not been able to discover. He next inquired by what route it was my intention to proceed to Vizagapatam.—When I mentioned through *Choteesgur*, and *Bustar*, to *Jaypour*, he informed me, that I had yet a very mountainous and wild country to penetrate by that road; added to which, the inhabitants being *Goands*, and very savage, I might experience some trouble from them. I asked him if the *Mahratta* government was not efficient there; to which he replied, that for the last four or five years, the *Rajah* had paid no tribute: that they had never had the entire possession of the country; but, by continuing to pillage and harass the *Goands*, they had brought the *Rajah* to acknowledge the *Mahratta* government; and to promise the payment of an annual tribute. That a few days before a *vakeel* had arrived from *Bustar* with 5,000 rupees, which at least shewed an inclination to be on good terms. He told me, that I should be provided with a letter from the *Rammy*, or widow of the late BEMBAJEE, to the *Conkair Rajah*, whose adopted son he was. I was further informed, that this *Conkair Rajah* was a *Goand* chief, possessing a tract of hilly country that bounds the southern parts of *Choteesgur*, and is situated between it and the *Bustar Rajah's* country; who, from his situation, would have it in his power to assist me in the further prosecution of my route through *Bustar* to *Vizianagram*, where my journey was to terminate.

I had now travelled 296 miles, from *Chunar* to *Ruttunpour*, in forty-four days; a small distance, comparatively with the length of time; but the difficulty of the roads, and the inclemency of the weather, had, for the last twenty days, not only retarded us exceedingly, but our cattle likewise had suffered so much, and were so exhausted, that a little respite from further fatigue was become necessary for our welfare.

A variety of interesting objects now presented themselves, on which I was desirous of acquiring information; the first and most important of which, was an accurate account of the sources of the *Nurbudda* and *Soane* rivers; and of the *Hindoo* pilgrimage to them. ITTUL PUNDIT visited me in the evening, when I expressed to him the strong desire I felt of proceeding to the spot, and inquired as to the nature of the road by which travellers usually went from *Ruttunpour* to *Omercuntuc*. He gave me nearly the same account which I had previously received from one of my *Hircarrahs*, who had visited the place, adding that the *Goands*

*Ambassador, or deputy.

were, at this juncture, more powerful than ever, and that no pilgrims had attempted to go there for some time. He expressed at the same time a great deal of astonishment, and some alarm, at what could be my motive for wandering in these uncomfortable mountains and wilds. I told him, that the report I had heard of a very large *Hindoo* temple, and many curious images, had excited in me a desire to visit them, for magnificent objects in general had that effect upon mankind. To this he seemed to assent, but observed that it would be impracticable; or, if I were to leave my cattle and baggage under his care, and to proceed with my people on foot, which was the only probable method surmounting the wild and rugged roads to *Omercuntuc*, the *Purtaubgur Goand Rajah* would, notwithstanding, molest me; and would endeavour to shut me up in some of the *gauts*, or passes, from which we should not be able to extricate ourselves without considerable loss, or the danger of starving in them. Finding, therefore, that no assistance was to be got from the *Mahratta*, or that his alarm might induce him rather to throw obstacles in my way, I relinquished, with much mortifying reflection and disappointment, the prospect of visiting a place, which I considered as one of the greatest natural curiosities in *Hindoostan*.

The only expedient that was now left, was to collect as accurate an account of the place as possible. In this the *Subadar* readily assisted me, and sent me two *Pundits*, who had been there repeatedly, and whom he described as intelligent men, and capable of satisfying my most sanguine expectations. They were both *Brahmens*, of high caste, and learned men. I began to interrogate them concerning the roads from *Ruttunpour* to *Omercuntuc*. They said there was but one, which led from the north side of the towns into the hills, where it continually ascends and descends over mountains, and leads through deep defiles, on the sides of precipices, and through a forest almost impenetrable, to *Pindara* (a distance of about twelve coss,) which is the head of a *Purgunnah* bearing the same name; but the village is very poor, consisting only of a few *Goand* huts. From this place the road was only known to the mountaineers, who are always taken as guides to direct the pilgrims in ascending the table land of *Omercuntuc*. The *Soane* rises on the east side of it, and flows first through *Pindara*, where being joined by numerous other streams from the N. E. side of this mountainous land, it proceeds in a northerly direction through *Sohaujepour*, and *Bogalecund*; whence turning to the eastward, it pursues its course to the *Ganges*. After ascending the table land, the temple

is found situated nearly in the centre of it; where the *Nurbudda* rises from a small *Pucka Coond*, (or well,) from which, they told me, a stream perpetually flows, and glides along the surface of the high land, until reaching the west end of it, it precipitates itself into *Munahilla*. They described the fall as immense, and said, that at the foot of the table land, its bed becomes a considerable expanse, where being immediately joined by several other streams, it assumes the form of a large river.

I was much gratified with this description, which they delivered with so little hesitation, and which agreed so well with the accounts I had previously received, that it left no doubt in my mind as to its veracity. I next inquired of them, in whose territory *Omercuntuc* was considered. They said, that the *Nagpore* Government attached a part of it to their *Purgunnah* of *Pindara*; a second part was claimed by the *Rajah* of *Sohauje-pour*; and a third by *Goonds*; in whose possession indeed the whole at that time rested. They described the building as being about forty feet high; that the images were numerous, and that they were descriptive of a very romantic fable; and this subject immediately led me into that of the pilgrimage. A desire, it seems, to pass the property accruing from the offerings, and taxation levied on the pilgrims who travel thither, had raised three competitors for it; but it properly belonged to the *Brahmens* who attend on the pagoda.

The *Hindoos* worship at the source of these rivers the consort of Siva, whom SIR WILLIAM JONES, in his *Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*, mentions as being distinguished by the names of *PARVATI* or the mountain-born goddess; *DURGA*, or difficult of access, and *BIHAVANI*, or the goddess of fecundity; which latter is her leading name at *Omercuntuc*. The temple which contains the *Moorat*, or image of *BIHAVANI*, was built by one of the ancient *Rajahs* of *Ruttunpour*. The *Pundits* said there were formerly records of fifty-two successions; but that, about sixty years ago, the family had become extinct; when the *Mahrattas* took advantage of the confusion that ensued, from the endeavours of many competitors, to seize upon the government; and have retained it ever since that period. They related to me the names of three preceding *Rajahs*; viz., of *HEOHOBUN SING*; his father, *HEONNURAIS*; grand father *BISNAUT SING*; and great grand father, *RUUTUN SING*. More their memory, or papers could not furnish; but that the whole might be attained by reference to records which were now difficult to be found. Upon my

expressing much solicitude to possess them, they told me that they doubted if there were any in *Rattunpour*; for that the oppression and calamity which had befallen the city, since the *Mahrattas* had got possession of it, had destroyed that encouragement which the *Brahmens*, under the government of their ancient *Rajahs*, had been accustomed to receive; and having deprived them of small grants of land, upon which they had formerly subsisted, they had not only disturbed their literary pursuits, but had distressed them to such a degree, that they had been compelled to wander in search of the means of subsistence and of peaceable retirement, elsewhere; and it might naturally be supposed that they had taken their books and papers with them. There were at this time, they said, only two or three families remaining, in the service of the *Mahratta* government, upon stipends so slender, that they were barely enabled to subsist.

The spring from which the *Nurbudda* takes its source is said to be enclosed by a circular wall, which was built by a man of the name of *REWAH*, and on that account the river is called *Maht Rewah*, from its source all through *Mundilla*, until it reaches the confines of *Bhopaul*. The images at *Omercuntuc* are said to represent *BHAVANI*, (who is there worshiped under the symbol of *NARMADA*, or the *Nurbudda* river,) much enraged at her slave *JOHILLA*, and a great variety of attendants preparing a nuptial banquet; to which a very romantic fable is attached: That *SOANE*, a demi-god, being much enamoured with the extreme beauty of *NARMADA*, after a very tedious courtship, presumed to approach the Goddess in hopes of accomplishing the object of his wishes by espousing her. *NARMADA* sent her slave *JOHILLA* to observe in what state he was coming; and, if arrayed in jewels, of lovely form and dignity, or worthy to become her consort, to conduct him to *Omercuntuc*. *JOHILLA* departed met with *SOANE*, and was so dazzled with the splendor of his ornaments, and extreme beauty, that she fell passionately in love with him; and so far forgot her duty as to attempt to personate her mistress; in which succeeding, *BHAVANI* (or *NARMADA*) was so enraged at the deceit, that, upon their arrival at *Omercuntuc*, she severely chastised *JOHILLA* and disfigured her face, in the manner said to be represented in the image. She then precipitated *SOANE* from the top of the table land to the bottom, whence that river rises; disappeared herself in the very spot where the *Nurbudda* issues; and from the tears of *JOHILLA*, a little river of that name springs at the foot of *Omercuntuc*.

The Pundits terminated their account by presenting me with an address of BEAS MUNI to the *Nurbudda*, extracted from the *Vayer Purana*; and which my friend MR. SAMUEL DAVIS translated for me in the following words: "BEAS MUNI thus addressed NURMADA (or the *Nerbudda* river:) Glorious as the sun and moon are thine eyes; but the eye in thy forehead blazes like fire: Bearing in thy hand a spear like the *Tresul* and resting on the breast of BHYROE. The blood of ANDUC (OSSURA) is dried up in their presence; thy *W'cuson* (a sort of snow) is the dispeller of dread from the human race. BRAMA and SEVA resound thy praises: Mortals adore thee. The *Munis* reverence thee; *Dewas* (demi-gods) and *Hindras* (angels) are thy progeny. Thou art united with the ocean; thou art descended from SURYA. By thee are mortals sanctified. Thou dispeller of want, thou increaseth the prosperity of those who perform devotions to thee. By thee are mortals directed to the blissful regions, and taught to avoid the mansions of punishment. Thou art also REBA, a child of HEMALA (the snowy mountain). NURMADA answered, O MUNI! thy words are perfect, and thy heart is pure: Be thou chief of *Munis*. By reading this, a man's life will be lengthened, his happiness and fame increased, and his progeny multiplied."

March 16.—This morning I made an excursion to see the tank and buildings on the west side of *Ruttunpour*. The first objects that attracted my attention were two *Hindoo* temples on a hill: one had been erected by BEEMBAJEE, in honour of LETCHMUN RAM: and the other I found had been built in honour of BEEMAJEE, whose heroic exploits had raised him in the opinion of the *Mahrattas* to the honour of *Dewtah*; at whose shrine, offerings and sacrifices are accordingly made at stated periods. The guide then led me over some high banks, round the east and north sides of the fort. From the latter a gate projects into a tank upon a high mound. These two faces are surrounded by two large tanks; but the rampart is entirely fallen down, and in the place where it formerly stood, had been erected some poor huts. In the north end of the fort is situated a small brick *Hindoostanee* house; in which ANUNDYBYE, and another *Ranny* of the late BEEMBAJEE, resided. He left three wives at his death; one of whom only had burned herself with his remains; and the other two were then supported on a *Jagheer*, granted to them by the *Berar Rajah*.

I proceeded in a south-west direction, until I came to a building sacred to BHYAT and found in it an enormous Idol and

made of blue granite, about nine feet in height, and which was rubbed over with red paint, and adorned with flowers. I was next directed to a little hill, called *Letchmy Tackry*, upon which is an image and temple dedicated to BHAVANĪ; whose protection, they said, had ever prevented the *Mussulmen* from disturbing the *Hindoos* in their religious rites at *Ruttunpour*. From this hill, looking north, I had a fine prospect of the town and fort of *Ruttunpour*, surrounded by a great number of tanks and pools. Beyond them appeared the mountain of *Loffagur*, on which the *Mahrattas* formerly had a post; and the view was terminated by the blue mountains towards *Omercuntuc*. To the southward was a large lake, called *Doolapour Talaow*; the embankment of which was nearly two miles in length; and to the westward, about a mile distant, was a little white building, which they told me was a tomb of *Moosakhan*, a *Patan* mendicant, who had been killed by the *Goands*, many years ago, while endeavouring to make converts to the Mahommedan faith.

I now descended from the hill, and went to look at a heap of ruins; among which they pointed out to me *Rajah* ROGONAUT's old *Mahal*, or house, under *Goosapahar*. It had been pulled to pieces for the sake of the materials; and the walls had been much mutilated, in hopes of finding treasure. This building had been constructed on the old site of *Ruttunpour*, which then bore the name of *Rajepour*. On my return I observed a building in the middle of a tank, erected on thirty-six arches of the gothic kind, upon which were raised twenty-four pyramids over the external piers; and within them appeared a temple of a pyramidal form, the entire height of which I computed to be about fifty feet. They informed me it was a monument erected to the memory of one of the ancient *Rajahs* of *Ruttunpour*; and this object having raised my curiosity, I felt a strong desire to cross the water for a nearer inspection of it; for, if there had been any inscription upon it, it might probably have thrown some light upon the history of this part of India. I found, however, that the little excursion I had already made, had begun to excite some surprise in the town; which any further delay might have increased almost to an alarm; and as I depended a good deal upon the assistance of the *Subadar* of *Choteesgur*, in prosecuting the remainder of my route; I conceived it more advisable to abandon the building, and return to my camp; than to hazard any obstruction to my fulfilling with success the very arduous undertaking I was engaged in.

The *Pundits* visited me again about noon, when a conversation took place concerning the buildings, and ruins, I had visited in the early part of the day; which commenced with an account of seven *Coonds*, (wells,) over which, they said, as many *Dewas* preside. Bathing in them they considered as highly beneficial, for thereby they imagine they receive an ablution from sin. These wells are situated in and about *Ruttunpour*; and from the sanctity attributed to them, the place has been called a *Cossy*. They related to me a number of fables concerning demons, and giants, who formerly inhabited these hills; one of whom, in particular, they mentioned by the name of GOPAL ROW PALWAN, a great wrestler, who lived in the reign of the Emperor ACHBAR, and whose name is still attached to a part of the hills on the north side of *Ruttunpour*. They told me many extraordinary stories of his exploits, and feats of strength and agility; and added, that the Emperor ACHBAR, hearing of his fame, had sent for him to Court, and that his Majesty had been vastly gratified by his wonderful performances.

The *Pundits* being about to take their leave; and as my departure next morning would probably prevent our meeting again; I thought the liberal and ready information they had given me, demanded some return; and, after making them a suitable compensation, I expressed a wish, that if they knew of any inscription, or ancient legends, in or about *Ruttunpour*, they would favour me with copies of them. They departed, promising to comply with my wishes, so far as might lie in their power; and in the evening they sent me a paper on which were written some lines in the *Deonagur* character, but which proved to be nothing more than a transcript from the *Mahabarat*.

Ruttunpour is undoubtedly a place of great antiquity; and, could I have remained there a sufficient time to examine its ruins, and to search for the ancient records of the place, it is probable I should have obtained some useful information concerning it.

March 18.—Having now rested five days at *Ruttunpour*, our journey was renewed, with fresh spirits, through a champaign country, abundantly watered with little rivers, full of villages, and beautifully ornamented with groves and tanks. After the difficulties we had encountered, the change of scene was truly gratifying; and the *Mahratta* government being well established, and the country highly cultivated, we met with civil treatment, and abundance of every species of grain. These were comforts to which we had been so long unaccustomed, that the

hardships we had suffered in traversing the mountains and wilds of *Corair*, *Kurgummah*, and *Mahtin*, were soon forgot. But as an account of each day's journey, through this fertile country, would be tedious and uninteresting in the detail, I need only mention that we travelled 100 miles through it in little more than thirteen days, which brought us on the 31st of March to *Ryepour*, the next principal town in *Choteesgur*; but which, from its population, and commerce, might justly be ranked the first. I computed about 3,000 huts in it: there is also a large stone fort on the N. E. side of the town, the walls of which are decayed, but the ditch is deep and wide.

The soil in this country is a rich black mould, but no where more than three feet in depth. Under this the solid rock appears, as was perceptible in all the beds of the rivers, and in the sides of tanks and wells. It produces large quantities of wheat, and vegetable oil; such as the linseed, and *Palmachristi*, and various kinds of pulse. Rice is not abundant, it being only cultivated behind large reservoirs of water, collected in the rainy season, in situations where the declivity of the surface is suitable; and through the dykes, or embankments of which, the water is occasionally let out to supply the vegetation, when the fall of rain from the atmosphere no longer favours it.

Large quantities of grain are exported from *Choteesgur* all over the *Nizam's* dominions, and even to the *Circars*, when the scarcity in those provinces requires it. From the latter they import salt, which is retailed at such an extravagant price, that it is sometimes sold for its weight in silver. The villages are very numerous, but poor; and the country abounds in cattle, and brood mares of the *tattoo* species. The population of *Choteesgur* is not great, nor does the system of government to which it is subject at all tend to increase it.

The *Subah* of *Choteesgur*, with its dependencies, was at this time rented by the *Berar* government, to ITTUL PUNDIT, for a specific sum, which was payable annually in *Nagpour*; and who, in consideration of the rank of *Subadar*, and his appointment, had likewise paid a considerable sum. Upon further inquiry as to the means by which the *Subadar* managed the country, I was informed, that he farmed different portions of it to his tenants, for a certain period, and for specific sums; nearly upon the same terms as the whole was rented to him. The revenue is collected by his tenantry, which, in those parts of the country where the government is well established, gives them little trouble. The

attention of the *Subadar* is chiefly directed to levying tributes from the *Zemeendars* in the mountainous parts of the country; who being always refractory, and never paying anything until much time has been spent in warfare, the result is often precarious, and the tribute consequently trivial. I was next led to inquire what method was adopted by the tenantry in collecting the revenue from the peasants. They informed me that it variably consisted in taxing the ploughs, and was always delivered in the produce of the lands; as grain, oil, or cotton, according to the species of cultivation for which the implements had been used. This consequently occasions a vast accumulation of the produce of the country to the tenant; and some expedient becomes immediately necessary to convert it into specie to enable to pay this rent.

The insecurity attending the traveller, in his property and person, throughout most of the native governments of India, and the privilege allowed to the *Zemeendars*, of taxing the merchants who pass through their districts, is so discouraging to foreign traders, that they are rarely seen, in the *Mahratta* territory, employed in any other line of traffic than that of bringing for sale a few horses, elephants, camels, and shawls. All other branches of trade, both in exports and imports, are under the immediate management of subjects to the empire; under whose protection, likewise, a numerous class of people, called *Brinjaries*, carry on a continual traffic in grain, and every other necessary of life. By these, the largest armies are frequently supplied: but although much inland commerce is carried on in this way, it drives very little encouragement from any regulations of the *Mahratta* government, as to the improvement of roads, or any thing to animate it; and it is chiefly upheld by the necessity they are under of converting the produce of the lands into specie; the *Brinjaries* purchasing the grain at a moderate rate from the *Zemeendars*, and retailing it again in those parts of the country, where the poverty of the soil, or a temporary scarcity, may offer a ready market. Accordingly we find the *Brinjary* persevering through roads, which nothing but the most indefatigable spirit of industry could induce him to attempt, and where the straightness of the paths and defiles, barely affords a passage for himself and his bullocks.

The *Mahrattas* keep their peasantry in the most abject state of dependence, by which means, they allege, the *Ryats* are less liable to be turbulent, or offensive to the government. Coin is but sparingly circulated among them; and they derive their habitations, and subsistence, from the labour of their own hands.

Their troops, who are chiefly composed of emigrants, from the northern and western parts of *Hindoostan*, are quartered upon the tenantry, who, in return for the accommodation and subsistence they afford them, require their assistance, whenever it may be necessary, for collecting the revenues. Such was the state of the country and government of *Choteesgur*; the exports of which, in seasons of plenty, are said to employ 100,000 bullocks; and it is accordingly one of the most productive provinces under the *Berah Rajah*.

The only road from *Cuttack* to *Nagpour* passes through *Ryepour*: it is indeed the only tract by which communication is kept open between those two places; but it is frequently obstructed by the *Zemeendars* who passes the intervening space of hilly country.

April 4.—A journey of seven days, during which the weather proved very pleasant, terminated this day on the southern confines of *Choteesgur*. We were here within view of the hills that extend from near the sea coast of the *Northern Circars* to this part of the peninsula; a space of about three degrees in latitude. Our march through this fine champaign country had recruited the strength of our cattle; and I found my party yet able to endure much fatigue, and hard service, should it be required. I had been abundantly regaled with fine water fowls, large flocks of ortolans and quails; and the large herds of cattle having furnished us with milk, and *ghee*, in great abundance, which we obtained for the most inconsiderable prices, our departure from this charming country was regretted by the whole party; and the recollection of the hardships we had already suffered in a hilly country, rendered the prospect before us rather unwelcome.

It was here that I first met the *Mahanuddee*, or *Cuttack* river, and crossed it to enter upon the thick woods of *Conkair*, where the road immediately dwindled into a narrow path, or defile, through thick bushes and forest trees. After crossing a low ridge of hills, we entered upon that tract of country which is possessed by the ancient *Rajahs* of *Goandwannah*; and is entirely inhabited by the *Goand* mountaineers. The village at which our march terminated this day, consisted only of five poor huts; and the *Goands*, amounting to about fifteen inhabitants, came out to gaze at us. They were totally divested of alarm; and gave us to understand, through the medium of a *Jassoos Hirkarrah*, that, but for the instructions they had received from their chief, they would not have allowed us to enter upon their territory.

April 5.—This day a very serious misfortune befell me, in the loss of the only *Hirkarrah* who had ever before been in these wild and unfrequented tracts. He was the same whom I have already mentioned as having visited the sources of the *Narbudda* and *Soane* rivers; at which time he was in the service of the *Mahrattas*. He had, three days before, been indisposed with a complaint in his bowels, probably owing to the change of water, which had induced me to dispense with his attendance, in order that he might travel at his leisure, in company with another sick man, who usually came to the ground about an hour after the rest of the people. This day, however, they were both missing; and on my inquiring into the cause, the *Mahratta Hirkarrah*, whom ITTUL PUNDIT had deputed with me from *Ruttunpour*, replied, by conjecturing, that they had been robbed and murdered on the road by the *Goands*; for, said he, where are they to find refuge in this wild and inhospitable country?

Intelligence of my approach having been sent, by the *Mahratta Amil*, on the frontier of *Chotessgur*, to the *Conkair Rajah*; this evening a *Vakeel* came from him, to congratulate me on my arrival in his territory, and to conduct me to his residence. I was much pleased at the courtesy of the *Goand* chief; for the specimen I had seen of his subjects, shewed that they were in general very savage, and by no means wanting in spirit; and I soon found, that nothing but conciliating their good opinion, would enable me to travel among them with any probability of success. We were, however, abundantly supplied with grain in our progress through his country.

April 6.—We arrived at the town of *Conkair*, which is situated between a high rocky hill and the south bank of the *Mahanuddee* river. On the summit of the hill the *Rajah* had built a fortress, and mounted two guns. We encamped in a mango grove on the north side of the river, where, after taking a little refreshment, I dispatched to the *Rajah* the letter which had been procured for me by ITTUL PUNDIT from the *Ranny* of BEEMBAJEE. An answer was returned in about two hours, stating, that the *Rajah* would visit me the ensuing morning; when I should be informed of every particular concerning my route to the country of the late *VIZIARAM RAUZE*; and in the mean time he sent me a present of five fowls, some eggs, and a small pig.

My *Hirkarrahs* soon got intelligence that the *Rajahs* of *Conkair* and *Bustar* were at variance; and that the former had laid waste and taken possession of the N. E. frontier of the *Bustar Rajah's* country; where they informed me, the *Mahanuddee* rises

at a place called *Sehowah*, about seven coss to the south of *Conkair*. This place is entirely surrounded by hills, but the ranges extending from the north round to the east and south, appeared very lofty and extensive. The *Bustar* frontier is only six coss distant to the southward, and is entered upon through *Tilly Gautty*, a very rugged and steep pass over the hills.

April 7.—This morning, about eight o'clock, was announced to me the approach of SAUM SING, the *Rajah* of *Conkair*; of whose intended visit having received previous notice, I had prepared everything for his reception accordingly. After the salutation was over, I began an inquiry into the nature of the country through which my journey was to be pursued to the Northern *Circars*. The *Rajah* replied personally to a variety of questions, and I was surprized to find him speak the *Hindoostanny* language with great fluency. He gave me very explicit information, that my nearest route would be by *Dongah* to *Jugdulpour*, the principal town of *Bustar*, from thence to *Cotepar*, which is the boundary between *Bustar* and *Jaepour*; and thence to *Jaepour* through *Koorkooty gaut*, to the country of VIZIARAM RAUZE. He said that this road to the sea coast was frequented only by the *Brinjaries*: but even they had lately abandoned it, in consequence of the refractory conduct of the *Bustar Rajah*; for the neighbouring *Goand Zemeendars*, instigated by the *Mahrattas*, had plundered and destroyed all the villages to a considerable distance upon it. He then informed me of another route, taking a circuit to the eastward, by *Sehowah* (the source of the *Mahanuddee*) through *Ryegur* to *Jaepour*; which the *Brinjaries* at that time frequented; and by which the *Bustar Rajah's* territory would be avoided. Both roads meet at *Jaepour*, the capital of the country bearing the same name; which town is said to consist of about five hundred *Oorea* huts. The old town of *Bustar*, I was informed, had been deserted; the inhabitants having removed to *Jugdulpour*; under which a considerable river runs, called the *Inderowty*; the bed of which, at that place, is very rocky, and not fordable at any period of the year. A small fort is situated in a peninsula formed by the winding of the river; and a deep ditch having been dug across the narrow neck of land, it is considered a strong situation; but, in the rainy season, the river overflows its banks, and forms a very extensive lake on all sides.

The road by *Sehowah* and *Ryegur* appearing the only practicable one, I had resolved, after taking an adequate supply of provisions from *Conkair*, to commence upon it: But, on communicating my intention to SAUM SING, he endeavoured to dissuade

tribute than he felt himself inclined to; on which account they plundered his country, and encouraged all the *Zemeendars* in the neighbourhood of *Bustar* to do the same; and to wrest from him as much of his territory as they could. SAUM SING next stated to me, that, under such circumstances, I could not expect that DORRYAR DEO would pay much attention to my *Mahratta Purwannah*; and he was convinced, that if he did not attack me openly, he would do it underhand, by means of the *Jaepour Rajah*. He concluded by telling me, that he had been induced to give me this information, to dissuade me from proceeding to VIZIANAGRUM, by *Bustar* and *Jaepour*, to the end that no reproach might come upon him; for in case any misfortune should befall me, the *Mahrattas* would undoubtedly tax him with duplicity, in not having given me information of the danger before me; and that as I was recommended to his care by his adopted mother, the *Ranny* of the late BEEMBAJEE, he felt himself doubly inclined to prevent any harm happening to me; but, if I was determined upon taking that route, I must take the consequences upon myself; for, after the representation he had made of the difficulty and danger of attempting it, he should consider himself as rid of all responsibility, and would make the same known to the *Mahratta* government.

The information of the *Goand* chief was delivered with so much candour, and so very explicitly, that I could not harbour a doubt as to its veracity; and I found it afterwards fully verified on my arrival in the *Circars*.

I was next led to inquire, that, supposing the country was settled, and the *Bustar* and *Jaepour Rajahs* not unfriendly to travellers, if the tract through it would be of a convenient nature for loaded cattle. SAUM SING replied, that the road through these countries consisted of one continual ascent and descent, through the thickest forests and mountainous paths; and in some places over the sides of the most craggy precipices; that the whole of the *Bustar* country was almost a wilderness; being, in a few places only, thinly inhabited by the wild *Goands*, who are in a state of nature; and that in some parts I should find no water but at a very long distances; and, in reality, no supplies of grain, until I should arrive upon the frontier of VIZIARAM RAUZE'S country.

Such unfavourable reports of the state of the countries before me, damped at once the hopes I had entertained of fulfilling with entire success the object of my deputation; and I experienced the most vexatious disappointment at such a check being thrown in

the way of my progress. I was indeed at a loss which way to direct my course through this labyrinth of mountains and wilderness; but, upon asking SAUM SING which would be the most eligible road to the sea coast, he replied without hesitation, that the only practicable road would be from *Conkair*, through the hills and *jungles* to *Byragur*, a distance of about forty coss to the westward; where I should fall in with a high road leading to the *Deccan* through the middle of *Chanda*, a fine champaign country. As my original intention of proceeding in a southerly direction had been frustrated, and the tract pointed out to me through *Chanda*, would still furnish many desirable acquisitions in geographical knowledge, I resolved to adopt it; or rather I knew of no other to pursue.

The *Rajah*, who was now about to take his leave, perceiving a sheet of white paper upon the table, which attracted his curiosity, it was handed to him; when he admired it exceedingly; and made a request that, if I had any to spare, I would give him some; which I promised accordingly; and here our conference ended.

When *Rajah* SAUM SING, with his retinue, had departed, I sent an intelligent man to him to take an account of all the roads leading from this place to the sea coast; and particularly of that which he had advised me to pursue. As the *Mahratta Hirkarrah* who had accompanied me from *Ruttumpour*, was here to leave me, it became necessary that we should have some other man who could interpret between us and the *Goands* who were to be our guides. I sent therefore a request to the *Rajah*, soliciting that such a person might accompany us to his frontier; and likewise, that he would give me letters recommending me to the attention of the other *Goand Zemcendars* between *Conkair* and *Byragur*. As an inducement to him to comply, I took this opportunity of sending him, according to my promise, a quire of gilt writing paper, and some coloured China paper. In the evening my messenger returned with an account, that the *Rajah* had been delighted with the little present I had made him; and had in a very satisfactory manner complied with my request.

About seven o'clock in the evening, the *Rajah's Dewan*, who I understood was the only man in the town that could read or write, came and presented me with a small piece of paper, addressed to the *Goand* chief whose territory is situated between *Conkair* and *Byragur*. It was written in the *Mahratta* character; and, on procuring a translation, I found it was addressed to the *Rajah* of

Pannawar and contained merely information of who I was, and where I was going, in order that he might not be alarmed at my approach, nor impede me in my progress through his country. The *Dewan* then delivered us some *Goands*, as guides, and departed.

April 8.—This morning we experienced much trouble in detaining any of our guides; some of whom had, after repeated struggles, broke loose, and ran off. Our route led through thick forests and defiles among the hills, which continued during this and the ensuing day, until we reached *Bouslagur*, a large *Goand* village, situated at the foot of a high hill. It was here I first observed the streams running to the westward, and that the country is drained into the *Godavery*; having hitherto perceived the little rivers and *nullahs* running eastward, and falling into the *Mahanuddee*. From *Conkair* to this place (a distance of about forty miles) not a single habitation had occurred, which could with propriety be denominated a hamlet. I had indeed observed a hut or two, here and there, with small spots of land somewhat cleared, where the *Goands* had cut down the trees to within three feet of the ground, and having interwoven the branches so as to fence their plantations against the attacks of wild beasts, had removed the intervening grass and creepers, to make room for the cultivation of a little maize, or Indian corn.

April 10.—This morning, as the party was moving off, the *Goands*, who had been brought out of the village by the *Rajah's* people to serve as guides, were no sooner delivered to us, than they began to make very desperate attempts to get away; in most of which they succeeded. The *Rajah's* men alleged, that it was from fear; but to me it appeared to proceed from knavery, and an inclination to quarrel; for, when we had moved on a little way, a large body of *Goands*, armed with spears, surrounded a loaded bullock that was coming off the ground a little later than the rest; and, if I had not sent back a party to the assistance of the people in charge of it, there appeared to be little doubt but they would have carried it off. A man also, who had dropped some part of his property, and had returned the day before to look for it, was no more heard of; which convinced me that he had been cut off by these wild savages, who appear not to be wanting in inclination to fight, when plunder is in view, and who usually add murder to their depredations.

April 12.—We reached the *Conkair Rajah's* frontier; and I had scarcely gone beyond it, when intelligence was brought me

of a large body of men being perceived posted in the *jungle* on our left flank. On *reconnoitering* them, I found that they had taken possession of a defile, through which the road led; that many of them had matchlocks, with their matches ready lighted; and the rest were armed with spears, bows, and arrows. Finding us aware of them, they did not advance; but a man on horseback came forward, and said, that he was deputed by the *Rajah* of *Pannawar* to ascertain who we were; but on my shewing him the *Conkair Rajah's* paper, he returned to his party, who made way for us to pass them, and proceeding, we soon reached *Pannawar*. Here I perceived the *Rajah*, seated on a rising ground, gazing at us; and immediately sent the *Mahratta* pass for his inspection, to which, although he shewed some respect, he would not afford us grain, nor provisions of any kind; and in the most sullen manner rejected all communication whatever. It was not until our utmost entreaties had been made, that we could get guides from him; in which at length succeeding, I departed with much satisfaction from the inhospitable mansion of this *Goand* chief.

The *Bustar* frontier is about ten *cross* distant from this place; the aspect of the country in that direction is very mountainous; and all accounts corroborated the *Conkair Rajah's* description of it as being a wilderness, and almost desolate. Our road led from one passage through the hills to another, so that the view could no where be extensive. These are doubtless the ranges of hills, which, continuing along the east side of *Berar*, connect the mountains of *Omercuntuc*, and *Mundilla*, with those of *Tilingana* and *Bustar*; and extend to the sea coast in the Northern *Circars*.

A march of fifty miles more, in three days, brought us to *Malliwar*, the residence of another *Goand* chief. The road was much more difficult, and the country one continued wilderness. A considerable declivity, between the mountains, separates the territory of the *Rajah* of *Pannawar* from that of *Malliwar*. I had frequently observed the *Goands* gather a small red plum from the *jungles*, and eat it; and this day a sepoy, who had followed their example, presented me some upon a leaf, which, on eating, I found to be a very pleasant subacid fruit. I afterwards met with abundance of this berry throughout *Chanda*, and was careful to preserve the stones, some of which I planted in the *Circars*, and brought the remainder to *Bengal*.

DOORDOG SHAW, the *Rajah* of *Malliwar*, supplied us with a little rice; but, until I had sent the *Mahratta* to pass for his inspection on the following day, and demanded guides, he seemed to

concern himself but little about us. The man whom I had deputed upon this service, returned to inform me, that on his presenting the *Purwannah*, the *Goand* chief had thrown it down, and spit upon it; and when he remonstrated with him on this disrespectful conduct towards the *Rajah* of *Berar*, he replied, that he was not in *Nagpour*, and that he apprehended nothing from him. Of this unaccountable conduct I took little notice at the time; but ordered my people to prepare for marching. DOOROOG SHAW, perceiving our measures, came towards our encampment with a large retinue; when everything being ready to move off the ground I sent my *Moonshee* to him, escorted by a *naick* and six *sepoys*, with directions to shew him the pass once more, and to caution him against any disrespect to it; for, notwithstanding the *Rajah* was absent from his capital, I should, on my arrival at *Byragur*, lose no time in transmitting an account of the insult to the *Mahratta* officers who were in charge of the government. He seemed to be startled at the sight of the *sepoys*; and, as soon as the message was delivered to him, he sent to request a conference with me, to which I assented. A man, called his *Dewan*, who spoke a little bad *Hindevee*, was the interpreter between us. The result of our interview was, that DOOROOG SHAW wanted a present from me: I told him his inhospitable treatment did not merit it, and that I should give him none. At this he appeared much offended; but finding that his importunities availed him nothing, he ordered three of his *Goands* to attend us as guides, with whom we immediately departed, leaving him no time to waver, or to countermand his orders.

Having dismounted from my horse in the course of this march, to take the bearings of some remarkable hills, a man, and a lad about ten years old, whose faces I knew not, fell prostrate at my feet. Upon inquiring into the cause of it, I was informed they belonged to a tribe of *Hindoo* mendicants, known by the name of *Goosaigns*. The man first raising his head and hands, in the most supplicating posture, requested that I would hear him. Surprise at this uncommon circumstance arrested my attention, and he began to recite his tale. He said, that he, in company with many other *Goosaigns*, had set out from the place of their residence, *Mirzapour*, (a town well known on the banks of the *Ganges*,) and that, after having travelled through the English territory to *Cuttack*, and made the pilgrimage of *Jaggernaut*, they had resolved to make all the pilgrimages in the southern parts of the Peninsula: But wishing first to visit the source of

the *Mahanuddee*, and principal places of sanctity upon the upper parts of the *Gunga Godavery*, they had taken their route along the banks of the former. Having travelled unmolested for some time, and subsisted, in some places, on the alms of the *Hindoos*, wherever they found them, they had at length fallen in with the hills and *jungles* inhabited only by the *Goonds*, who had plundered them, and murdered many of their companions; of whose bodies they had made offerings to their God; and that the two pitiful objects before me, were an instance of uncommon good fortune in escaping from the cruelty of these savages. I desired the man and boy to raise themselves up, when they solicited my protection, and permission to follow among my party; alledging, that, but for my taking compassion on their situation, and feeding them, they must undoubtedly perish. The first request I readily granted; but as to the second, I told him that I had been only enabled to travel in these wilds, with so many people, by the most provident precaution; and by making every man carry his food for a certain number of days, until fresh supplies of grain could be procured: that it would not be just in me to deprive any man of his daily allowance, to give to them: but, as there were many *Hindoos* among my people, they might prevail on some of them to part with a little of their grain for immediate subsistence; and that in three days more we should arrive at *Byragur*, where their wants would be more effectually relieved.

The conference being ended, I resumed my journey for the day, and was no more importuned by the *Goosains*; but I observed them afterwards among the *sepoys*, and received many grateful acknowledgments from them for the protection I had afforded them. I found also, on inquiry, that the *Hindoo sepoys* had fed them.

April 17.—Our journey was continued, without any remarkable occurrence, through the hills and *jungles*, to within nine miles of *Byragur*, where we arrived this day. This place was formerly annexed to *Chanda*, and the country still bears that name, though they are now separate *Subahdaries*. BISHUN PUNDIT was at this time *Subahdar* of *Byragur*, and had rented the country for a specific period by contract. The government was much of the same nature as that I had met with in *Choteesgur*. *Byragur* is considered by the *Mahrattas* as a large town, and may consist of about three hundred tiled and thatched houses. It has a stone fort on the N. W. side, close under the east face of

which runs the *Kobragur*, which winds round the S. W. side of the town, and being joined by another small river, takes a north-westerly course, and falls into the *Wainy*, or *Baun Gunga*.

Byragur appeared to be a place of some traffic. I found here large bodies of *Brinjaries* from all parts of *Choteesgur*, and some from the *Circars*. The trade seemed to consist chiefly of cotton, which is brought from the N. W. parts of *Berar* and *Choteesgur*. This is taken up by traders from the *Circars*, who, in exchange for it, give salt, beetle, and coco nuts: and I understand that from this cotton the most beautiful cloths in the Northern *Circars* are manufactured.

The long marches we had made through the hills and jungles, from *Conkair*, having harassed us a good deal, I resolved to rest a day at this place; as well with a view to gain information of the country before us, as to recover from our fatigues. I found the *Conkair Rajah's* information concerning the *Busiar* country, and that at this place I should fall in with a high road leading from *Nagpour* to *Masulipatam*, very accurate. The *Mahratta* government being also well established at *Byragur*, the greatest attention was paid to my pass, and I received every civility and attention in consequence of it.

April 18.—In the evening BISHUN PUNDIT paid me a visit, and detailed to me a route leading from *Byragur*, through the city of *Chanda* to *Rajamandry*, in length about two hundred *cos*, or nearly four hundred miles: But the difference of latitude, in a meridional direction between the two places, not exceeding two hundred geographical miles, that route appeared rather circuitous; and my intelligence from other quarters soon convinced me, that by going to *Chanda*, I should considerably increase the westing I had already made from *Conkair*. As the authority of the *Mahratta* government extended some distance to the eastward of *Chanda*, I thought I might safely venture to take a southerly course for five or six marches, when drawing nearer to that part of the *Nizam's* territory which I was to pass through, I should probably obtain authentic information concerning the state of it.

The general alarm that seemed to have pervaded the whole of the *Berar Rajah's* subjects, throughout *Canada*, in consequence of the *Mahratta* war with the *Nizam*; and, the armies being upon the point of coming to battle, a multitude of apprehensions had been excited, and various reports were already circulated, as to the issue of it. Immense quantities of grain had been sent from

Chanda to supply the *Mahratta* army; and I found it was increased in price near 200 per cent dearer than it had been in *Choteesgur*; rice being sold here at sixteen *seers* for a rupee.

Nagpore is not more than seventy miles from *Byragur* in a north-westerly direction. I might now be said to be verging upon the *Deccan*; and the change of climate, on entering the plain country, had become very perceptible; for the nights, which in the *Goand* hills had been very chill, were now become hot. The soil in *Chanda* appears sandy; and the produce is chiefly rice, with small quantities of pulse and sugarcane. Numerous herds of the finest goats, and sheep, are bred in this part of the country.

April 19.—I moved from *Byragur* about sixteen miles to *Purla*; and proceeded through the eastern side of *Chanda*, skirting round the *Goand* hills and *jungles* which lay to the left of my route. I was informed, that this hilly tract is partly subject to the *Mahrattas*; but, at the distance of twenty *coss* the country belongs to the *Buster Rajah*, who is independent; and the inhabitants so wild, that it is never frequented by travellers; and I was told of more instances of *Pakeers* having been murdered in attempting to penetrate through it.

April 20.—We arrived at *Cherolygur*, a large and well peopled village; from which place, I understood, the city of *Chanda* is only thirty *coss* distant. Three marches more through a country tolerably open, brought us to *Knusery*, which is under the *Subahdary* of *Chanda*.

April 24.—We reached *Tolady*, a village near the S. E. frontier of the *Chanda Purgunnah*; and crossed this day the *Wainy*, or *Baungunga* river, which, rising in the hills of *Choteesgur*, receives all the little streams that have their sources on the S. W. side of the hills that divide the campaign country of *Choteesgur* from *Berar*. We had observed for the last two days many numerous flocks of sheep and goats in the villages. The soil was very sandy; and the white ants so numerous that they ate the people's cloaths while they slept, and scarcely left them or me a pair of shoes.

April 25.—Our march terminated at the little village of *Cotala*. I had now proceeded so far in a southerly direction, as nearly to reach the *Chanda* frontier; and I was informed that only one small *Purgunnah*, belonging to the *Berar Rajah*, intervened

between this place and the *Nizam's* territory; through which a high road leads into the *Ellore Circar*.

The hostilities which at this time existed between the *Nizam* and the *Mahratta* Empire, suggested to me the necessity of proceeding with caution, in passing the frontier of their respective countries; for, having no pass, nor public papers, to produce to the *Nizam's* officers, it was very uncertain in what manner they might receive me; or whether they would not resist my entering the territory of their sovereign. The *Purgunnah* I should first enter upon, subject to the *Nizam*, was *Chinnoor*; the capital town of which, bearing the same name, is situated on the north bank of the river *Godavery*. I was informed that this was the only inhabited place in the whole district; for the *Zemeendar* who rented the country having rebelled about seven years before, the *Nizam* had sent a large body of troops to subdue him; but, not being able to get possession of his person, had laid waste the country, and had encouraged his vassals to pillage it likewise. This warfare had continued about four years, when the refractory *Zemeendar* was at length betrayed by his own adherents, and murdered; after which all his strong holds were reduced. But the calamity occasioned by this scene of repine, and murder, fell heaviest upon the peasantry, who had all fled, and sought refuge in the neighbouring districts; and, for the last three years, there had not been an inhabitant in the whole district, excepting a few matchlockmen in the fort of *Chinnoor*.

As my route would not lay within thirty miles of *Chinnoor*, I had nothing to apprehend from that quarter; and the rest of the country being desolate, there was no body to obstruct me until I should have crossed the *Godavery*, and proceeded about forty coss along the south bank of that river, which would bring me upon the *Rajah* of *Paloonshah's* frontier.

ASHRUFF ROW, the *Rajah* of *Paloonshah* had likewise resisted the *Nizam's* government for many years; and at this time he barely acknowledged allegiance to him. Upon inquiring into his history, character, and in what manner travellers who passed through his country were treated, I was informed, that the old *Rajah* had left two sons the eldest of whom who was only nineteen years of age at the time of his father's decease, had succeeded him. That his territory consisted of two *Purgunnahs* from the *Cummun Zemeendary*, viz., *Paloonshah*, and *Sunkergherry*. He is a *Munsubdar* of the Empire, and holds the country as a *Jagheer*, on consideration of his maintaining a certain

body of troops for the service of his sovereign. When the Nizam's government was effective in *Paloonsah*, all the roads were much frequented; but since the *Rajah* had been refractory, the roads were shut up; and several horse merchants who had attempted to pass through the country, of late years, had been either robbed of their horses or the *Rajah* had taken them for much less than their real value. The only travellers who frequented this road at present, were the *Brinjaries*; and they were only permitted to pass on condition of paying certain duties, but even this the *Rajah* would not have allowed, but from an apprehension that the *Mahrattas* might encourage the wild *Goands*, who live in the hills on the north side of the *Godavery*, to plunder his country; as indeed they had formerly done; when the rapine and murder committed by them, had so much distressed the *Tillinghy* inhabitants, that they stood in the greatest dread of those savages ever since.

From these unfavourable accounts of the *Paloonsah Rajah*, I had little reason to expect that I should get through his country without trouble; which induced me to direct my attention seriously to the *Goand* hills and *jungles*, with a view to discover, if possible, some tract through them into the Company's territory near the sea coast.

April 26.—After skirting along the east side of the *Seerpour Pargunnah*, I arrived near the town of *Beejoor*, within four *coss* of the hills and *jungles* that are inhabited only by the *Goands*. My information concerning the Nizam's country being at this place fully confirmed, I resolved to avoid it if possible. I understood that there was no regular road through the hilly country to the sea coast, but that the *Brinjaries* sometimes penetrate through it, and that they frequently go into the hills, with sugar and salt, to barter with the *Goands* for the produce of their *jungles*. The difference of latitude between *Ellore* and this place, being little more than two degrees, convinced me that the distance in a direct line could not be great. The route through *Chinnor*, and *Paloonsah*, I knew to be very circuitous, which was another reason for my wishing to avoid it: I therefore pursued every inquiry as to the disposition of the *Goand* chiefs who possess those immense ranges of mountains, with a view to attempt a passage through them.

The districts adjoining to the eastern parts of the *Mahratta* territory, were at this time under *INKUT ROW*, a *Goand* chief, who had formerly been the principal *Rajah* in the southern parts

of *Goandwannah*; and who held them as a *Jagheer* from the Berar government. I was told, that some attention would be paid to my pass throughout his territory, which extended a considerable way into the hills: That, upon leaving his frontier, I should enter the country of the *Bustar Rajah*. And, having a recommendatory letter to that chief, I concluded that his subjects would not materially impede my journey. As the distance in a direct line, from *Beejoor* to the sea coast, could not exceed one hundred and fifty miles, I had every reason to expect, that, on leaving *INKUT ROW*'s frontier, I should be enabled to reach the Company's territory in five or six long marches. I had resolved moreover, to keep in reserve provisions for twelve days consumption, that, in the event of accidents or delays, in a wild country, and difficult road, we might not be distressed on this head; and should require nothing from the *Goands*, but to direct us in the track we were to follow. I entertained but little doubt of meeting *Brinjaries*, who, for a handsome gratuity, might be induced to assist us, and possibly to conduct me through the *Bustar* territory; in which case I should be totally independent of the *Goands*; not conceiving that they would ever oppose me in open force.

April 27.—With this plan in view, I entered upon *INKUT ROW*'s territory, and, after crossing the *Baungunga* river, encamped near the village of *Dewilmurry*, which is situated on its eastern bank. This was the most considerable *Goand* hamlet I had seen, and might consist of about fifty huts. An extensive spot of ground was cleared and cultivated around it; and beyond the village some lofty ranges of hills appeared to rise. The river is here a considerable stream, being augmented by the junction of the *Wurda* and *Wainy Gunga*, about three coss to the north-westward of this place.

The usual residence of *INKUT ROW* is at *Arpilly*, about ten coss distant from *Dewilmurry*, is a N. E. direction among the hills. He is a *surdar* of five hundred horse in the *Mahratta* service, and was at this time absent, in command of an expedition against the districts of *Edilabad* and *Neermul*, belonging to the *Nizam*: These are separated from *Chanda* only by a range of hills; the passes through which had been already secured, to prevent supplies of grain being carried into the enemy's country.

The *Goands* had been so much alarmed on our approach, that they all fled out of the village; excepting two or three men

who had been converted to the *Mahommedan* faith; and who no sooner perceived that we were travellers, than their fears subsided, and, after saluting us with the *Salam aleicum*, they returned to take peaceable possession of their dwellings.

We procured here as much rice as we required; and the *Goands* having given us forage for our cattle *gratis*, and readily provided us with guides for the ensuing day, I looked upon this as an auspicious omen to my passing through their hills and wilds without molestation. I made some inquiry into the nature of the track before us; but, not being able to understand their jargon, the result was little satisfactory. Their hospitable behaviour, however, encouraged me to proceed.

April 28.—We marched about fourteen miles, the road leading through a thick forest, in a narrow valley, to the village of *Rajaram*, where, soon after our arrival, several *Goands* who were intoxicated came out of their huts making a great uproar. We encamped at a small *tank*, about half a mile from the village, leaving the savages to enjoy their inebriation. The guides, who had conducted us from *Devilmurry*, went into the village, and brought us two men, one of whom spoke *Tellinghy*. The other, I was told, was a relation of *INKUT ROW's*, and a man of some consequence, which indeed, from his appearance, I should not have discovered; for, excepting a small cloth round his waist, he was perfectly naked. A little courtesy soon induced him to supply us with some dry grain, such as *Raggy*, an Indian corn; and as far as I could understand, he feigned to regret that his country afforded nothing more acceptable to us. I made the *Goand* chief a trifling present, with which he appeared to be well pleased, and shewed an inclination to be much more communicative. This led me to question him concerning the *Bustar Goands*; when he informed me, that at a very short distance I should find them quite wild; and that even his appearance among them, with a white cloth on, was sufficient to alarm them; for they were all naked, both men and women. He said, that in the direction I was going, I should on the ensuing day enter the territory of another *Goand* chief, who was nephew to *INKUT ROW*, and who, in consequence of my *Mahratta* pass, would treat me with attention. Beyond this, I should fall in with a considerable river, called the *Inderowty*, and, after crossing it, should enter upon the *Bustar Rajah's* territory of *Bhopaulputtun*, where the people are very wild. This intelligence was very pleasing to

me; for, not having met with any rice this day, I began to apprehend that I had been neglectful in not taking a larger supply from *Dezilmurry*, and now determined to avail myself of the first opportunity that might occur, to lay in as much as we could carry.

As I expected to meet with *Brinjaries* on my way to the *Inderowty* river, I had determined to wait there until I should have laid in more grain, and procured guides who might be depended upon, for conducting us through the mountainous wilderness between it and the Company's territory. The *Goand* chief readily furnished guides from this place; but requested that I would release them, on their being relieved by other guides, at the village of *Cowlaipour*, which I should meet with about two coss from *Rajaram*. This I faithfully promised to comply with.

April 29.—We proceeded towards the *Inderowty*, and found some *Goands* ready stationed at *Cowlaipour* to relieve our guides. Perceiving likewise some *Brinjaries* in the village, I stopped to inquire of them how far distant the *Inderowty* river was; and if they thought I could reach it that day. They replied in the negative, and advised me to halt at the village of *Charrak*, and to proceed to the river on the ensuing day, where I should find some of their tribe encamped.

With this scheme in view I went on, and, the guides having been relieved, we moved on briskly. The path now became so slight, as to be barely perceptible, and the jungle almost impenetrable. The hills closed on both sides of us, and I had nothing but a prospect of the most impenetrable and mountainous wilds before me. Our guides frequently gave us the slip, and we immediately lost them in the woods; so that it was with difficulty we reached the village of *Charrak*. It was evident that the inhabitants we now met with, were more uncivilized than those we had seen on our first entering the *Goand* territory. The only two guides who had remained with us, delivered over their charge to the people of *Charrak*: who, however, refused to receive it; and shortly after, men, women, and children, in a body, deserted the village, and fled into the hills, and adjacent wilds. I was at a loss to account for their sudden departure; for although some symptoms of dissatisfaction, or fear, had appeared in their countenances, on our first arrival, they could have no cause for such an abrupt proceeding. Our wants at this

time were but few, and, in reality, consisted only in the necessity we were under of having guides to conduct us through this labyrinth of wilderness; but how to procure one appeared an unsurmountable difficulty, until chance threw two *Brinjaries* in our way, whom I prevailed on to remain with us, and accompany us to the next village on the ensuing day.

April 30.—Having resolved this day to cross the *Inderowty*, and, if possible, to reach *Bhopaulputtun*, we commenced our march early. The *Brinjaries*, who had not been detained without reluctance, and evident marks of fear, now supplicated earnestly to be released. I assured them that I would do so, as soon as a guide could be procured from the village of *Jasely*, which was said to be only three coss distant, upon which they appeared to be somewhat pacified. I travelled on as usual a little in front; but we had not proceeded far, when one of the *Brinjaries* informed us that if the whole party appeared at once, the inhabitants of the village would be alarmed, and would certainly desert their habitations; by which our hopes of getting a guide would be frustrated: that, to prevent this, he would go on in front, with only one man, meanly clad, while the rest of the party should remain a little behind. With this scheme in view, the *Brinjary* proceeded, but had scarcely gone a hundred yards from a little hill close on our left, when he perceived a considerable body of men lying in a *nulla*, which runs close under the end of the hill; and, upon our advancing, a discharge of about thirty or forty matchlocks, and many arrows, was fired upon us. This made us halt; and having only two *sepoys* with me at the time, three or four servants, and the *lascar* with my perambulator, I resolved to fall back to my party. Upon our retiring, the *Goonds* advanced rapidly from the *nulla* and *jungle*; and a party of them made their appearance on the top of the hill. At this instant, fortunately, I was joined by a *naick* and four *sepoys* of my advance, and immediately formed them, priming and loading in a little space of open ground on our right. As soon as the *sepoys* had loaded, I would fain have parleyed with the savages before firing; but all my endeavours towards it were ineffectual; and as they continued to rush with impetuosity towards us, with their matches lighted, and arrows fixed in their bows, they received the fire of my party at the distance of about twenty yards, when four or five of them instantly dropped. This gave them an immediate check, and they ran off, hallooing and shouting, into the woods; carrying off their killed and wounded,

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all but one body; and leaving some of their arms, which fell into our possession. The rest of my people having by this time joined me, I directed a party of a *naick* and four *sepoys* to drive them from the hill: this they soon effected; after which, disposing of the small force I had with me, in such a manner as it might act to most advantage if again attacked, we moved forward, with the hope of reaching *Bhopaulputtun* that night.

Nothing worthy of remark occurred until we came to the *Inderowty* river; where, not being able to find a ford, we were necessitated to encamp on its bank. I was the more vexed at this disappointment, as it prevented our leaving the territory of the *Goand* chief whose subjects had treated us with such inhospitality. The village of *Jasely*, which we had passed, appeared to be deserted; and upon looking into the country around me, I could only perceive about ten huts, which were likewise desolate. As the day closed, I discovered, with my telescope, three or four men with matchlocks, who seemed to be observing us from behind a rock on the opposite side of the river. They hallooed to us in a language which we could not understand; but the *Brinjaries* informed us, that they said we should not be allowed to pass the river, until they had received orders to that effect from *Bhopaulputtun*. To this I replied, that we had a pass from the *Mahratta* government, which I would send for the inspection of their chief next morning. In about an hour after, they hallooed again, inquiring whether we came as friends or enemies. I desired the *Brinjaries* to reply, that we were travellers who paid for what we wanted, and took no notice of anything but our road. The sound of *tom-toms* soon after apprized us, that the *Goands* were collecting, which induced me to dispose of the cattle, and their loads in such a manner as we could best defend them if attacked. But the sound ceasing, and perceiving no approach of the enemy, we laid down to rest under arms. About midnight, the noise of people paddling through the water, informed us of their approach. They appeared to be crossing the river about half a mile above us, and from the sound, I judged them to be in considerable numbers. I immediately directed all the lights to be put out, and enjoined a perfect silence. The night was exceedingly dark, which rendered it impossible for the *Goands* to see us, or we them, at a greater distance than twenty yards. I sent scouts to observe their motions, with directions to retire before them, should they advance, which they did not however attempt; and, after deliberating about half an hour, they went back.

Finding the people of the country thus inhospitably inclined towards us, I conceived it would be hazardous to send a messenger to *Bhopaulputtun*; for, should he be detained, or put to death, we might wait in vain for an answer, until the numbers by which we should be surrounded would effectually cut off our retreat. The *Goands* appeared to be in full expectation of our attempting to pass the river, which they would no doubt have resisted; so that the only way to extricate ourselves from the present embarrassing situation, was to retreat as fast as possible by the road we had come. At midnight rain came on, which rendered the road very slippery for our cattle; but the weather clearing up at day break, we moved off in perfect silence.

May 1.—We had proceeded about eleven miles, without being observed, when the discharge of some matchlocks apprized us, that the *Goands* were at no great distance; and on coming to the village of *Cowlapour*, through which our road led, we found about 300 of them posted in it, seemingly with a determination to dispute the passage. It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon, the sun bright, and, as usual at this season of the year, excessively hot. We had got back eighteen miles of our distance, and had yet eight more to go before we could reach *Rajaram*; at which place I was resolved to take post for that night. The rain had retarded the progress of my camels, but had proved beneficial in other respects; for the water having collected in the hollows of the country, enabled my people to slake their thirst, which the heat, and length of the march, would otherwise have rendered insupportable. Upon our arrival within musket shot of *Cowlapour*, I halted my party at a well, the only supply of water to the village; and desired my people to lose no time in refreshing themselves with a drink, and likewise to refresh the cattle. The *Goands* sent me repeated threats of the annihilation of my party, unless we could pay them a large sum of money; to which I replied, that I would pay nothing; they having no right to demand it: and I cautioned them against acting in defiance to the pass which I had in my possession from the *Rajah* of *Nagpur*; whose country I was in, and whose subjects they were. Upon this they demanded to see it, which I readily complied with; but none of them being able to read, they appeared doubtful of its authenticity. This parley engaged us for about an hour; when the people of the village growing thirsty, were necessitated to beg us to let them have access to the well; which, in hopes of pacifying them, we readily consented to; but they found that the water had been drained by my people; who being

now refreshed, I informed the *Goands*, that it was my determination to proceed immediately. To this they replied, that the son of their chief was arrived, who assured us, that if our pass was authentic, we might proceed unmolested to *Rajaram*; where it would be further investigated. This being all we required, we pursued our route, and encamped that evening, about 5 o'clock at *Rajaram*, taking up our post at a trunk. Here we found the *Goands*, who had been very friendly before, all armed, and huddled together in a few detached huts; but nothing, however, occurred to interrupt our repose during the night.

May 2.—With the commencement of the day we resumed our march; but had scarcely loaded the cattle, and moved off the ground, when a messenger arrived desiring us to halt until the *Goand* chief of that part of the country should arrive; which he said would be in two or three hours. I replied, that what the chief might have to say to me, he could as well communicate at *Dewilmurry* as at *Rajaram*, and so proceeded on; when the messenger, who appeared to be much surprized at our not paying obedience to the message, went off. About eleven o'clock we arrived at *Dewilmurry*; and, after crossing the river, encamped on the opposite shore, within the *Mahratta* territory. Our wants in grain having become very pressing, the people of the village cheerfully opened their shops, and supplied us abundantly with every thing we stood in need of.

We had observed two or three men following our rear, all the way from *Rajaram*; but little suspected that it was the advance of the *Goand* chief's party, who had sent a messenger to us in the morning. He arrived about an hour after us at *Dewilmurry*, and immediately sent a message, requiring to see my pass. It was accordingly sent him; when he shewed every respect to it, and requested an interview with me which was likewise agreed upon. He came about noon, escorted by his attendance, and, after mutual salutations, a conversation, through the medium of an interpreter, took place. He apologized much for the ill treatment I had received in his country; and expressed some satisfaction, that the people who had attacked me had met with their deserts. He assured me that he had no knowledge of my intention of going through his country, or he would have provided against any accidents of that kind; and was grieved for what we must have suffered in our retreat during such excessive hot weather. He concluded by expressing a hope that I would look

over it, and not make any complaint against him to the government at *Nagpore*. I replied, that, not having sustained any material injury, and, as he expressed a great deal of contrition at what had happened, I should not prefer any complaint against him.

Upon inquiring his name, he told me it was LOLL SHAW; that he had lately come from *Nagpore*, to take charge of his brother INKUT ROW's *Jagheer* during his absence with the *Berar Rajah's* forces on the *Nizam's* frontier. He then departed, requesting permission to visit me on the ensuing day.

The *Mahratta Aumil* in *Dewilmurri* informed us, that it was very fortunate we had lost no time in our retreat; for, notwithstanding the friendly assurances of the *Goand* chief, all his vassals, and every neighbouring *Goand Rajah*, had been summoned to co-operate with him, for the purpose of plundering and cutting us off; and that if we had delayed but a few hours more, our retreat would have been almost impossible.

Rajah LOLL SHAW came again this evening, according to appointment, and was escorted by a numerous retinue, with their pieces loaded, and matches burning. The salutation being over, I inquired of him as to the nature of the country through which it was my intention to have proceeded, by *Bhopaulputtun*, to the Company's territory. He candidly informed me, that I had done well in returning; for that the road, to my party, would have been almost impracticable. He described the country as being very mountainous, and full of passes which are exceedingly steep: that the only travellers who ever venture through it, are a few *Brinjaries*, who experience the greatest difficulties in their progress through these wild regions: that the inhabitants are of a more savage nature than any others of the *Goand* tribes; both sexes going naked, and living entirely upon the produce of their woods: that even the people in his country, who, by communication with the *Mahrattas*, had become in some degree civilized, eat grain only during three months of the year, and subsist on roots, and fruits, during the remaining nine months. That after passing *Bhopaulputtun*, we should not have been able to procure grain for our subsistence, and should have found no other road than a slender foot path in many places almost impervious: that the wild *Goands* moreover would have continually harassed us, and we must have been frequently bewildered for want of a guide.

From what information I could collect, it did not appear that the want of grain in the hills, and forest, between us and the

Circars, proceeded from any deficiency in the soil, for the trees which grow in it are large and flourishing; but, from the unsettled nature of the wild inhabitants, to whose minds a predatory life is most agreeable; and while they find sustenance to their satisfaction, produced spontaneously by nature, they do not feel the necessity of toiling for greater luxuries. Being unacquainted with any greater enjoyment than that of roving in their wilds, as their fancy directs, they consider the occupations of husbandry and agriculture as superfluous, and not necessary for their welfare.

LOLL SHAW likewise informed me that the *Goands* beyond his country had no matchlocks, which his people had been taught the use of by the *Mahrattas*; but they were all provided with bows and arrows; that they usually fix the bow with their feet, directing the arrow and drawing the cord with their hand, and throw the arrow with precision to a considerable distance.

I computed that LOLL SHAW'S party might amount to 500 *Goands*, most of them large and well made men. Upon comparing them with the *sepoys*, they appeared in no wise to be inferior to them in stature, but very black; and I was informed that the *Mahrattas* considered them as better soldiers than even the *Rajepoots*. In the little skirmish I had with them, I saw no reason to think so; but if I had had to contend with LOLL SHAW'S men, who were certainly better armed than those who had attacked us, I might perhaps have found them a more formidable enemy.

I had now no alternative in proceeding to the Company's territory, but to go more to the southward, by the road I have mentioned before, as leading through the *Paloonshah Rajah's* country into the *Ellore Circar*. Upon inquiring of LOLL SHAW if he could give me any information as to the situation and views of that chief he replied, that he was then at variance with the *Nizam*; but having once seen his *Diwan*, and being on terms of friendship with him, he offered to give me a letter recommending me to his care and attention. A more agreeable proposal he could not have made, and I thankfully accepted his offer; but the *Goand* chief being unable to write, some delay occurred before a man was found who could write in the *Tellinghy* character: he then dictated the letter, and having affixed his seal to it, delivered it to me.

LOLL SHAW having voluntarily done me a kindness, I thought some acknowledgment would be proper on my part.

He had been very curious in examining the arms of the *sepoys* who were standing around me, and expressed much surprise at the instantaneous manner in which he had seen them discharged. I took this opportunity of presenting the chief with my fowling-piece, which being fired before him, he received it with every mark of gratitude and satisfaction, and said, that it should be kept in his family, as a friendly memorial of the *Fringshs* (Europeans); and added, that I might rest assured his *Goonds* would never more offer me any molestation. The interview had now lasted five hours until ten at night, when he rose up to take leave, and assuring me of eternal friendship, departed.

May 3.—We returned to *Beejoor*, where we fell in again with the high road, and proceeded the same day to *Nuggong*. The *Mahratta Aumil* at *Beejoor* readily relieved our guides, and congratulated me on my escape from the mountains and *jungles* in which, he said, so many of his people had been lost, and never more heard of. He informed me that even the *Brinjaries*, who never ventured among these *Goonds*, until the most solemn protestations of security were given, had in many instances been plundered. The *Berar Rajah*, however, was much indebted to these travelling merchants for having conciliated, and, in some degree civilized a number of those wild people: for the traffic which they carry on among them, particularly in salt and sugar, had introduced a taste for luxuries, which many of them now could not easily dispense with. This had also induced them to be more industrious in collecting the produce of their *jungles*: such as lac, iron ore, and other articles for barter; and had necessitated their affording protection to the *Brinjaries*. In the course of this traffic, which had now lasted about twenty-five years, the desire of the *Goonds* for salt and sugar had considerably increased; and tendered more to their civilization than any other means: for before they had tasted or acquired a relish for those articles, no man could venture among them; and he assured me, that it had a more powerful effect than the whole force of the *Mahratta* arms, in rendering them obedient to their government.

Soon after leaving *Beejoor*, we began gradually to descend, and on our arrival at *Nuggong*, we found the country so parched, that forage could not be procured; which compelled me to feed my cattle on the leaves of the *Banyan** trees, and to increase their allowance of dry grain. The price of grain had very much

**Ficus Bengalensis*.

increased since we had left *Byragur*; but was not now to be bought at more than eight seers for a *rupee*. A report having reached this place, that, in the skirmish between the *Goands* and my party, some hundreds had fallen on both sides, the inhabitants had, in consequence, taken the alarm; and it was not until I had produced my pass, that any of them would come near us.

May 4.—We proceeded to *Ewunpilly*, a *Mahratta* post, on the south-east frontier of the *Berar Rajah's* country, at which place, in a small mud fort, were stationed about 200 horse, and some men with matchlocks. The alarm which, on our approach, appeared to pervade them was such, that they immediately retired into the fort where they secured themselves. I allowed my camp to be pitched, and waited till we had all taken some refreshment, before I sent my pass for the inspection of the commanding officer. My *Moonshee* being then deputed with it, was refused admittance into the fort; and the *Mahrattas* threatened to fire upon him if he did not immediately retire. He told them that he had come without arms, and with only a paper to shew to any of their party who could read; upon which, after some little hesitation, they allowed him to come to the gate. When they had inspected the pass, they said it was a very old one, and declared that it must be a counterfeit; for *from what part of the English territory could I have come?* They then very angrily told the man to go away, and to give them no further trouble. I was much vexed at their inhospitable conduct, and sent him once more to reason with them upon the consequences of acting in defiance to the order and seal of the *Berar Rajah*; and to tell them, that if they would not comply with the terms prescribed in it, I should wait at *Ewunpilly*, and dispatch an account of their conduct to the *Subahdar* of *Seepour*, who resided only at the distance of ten coss westward. It was not, however, until several hours had elapsed that they could be persuaded we were not an enemy: but towards noon they came out of the fort, and by the evening were quite pacified. At this time the *Mahratta* officer on command came to pay me a visit. I chided him for his alarm; to which he very reasonably replied, that circumspection in his situation was but proper; for, as the *Nizam* had many *Fringhys* in his service, how was he to know that I was not one of them. As it was not my interest to enter into further altercation with him on the subject, and his fears seemed to have subsided, I began to interrogate him concerning the extent of

but being separated from us by a thick forest, it was with difficulty we could penetrate to it. Having proceeded about seventeen miles to the ruins of the little village of *Unnar*, I halted at that place until three in the afternoon. The extreme heat of the day would have induced me to halt here for the night, but it was necessary to proceed, and to cross the *Godavery* before dark, in order that the *Nizam's* people might not have time to obstruct our passage. The road continued gradually descending, and the soil was now wholly rock and coarse sand. Upon our arrival near the *Godavery*, I discovered a large fort upon an eminence, at the confluence of the *Baun Ganga*; and with my glass could perceive a white flag. The sound of *tom-toms* soon after apprized us, that although the villages were deserted, the woods were full of men; and that the people at their alarm posts were on the watch. On coming to the river, we discovered several small parties of matchlockmen scattered along the sands in its bed. I halted to collect my party, and finding the stream very shallow, we crossed over without molestation, and encamped in a clear spot of ground on the southern bank.

I might now be said to have entered upon that part of India which is known by the name of *Tellingana*, the inhabitants of which are called *Tellinghys*, and speak a language peculiar to themselves. This dialect appears to bear a strong resemblance to what, in the *Circars*, is called *Gentoos*.

After the heat of the day, and length of the march, our situation close to the river had a very refreshing and pleasing effect. I was highly delighted with the romantic view which the confluence of the *Godavery* and *Baun Gunga* rivers now presented. I could see quite up to the fort of *Suruncha*; and an opening beyond it likewise shewed the junction of the *Inderowty* river with the latter. The blue mountains and distant forests, which terminated the prospect, rendered the whole a very sublime and interesting scene.

There is here a small *pagoda* sacred to the *Hindoo* goddess *Cali*, situated on the north-east bank of the river, at the confluence; which imparts its name to this passage over the *Gunga Godavery*, called *Calisair ghaut*; and annually draws a great concourse of pilgrims, who, from ideas of purification, come to wash in the waters of the confluent streams.*

*The confluences of all the principal rivers throughout *Hindoostan*, as well as their sources, are places of *Hindoo* worship and superstition; and to these many thousands of pilgrims annually resort.

The bed of the *Godavery* at this *ghaut* is about a mile in breadth, and consisted at this season of a wide expanse of sand. The quantity of water, where we crossed it, was inconsiderable; being divided into four or five little streams, the sum of whose widths did not exceed one hundred feet, and was no where more than fifteen inches deep.

May 6.—We commenced our march along the western bank of the *Godavery*. On passing the ruins of the town of *Calisair*, I could perceive the remains of an old fort, a mosque and a *Mussulman's* tomb. I was informed that this place had been the residence of the *Nizam's* officer who had formerly been entrusted with the charge of the district of *Chinnoor*; and who having joined the *Zemcendar* in resisting the *Nizam's* government, had afterwards fallen a victim to his treachery. My march this day was thorough a thick forest, gradually descending the whole way; and terminated at a fort, around which there had formerly been a considerable town, called *Mahadeopour*; but which, excepting a small number of armed men, and a few miserable *Tellinghy* inhabitants, appeared now to be desolate. The fort had a double rampart and *fosse*, and had evidently been a place of some strength. The innumerable marks of cannon shots on the walls, indicated that it had stood a siege, and had also made a considerable resistance. We had no sooner encamped, than a man came out to inquire for news of the *Nizam's* and *Mahratta* armies, and what was likely to be the issue of the war; but not finding his curiosity gratified, he returned.

May 7.—After leaving this place, we proceeded twenty-three miles, and encamped near a well on a small spot of open ground in the *jungle*. Many deserted villages occurred on the march; and the road was for the most part over a heavy sand, without a drop of water near it. The periodical rains having failed in this part of the country for several years, the tanks, wells and reservoirs had mostly dried up, which rendered the heat and length of our journey this day the more distressing. The extreme thirst of my people and cattle soon exhausted the little water we found in the well, and the river being five miles distant, and separated from us by a ridge of hills, was consequently out of our reach. Luckily the guides whom we had brought from *Ewunpilly*, and who had frequently travelled this road, informed us that about the distance of a mile there were a few *Goand* huts, the inhabitants of which were supplied with water from a spring.

We set out immediately in search of it, and, to our great joy, found it was not dried up; and, on digging a little in the sand, abundance of water flowed out.

Marching at this season, in the heat of the day, oppressed us exceedingly, but the unsettled state of the country, and the probable risk of being attacked, rendered it unavoidable. Although the road was a beaten one, and tolerably clear of brushwood, yet the forest on each side being excessively thick, might, if we had moved in the dark, have enabled an enemy to come upon us unawares: whereas, by travelling in the day, and taking our ground in a clear spot, we were always in a situation to defend ourselves with advantage. The women and children who had accompanied the *sepoys*, and who, at the commencement of our journey, had been accustomed to ride, were now, from the reduced state of the cattle, compelled to walk. They appeared, however, to be fully impressed with the necessity of the case; and although they would have suffered less by travelling in the cool of the night, yet they must have created considerable confusion in case of an attack at that time; exclusive of which considerations, the daylight was essentially necessary to my geographical pursuits.

May 8.—We reached the *Paloonshah Rajah's* frontier, and our journey terminated at the village of *Etoor*, where we fell in once more with the *Godavery*.

May 9.—Proceeded to *Naugwarrum*. When we came within two miles of this place, the beating of *tom-toms* and blowing of horns, again apprized us of an armed force being in the woods. Our guides informed us that it was the alarm posts of CUMMUNY BOOEY, a *Zemeendar* of *Naugwarrum*, and vassal to ASHRUFF ROW, the *Rajah* of *Paloonshah*. They advised me to proceed with caution; and, being known to his people, they proposed to go on first, and inform them who we were. I halted to collect my party; and soon after one of the guides, who had gone forward to the village, returned with an account that the people would not credit a word he had said, but had abused him; and that the inhabitants were all armed, and assembled to oppose us. Having no alternative but to proceed, I advanced with my party, and took a circuit by the river to avoid the village. The rest of my people followed in the rear; and as we did not pass within reach of their fire arms, they continued to gaze at us without attempting to offer any hostility, or to quit their post. We then took up our ground on the bank of the river; and as soon as the camp was pitched, I advanced with two of our guides and a few of

the *sepoys*, towards the village. We beckoned to some of the villagers to come forward, when a few of them came out to meet us, and finding we were not enemies, their alarm immediately subsided. They informed us that the reason of their keeping up these posts was to be on their guard against the *Goands*, who, at this season, while the river is low, sometimes take the opportunity of crossing, and surprising them in the night. The rapine and murder which they had suffered by these sudden attacks kept the *Tellinghys* in constant alarm.

This afternoon, perceiving a little eminence, not far from our camp, which seemed to present a favourable situation for viewing the country, I went to it; and was much gratified with a prospect of about fifteen miles of the course of the *Godavery*. Immense ranges of mountains, and forests, appeared to extend from *Suruncha*, along the east side of the river, to the quarter opposite this place; and thence to the south-eastward as far as the eye could reach. The wild scenery which now presented itself, and the rugged appearance of the mountains, made me reflect with satisfaction on having relinquished the attempt of penetrating through a country where every imaginable difficulty and danger must have been encountered; and in which, perhaps, our whole party would have been cut off.

Our guides, who, in consideration of the very large recompense I had offered them, had undertaken to conduct us into the *Ellore Circar*, were now exceedingly cautious of shewing themselves in the villages; and whenever grain, or any other article, was to be purchased, it was with the utmost reluctance that they could be persuaded to interpret and deal for us with the *Tellinghys*. They alleged that should they be recognized, they would undoubtedly, on their return, be seized and put to death.

At *Etoor* we met some people conducting about forty carts loaded with cotton, who, we were told, had come from *Chanda*; and were proceeding to the manufactories at *Maddapollom* in the Company's territory. Their cattle having suffered much from the heat, and want of water, they had halted at this place to refresh, previous to the continuance of their journey. It was pleasing to meet with travellers subject to our own government in this inhospitable country; and this circumstance evidently shewed, that the road had long been frequented. I was informed, that in seasons when water and grain are in abundance, the *Brinjaries* frequently pass this way from the sea coast to *Chanda*.

May 10.—I proceeded to *Mangapeit*, which is the head of a small *Purgunnah* bearing the same name, and is the residence of the *Paloonshah Rajah's* officer NARRAIN ROW. This is a large village, situated close on the west bank of the *Godavery*, and has a little mud fort in the middle of it. On coming to this place, we perceived a considerable body of armed men, who, soon after our arrival, appeared extremely hostile, and uttered a variety of threats against us, of imprisonment and destruction to the whole party. My followers were much intimidated thereby; but, to prevent the panic increasing, I ordered the camp to be struck, and prepared for battle. The effect of this was very visible in the immediate alteration of their conduct towards us; and the altercation ended by an interview with NARRAIN ROW. He was much surprised at the prelude to our conversation, by my presenting him with a letter from LOLL SHAW; and had no sooner perused it, than our affairs began to wear a better aspect. Being a *Tellinghy*, and speaking no other language, we could only converse through the medium of an interpreter; from whom I soon understood, that he proposed to purchase my *Toorky* horse. I answered, that I was not a merchant, and could not assent to his proposal. He then said, that such a fine animal had never come into his country, and begged to know if I would part with it upon any other terms; as he wished to present it to his young *Rajah*, who was very fond of horses. Upon this my interpreter informed him, that I could give no positive answer for the present; but that if he would send a respectable man with me as far as the Company's territory, which I hoped to reach at furthest in seven days, I should then have less occasion for the very useful services of the animal, and might feel less reluctance to part with him. Finding he could not prevail on me to sell him the *Toorky*, he then tried to purchase a little horse belonging to the *Jemadar* of my escort, and one of the *sepoys's* *tattoos*. As the animals were much reduced, and a good price was offered, bargains were very near being concluded; when conceiving it might create a suspicion of our being on a trading concern, I immediately put a stop to the traffic; and as they did not offer any impediment to my proceeding, I ordered the cattle to be loaded, and we moved off, leaving NARRAIN ROW and his people somewhat disappointed.

The mountains continue close down to the east side of the *Godavery*, opposite this place; and the wild inhabitants sometimes extend their depredations into the country on this side of the river. The *Tellinghys* detailed to us some horrid acts of

barbarity that had attended the pillaging of their village by the *Goonds*; these, they said, were always committed by secret nocturnal expeditions; in which the mountaineers had frequently eluded the vigilance of their alarm posts, and surprized the villagers while at rest, and neither the defenceless persons of women, or children, had, in such cases, escaped their savage fury. Their weapons are bows and arrows, hatchets, and lances.

Having afterwards heard of a people, who in the Northern Circars are called *Goonds*, and whose depredations into those provinces are attended with similar acts of cruelty, I naturally conceived them to be the same tribe; but, in a conversation with General Munro, the officer in charge of the *Mahratta Purgana*, of *Mandlapata*, and who appeared to be well acquainted with the different tribes of mountaineers subject to the *Berar* government; he informed me, that these are a different race from the *Goonds*. The latter, he said, are much larger men, and had, in many instances, been made good subjects; but the *Goonds* are inferior in stature, and so wild that every attempt which had been made to civilize them had proved ineffectual. I never indeed met with a people who shewed less inclination to hold converse of any kind with strangers, than these mountaineers in general. This disposition in a great measure frustrated every attempt I made to acquire information of their manners and customs; among which the sacrifice of birds, by suspending them by the tips of their wings to the trees and bushes, on each side of the road, and leaving them to perish by degrees, was almost the only peculiar one I could discover. The cause of this cruel practice I never could learn; yet I frequently observed, that although the birds were suspended at a convenient height for travellers to pass under them, the *Goonds* would never do so; but always took a circuit to avoid them. I once observed a ram extended by the feet in the same manner. Their food appeared to be the most simple imaginable, consisting chiefly of the roots and produce of their woods. They go for the most part naked; and when pinched by cold, they alleviate it by making fires, for which their forests supply them with abundance of fuel; and when the heat of the sun becomes oppressive, they seek shelter, and recline under the shade of large trees.

May 14.—Having met with no molestation during the three preceding marches, we arrived this day at *Nainpour*; where we encamped in a tope of *Palmyra** trees, close to the west bank of the *Godavery* river, and opposite to the town of *Badrachill*.

**Borassus Flabelliformis*.

At this place the *Rajah* of *Paloonshah* collects taxes upon all goods passing through his country by this road; and there were at this time about two hundred *Hackerys*,* and a prodigious number of bullocks, detained, until the duties on the goods which they had carried should be assessed and paid. This amounted to not less than twenty-five *per cent*. The merchandize was cotton, which the *Mahrattas* were exporting into the *Circars*; in exchange for which commodity they usually import salt and coconuts into *Chanda*, *Nagpour*, and other parts of *Berar*.

The hills which border the east bank of the *Godavery*, from *Mangapeit* to this place, are of a moderate height; and the mountains appeared now to retire about seven miles inland. The space between the two ranges is covered with a thick forest.

There is a *pagoda* at *Badrachill*, sacred to SETA, the consort of RAMA. The worship of the goddess is in high repute at this place; and vast numbers of pilgrims resort to it. The temple is situated on a little hill about forty feet high, but is meanly constructed. I was informed that the *Rajah* of *Paloonshah* had recently presented a small golden idol, or *moorut*, to it. The town is situated about 200 yards to the southward of the *pagoda*, close under another little hill, and consists of about one hundred huts, in the middle of which was a tiled habitation, said to be the abode of the principal *Brahmen*; and the whole is surrounded by a thick *jungle*. From the great reputation of this place, I expected to have found a more considerable town, and was therefore much surprized at its mean appearance.

Soon after our arrival, the man in charge of the post came to our encampment, and proposed to purchase the horses and camels. To this he received a severe rebuke, and was told that we were not merchants. Finding, after many fruitless attempts, that none of the cattle were to be sold, he then began to assess duties on them; which necessitated my giving directions for his being turned out of the camp. After this, we had no further intercourse with him; but it was evident that he had dispatched several expresses to *Paloonshah*, with information concerning us, as NARRAIN ROW, I afterwards found, had done from *Mangapeit*.

May 15.—At day break we moved off, in high spirits, at the prospect of the speedy respite which our arrival in the Company's territory, in three days more, would give to our toils. I had

*Country carts.

observed, since our entrance into the *Paloonshah Rajah's* territory, many *teak** trees; but none from which timbers of large dimensions could be formed. Being told that we should not meet with any more after this day's march, I was giving directions to a *lascar* to cut half a dozen sticks, when a horseman rode up to me, and said, that I should do well to return and encamp; for the *Rajah* having heard of my entering his country, had sent a *Vakeel* to know by what authority I had presumed to do so. I asked him his name and occupation. He replied that his name was MORTIZALLY, and that he commanded a body of *Tellinghys* in the *Rajah of Paloonshah's* service, a party of whom would soon arrive with the *Vakeel*. I expressed much aversion to countermarch any part of the distance I had come that day, and proposed to proceed, and encamp at the first convenient spot where water and forage could be procured; and to wait there for the arrival of the *Vakeel*. After some altercation this was agreed upon; when we proceeded about two miles further, and encamped at a small village called *Pocullapilly*.

In an hour after, the *Vakeel* arrived, attended by about fifty armed men. He informed me that he was deputed by the *Rajah of Paloonshah* to ascertain who I was, and to inquire by what authority I was passing through his territory. I shewed him the *Mahratta* pass, which would precisely afford him that information. He desired I would give him the papers; and if I had any pass from the *Nizam*, that I would likewise deliver it into his hands, in order that they might be forwarded for the inspection of the *Rajah*, whose pleasure would soon be communicated regarding me and my people. I replied, I had no pass from the *Nizam*, but that he might have copies of such of my papers as he had seen; and added, that being within two days journey of the British territory, and my business urgent, I hoped the *Rajah* would not detain me unnecessarily; but would allow me to proceed as soon as possible. The *Vakeel* then retired with my *Moonshee* to copy the papers, assuring me that I should have an answer before night.

Matters remained in this state until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I received information that a large body of men were posted at the pass of *Soondpilly Gundy*, through which our road was to lead, with orders to resist us in case we should attempt to force our way to the Company's frontier. The

**Testona grandis*.

accounts of this force varied from one to three thousand men. I had resolved to wait the result of the *Rajah's* inspection of the copy of my *Mahratta Purwannah*, before I should determine upon any other plan of action; and knowing that I had not done his country, or any of his people, the least injury, and that he could have no just plea for molesting me, I was not without hope that he would let me proceed. In a few minutes after, the sound of horses' feet induced me to look out of my tent; when a body of horsemen instantly galloped in between the tent ropes. My people were at this time reposing in the shade, during the heat of the day, all but two sentries, who were on guard, and who immediately on the alarm came running to my tent. I dispatched a man to call the *Vakeel*, while the *sepoys*, who were very alert, got under arms, and I soon joined them with the other two men, being prepared for the worst that could happen. I now desired the horsemen to retire, and inquire the meaning of their intruding upon us in so abrupt a manner. The man who commanded came forward and said that he had his *Rajah's* orders to take me to *Paloonshah*. At this instant the *Vakeel* arrived. I asked him the meaning of these measures, after matters had been adjusted on the faith of his word, and I was waiting till the *Rajah's* pleasure should be made known to me. I requested, that, to prevent hostilities commencing immediately, he would order the horsemen to fall back. He advanced towards them for that purpose, which gave me an opportunity of ascertaining their number; when I counted twenty-five, all well armed and mounted; but in their rear was a large body of infantry, many of whom were armed with European muskets and bayonets; and the whole might have amounted to three hundred men.

Had this been all the force they could have brought against me, I should have paid very little attention to the *Rajah* or his people; but if this body should annoy us in the rear, and I had had to force my way through the pass of *Soondpilly Gundy*, it was not probable, that, with my small escort, consisting only of thirty-two firelocks, I could have come off without the loss at least of my baggage. As the *Paloonshah* district joined to the Company's territory, it impressed me strongly with the idea, that when it should be ascertained that I was a servant of the *British* government, the *Rajah* would not venture to do me any material injury, unless my conduct should justify it by first commencing hostilities.

The horsemen being now retired, the *Vakeel* came back, and begged that I would be pacified; upon which I ordered the *sepoys* to sit down with their arms, and went with a small party to my tent. The *Vakeel* then explained to me the cause of the sudden appearance of the troops. It had been occasioned, he said, by a report which had reached *Paloonschah*, of my having in defiance of the *Rajah's* orders, intended to force my way to the Company's frontier. That he, being much incensed at the disrespect shewn to his authority, had sent this detachment to bring my party to *Paloonschah*; and in the event of our resisting, had given orders to plunder and harass us; which would delay our progress, until a man should arrive at the post of *Soondpilly Gundy*, with instructions to fell the trees in the road, and stockade the pass.

The man in command of the troops having dismounted, came with MORTIZALLY into my tent; when we commenced a conversation upon the measures which were to be pursued. They at first insisted upon my instantly complying with the orders they had received to carry me to *Paloonschah*. This I positively refused, alledging, that we had come a long march that day, and were not in a condition to undertake a second. I told them, that I had no objection to go to *Paloonschah* the next day; but that, if the *Rajah* thought I would submit to be treated in the smallest degree beneath that dignity and respect which he might think due to his own person, he would find himself mistaken; for I would sooner burn the whole of my baggage, to prevent its falling into his possession; and would contend with him to the utmost of my ability in forcing a passage to the Company's frontier. I added, that the *Rajah's* country being contiguous to our own, he must be well aware of our military reputation. To these observations they seemed in some degree to assent; but replied, that such measures had been taken to prevent our escape, that it would be impossible for us to effect it; and that I should do well to go to *Paloonschah*, where, they did not doubt, the *Rajah* would shew me every attention. Finding, however, that I was determined not to move any more that day, they agreed that we should commence our march to *Paloonschah* early the ensuing morning.

The *Rajah's* people now retired to the village, where they took up their abode for the night. As soon as they were gone, I ordered the camp to be struck, the cattle to be picketted, and the baggage to be piled up around them; and then distributed my people in four parties, so as to form nearly a square. I had chosen on our arrival a commanding situation; and we had a

well of fine water within twenty-five yards, which would have been completely under our fire. Thus situated, and having with us grain for five days, the *Rajah's* people would not have found it an easy matter to make any serious impression on the party. But our greatest want was ammunition, having not more than fifty rounds each man; which, had hostilities commenced, would in all probability have been expended in the first contest. My followers were impressed with a considerable degree of alarm at our situation, and the women set up a most dismal lamentation. To put a stop to the panic was absolutely necessary; but it was not till every conciliatory measure had been exhausted, and threats used, that I could oblige them to keep their fears to themselves, and weep in silence. The *sepoys*, however, seemed to take the matter very coolly, which enabled me, after giving them directions to wake me on the first alarm, to lay down to rest with some confidence. Their alertness, I found, did not a little disturb the *Rajah's* people who were encamped in the village; but the whole night passed without any serious occurrence.

May 16.—Early this morning I sent notice to the *Rajah's* people that we were ready to attend them to *Paloonshah*; and soon after we all moved off in separate parties. The road for the first six miles was through a thick forest; and so narrow, that our cattle travelled with much difficulty: we then fell into a high road, and moved on pretty briskly. During the march MORTIZALLY frequently came up to me, and seemed to be greatly taken up with my horse; an account of which, I afterwards found, had been communicated to the *Rajah*. We arrived within six miles of *Paloonshah*, a range of hills seemed to close upon us, and we came to the top of a very considerable acclivity. I now found that we had been deceived in the distance; for instead of five coss, as they had told us, it proved to be sixteen miles. The sun began to be intensely hot, and the thirst of my people became almost insupportable. At the top of the pass were several batteries for the defence of this approach to *Paloonshah*; and we perceived a circular cavity, which fortunately proved to be a *Bowlie*, that had been sunk, in this elevated region, for supplying the post with water. Many of the party, with a view to slake their thirst, descended into it. The descent was by a set of circular steps, of which they counted one hundred: these being rudely formed, and about two feet each in depth, rendered the approach to the water so difficult and laborious, that several of the men were induced to return before they had gone half way;

and those who had reached the bottom, found themselves but little benefited by it, after the fatigue of re-ascending. I computed the depth of the well to be at least 180 feet.

From this place we began to descend by a road, in some parts easy, and steep in others; though in the aggregate the descent was very considerable. Our march having hitherto been in a thick forest, the prospect of the town and fort of *Paloons Shah*, situated in a rich and luxuriant valley, now became very pleasing. We passed a barrier which defends the approach to the town, and consists of a strong rampart, faced with masonry, which is connected with the hills on the east side of it. A narrow and rocky defile, winding round the west side of the rampart, is the only entrance to the valley.

We advanced to a very fine mango grove, and halted under the shade of the trees until the *Rajah* should be made acquainted with our arrival; and a place pointed out for us to encamp on. This gave me an opportunity of observing the west side of the town and fort, which were now only half a mile distant. A man soon arrived, and shewed us a spot to encamp on, which was about a mile further to the south-eastward, in a mango grove, and near the bank of a rivulet in which a little stream was flowing. This cool and pleasant situation, with the romantic appearance of the hills, which rose immediately behind us, dissipated in a great measure the disagreeable reflections which had been caused by our compulsory visit to this place.

We had no sooner encamped, than the *Rajah* sent MORTIZALLY to congratulate me on my arrival, and to express his solicitude for the inconvenience I must have suffered from the heat; likewise to inform me, that when I should have refreshed myself, and taken some repose, he would send people to inquire into the reason of my coming into his country, and ascertain who I actually was. No further occurrence worthy of remark happened during the rest of the day, excepting the posting of a body of about 500 men between us and the fort; I was therefore at leisure to direct my attention to the scene around me.

The valley in which *Paloons Shah* is situated, is about four miles wide, and, notwithstanding the failure of the periodical rains, had every appearance of verdure and fertility. The fort is a square of about 300 yards, and has a large round tower at each

angle. The entrance to it is on the east side. The rampart is faced with masonry, and is surrounded by a deep dry ditch. It is well covered with a glacis, and may be considered as a place of some strength. With my telescope I could perceive some large iron guns in the embrasures; which, the *Rajah's* people said, were twelve pounders that he had brought from *Masulipatam*. The *Rajah's* dwelling is a small *Hindoostanny* house, the top of which I could see above the walls. The town was by far the largest I had seen since leaving *Chunarghur*, and appeared to be very populous. It is at least two miles in circumference, but consists, for the most part, of poor *Tellinghy* huts. The valley is surrounded on all sides by lofty ranges of hills, the passes through which are the only accesses to *Paloonshah*.

Some of my people, who had been admitted into the arsenal, reported that they had seen a manufacture for matchlock guns, *jinjalls**, spears, sabres and every species of weapon commonly used by the natives. The *Rajah* had likewise a train of six brass field pieces, which, with their limbers and tumbrils complete, appeared to be well taken care of.

In the evening the *Vakeel*, accompanied by three or four well dressed men, came to my tent. He detailed a number of incidents relative to the desperate situation of the *Fringhys* in the *Circars*, and represented the removal of the troops about that time from *Ellore* to *Masulipatam*, for a more healthy situation, as a defeat and flight, previous to embarkation; and the return of the two battalions from *Hydrabad*, as a certain omen of destruction to the British interests in that part of India: and he concluded by informing me, that it was the *Rajah's* intention to send the whole of my party to *Hydrabad*. Finding these schemes to intimidate me had not the desired effect, and that, as I was acquainted with the *Nizam's* capital, and the characters of his principal officers, I had no objection to march towards it the ensuing morning, their astonishment was so great, that they immediately departed to make a report thereof to the *Rajah*.

Towards night, we repeated the precaution we had taken for our defence, on the preceding evening, at *Pocullapilly*. This created a great alarm, and they immediately reinforced the parties that had been stationed to guard the avenues to the fort. The whole of the troops which were now applied to this purpose,

*A wall-piece, carrying a ball of near a pound weight.

could not be less than 1,500 men; which shewed that, notwithstanding their great superiority in numbers, the *Rajah* was under no small apprehension at our situation so near his fortress. The whole night however passed without any alarm.

May 17.—This morning the *Vakeel* came to me with a request, that I would send my *Toorky* horse, and three sheep which I had brought with me from *Chunarghur*, for the *Rajah's* inspection. This I readily complied with; and at the same time demanded an interview with the *Rajah*, and permission to depart; alledging, that my business was very urgent, and would admit of no further delay. In about an hour the horse was returned, with a very polite message from the *Rajah*, expressing how much he had been gratified by the sight of so beautiful an animal; and requesting to know if anything would induce me to part with him: but as the evening had been appointed for the interview, I deferred returning an answer until that period should arrive. In the mean time the *Rajah* had detained my sheep, which, having tails, were considered here as great curiosities; and had sent me three others in return, the produce of his country, on whom nature had not bestowed that curious appendage. The man who had taken charge of them, having intimated that we were badly off for forage, about fifty bundles of grass were immediately sent to us.

Towards evening the numerous concourse of people who assembled round the fort, with all the cavalry that could be mustered, and two elephants caparisoned with scarlet, and carrying *howders*, announced to me the preparation for an interview with the *Rajah*. My tent having been appointed for the place of meeting, I was apprehensive that so large a body of people would incommode us exceedingly; but was soon relieved from this apprehension by a message from the *Rajah*, desiring that the interview might take place in a garden, at a small distance from our encampment, called *Khaussbaug*. This was a very pleasing circumstance; and soon after the whole cavalcade passed my tent, the horsemen *manœuvring* and displaying their agility. The noise of drums, horns, and trumpets was immense. The *Rajah* was mounted on a very fine elephant, preceded by a small one, which they told me carried the water of the *Ganges* before him.* The multitude had no sooner passed, than I followed with

*The custom of carrying the water of the *Ganges* to the remotest parts of *India* is very common; and the rich *Hindoos* are at a considerable expense to obtain it. The *Rajah's* people endeavoured to impress me with a high notion of his sanctity as a *Brahmen*; but I found, on inquiry, that he was only of the *Elmy* caste, corresponding nearly with the *Rajepoots* of *Hindoostan*.

about fifty attendants; and upon my arrival at the garden, I found the *Rajah* and his people had just dismounted. The crowd having opened to admit me, I found him seated in a Chinese chair, with a number of good looking and well dressed men around him. He rose up to salute me, which I returned, and seated myself likewise. He appeared to be a handsome young man, about twenty years of age, and was very elegantly dressed. He began by putting many pertinent questions to me concerning *Hydrabad*, the *Nizam*, his minister, and the principal officers of his empire; with a view to find out if what I had asserted the preceding evening was true. My answers convinced him that I was much better acquainted with the *Nizam's* court, and with the characters of his principal officers, the *Nizam's* court, and who had almost ruined the *Rajah's* officer who formerly possessed the *Nizam's Purgunnahs* of *Necmul* and *Edilabad*; and who had pillaged his country, and subverting his father, and family, by interests at *Hydrabad*.

As I suspected that the beauty of my horse had been the principal cause of our being brought to *Paloonshah*, I now took the opportunity of presenting him to the *Rajah*. His satisfaction at this event was warmly expressed; and he immediately desired I would make myself perfectly easy; for I should be at liberty to depart on the ensuing day. This was all I wanted; and the interview ending soon after, a large quantity of coco nuts and mangos were sent me; and I retired, heartily pleased with the prospect of marching on the following morning. But my troubles did not end here: for some of the Company's *Zemeendars* who had been in confinement at *Madras*, had, about this time, made their escape, and arrived at *Paloonshah*. They had so much influence in prepossessing the *Rajah* against me, that the whole of the ensuing day was spent in procuring a supply of grain and guides to direct us across the country into the high road that leads to the Company's frontier.

Our departure was consequently delayed until morning of the 19th, when *MORTIZALLY*, and the *Vakcel*, whose good offices I had, in some measure, been necessitated to purchase, advised me to lose no time in quitting the *Rajah's* territory; for the people who had lately escaped from *Madras* might so far prejudice him against us, as to induce him to throw further obstacles in our way. I could not, however, get away from

Paleonshah before eight o'clock; for, at my departure, every household servant belonging to the *Rajah* came out, in expectation of some gratuity. Having at length got rid of their importunities, we set out, accompanied by MORTIZALLY and the *Malabar*, who, when he had proceeded about a mile, delivered over a guide to direct us; and after presenting me a passport to shew to the *Rajah's* people, at the post of *Dammappett*, they took their leave.

Our *Malabar* guides, who had accompanied us from *Elloorpatt*, were, during our stay at *Paleonshah*, quite stupified with fear lest they should be apprehended. We had, however, disguised them in such a manner that they escaped undiscovered; and their spirits began now to revive. Although our present track was unknown to them, they were of great use to us in managing the *Telungies* who we produced as guides from the *Rajah's* people. Having now proceeded about three miles, in a narrow dale between two ranges of hills, the road intersected by ravines, and in some parts strongly stockaded, the hill fort of *Sarkimberry* on a sudden opened to our view. The distance was too great to enable me to judge of the nature of its work; but it had, on the whole, a pretty and romantic appearance. Leaving this place about three miles to the northward of our track, the country continued exceedingly wild, and our road was merely a slight foot path through thick *jungles*. The few villages that occurred were very poor, and situated mostly in little spots of ground that had been cleared for cultivation. By noon we had travelled about eleven miles, when we came to a little spring, where finding also some shady trees, I halted, to enable the people and cattle to drink and refresh. In about an hour I moved on, resolving to proceed as far as possible, in hopes of reaching the Company's frontier on the ensuing day. Our road again continued between two ranges of hills, which gradually converged, until we came to the entrance of the strongest pass I ever beheld, called *Mooty Gaulty*, which is likewise fortified. It consists of a narrow passage, not more than twenty feet in width, and half a mile long; and the rock rising perpendicularly on each side. Beyond this the passage diminishes to about ten feet; and a little stream of water, that issues from a rock on the east side, flows through it. After proceeding about a hundred yards, through the narrowest part of the defile, we came to a very steep ascent, which led to the top of the pass. Here I halted to collect my party, and then moved on, about

two miles further, to a little rivulet near the village of *Jogaram*, where we encamped at 5 P.M. having marched a distance of twenty-five miles.

The pass we had come through forms one of the strongest natural defences to *Paloonsah*; and might be defended, by a few resolute men, against any numbers. That of *Soondpilly Gundy*, which we should have come through, had we continued our journey along the high road, is situated about four *coss* to the eastward of *Mooty Gantty*, in the same range of hills.

The little village near which we encamped, consisted only of five poor huts; and the inhabitants, who were as uncouth as any of the human species I ever met with, came out, to the number of about eleven, including women and children, to gaze at us. They were of the *Dair* caste, and spoke the *Tellinghy* language; but, by living in this wild and retired part of the country, were totally ignorant of every thing beyond the concerns of their own little hamlet.

May 20.—At day break we moved forward; and as the post of *Dommappett* was only seven miles distant, it behoved me to pass it with caution. I collected therefore my party into a compact body; and we soon came in sight of it. I found it consisted of a small mud fort; from which about fifty armed men issued, as we approached, and attempted to stop us. I shewed them the *Rajah's* pass, to which, however, they paid no regard; but being now within five *coss* of the Company's frontier, I was determined not to be plagued by them; and drawing up the *sepoys* opposite to the party, I told the man in command that I would not be detained. As the high road ran close by this place, the *Rajah's* guides were of no further use to us and as those we had brought from *Ewumpilly* undertook to lead us, I ordered the followers to move on with their baggage, and soon after followed myself with the *sepoys*. Some parties stole into the *jungle* upon our flanks; but finding that we kept a constant watch over them, they did not attempt to fire upon us; and the *jungle* soon became so thick, that they were no longer able to make their way through it, and we lost sight of them.

I had now only one place more to pass belonging to the *Paloonsah Rajah*; a small post called after him, *Ashrusrow Pett*, where we arrived about 2 P.M. On our approach, the people all ran into the fort; but as they did not offer to molest us, we soon passed it; and arrived, about four o'clock, at the little

village of *Dubagooram*, situated on the *Polaram Rajah's* frontier; and subject to the British government.

May 21.—We had marched twenty-seven miles from our last encampment; and the heat, for the last two days, had harassed us a good deal; but being now arrived within the Company's territory, our troubles were nearly at an end. Our grain was exhausted; and the village being too small to afford us any, I moved about six miles to the village of *Tarpilly*, in the *Talook* of *Reddy*, where our very urgent wants were supplied. The inhabitants were a good deal surprized at our appearance, not conceiving by what road we could have come into that part of the country; but knowing that, although we were not attached to the *Madras* presidency, we were subjects to the same government, they shewed us every attention. In two more easy marches we reached *Yertnagoodum*, a place in Colonel PEARSE'S route from *Madras* to *Calcutta*, where my geographical labours terminated; and it being a road commonly frequented by the British troops, I found here on my arrival every refreshment provided.

May 24.—I proceeded to *Rajamundry*, and having recrossed the *Godavery*, encamped under the north side of the fort. Here I had the first grateful sight of an European countenance, which was productive of the most pleasing sensations; for I had now been four months in the society of the natives; through paths the most rugged; and in situations that required their utmost perseverance to surmount. Their patience was frequently called forth, to enable them to subsist on the scanty provision, which they were necessitated to carry on their own shoulders, in a mountainous wilderness; and their greatest fortitude was summoned to contend with savage hordes; to whose mercy had it been our fate to submit, but little chance could have been expected of escaping with our lives. The due southing in this journey was little more than eight degrees; but the circuitous windings we were obliged to take, to penetrate through the country, had increased the whole distance to 1,125 British miles. The hard service which the cattle had endured, had reduced them so low, that a fourth part were now too much exhausted to recover and perished. Two of my *Hirkarrahs* had been cut off by the *Goands*; which, with four followers attached to the *sepoys*, was the whole loss our party had sustained: and considering the difficult nature of the service, it was as little as could be expected. Indeed, the utter impossibility of any individual escaping, who

might leave the party, had necessitated the utmost precaution and indefatigable exertions of the whole, for our mutual preservation; and in many situations of difficulty, I was infinitely obliged to them for that zealous support, and attachment, which were productive of so fortunate and successful a termination to our toils.

[Reprinted.]

A NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM MIRZAPUR TO NAGPUR.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1798, I received the commands of the Governor-General of India, the Earl of Mornington (now Marquis Wellesley), to proceed to the court of Nagpur, on a public mission. With His Excellency's permission, a route was chosen which had been lately opened by the inland traders between Benares and Berar. The route through Catac, Sambhalpur and Chetesgerh, and another by the way of Ramgerh and Serguja, were inconvenient, because preparations for the journey were already made at Mirzapur, my usual place of abode. The direct road from Mirzapur to Nagpur, through the territories of the Rajah of Rewa, is the shortest and most frequented of any between the banks of the Ganges and the capital of the Rajah of Berar's dominions. The computed distance little exceeds four hundred miles; and by this route alone cotton is imported from Nagpur to the British territories. But the Rajah of Rewa was at this time threatened by Ali Behadur; and the road was infested by banditti from Bundelcund,—a province which Ali Behadur had long since invaded, but not completely reduced. To avoid interruption, that might be well apprehended on a road which native travellers and merchants disused as insecure, it appeared expedient to take a circuitous route; and, instead of proceeding along the banks of the Ganges and Yemuná to Calpi, and thence to Sagur, it seemed advisable to traverse the forests that lie between Bejeygerh and Serguja, because this route presented the advantage of passing through no intermediate territories between the British dominions and the provinces tributary to the Rajah of Berar.

Having chosen this route, and completed the requisite preparations for marching through a desolate country by roads impracticable for wheel-carriages, I began the journey from Mirzapur on the 4th January, 1799, and ascended the Gortola pass on the following day. The road lay over the Bind'h hills, from the ascent of them, within sight of the Ganges, to Nagpur, which is situated among hills that in reality belong to the same cluster of mountains. It may not then be here improper to premise some general observations on the mountainous tract over which I travelled.

Bind'h, in Sanscrit named Vind'hya, constitutes the limit between Hindustan and the Deccan. The most ancient Hindu authors assign it as the southern boundary of the region, which they denominate Aryá bhúma or Aryáverta. Modern authors, in like manner, make this the line which discriminates the northern from the southern nations of India. It reaches almost from the eastern to the western sea; and the highest part of the range deviates little from the line of the tropic. The mountainous tract, however, which retains the appellation, spreads much more widely. It meets the Ganges in several places towards the north, and the Godaveri is held to be its southern limit.

Sanscrit etymologists deduce its name from a circumstance to which I have just now alluded. It is called Vind'hya¹, says the author of a commentary on the *Amera Cōsha*, because people think (*d'hyayanti*) the progress of the sun is obstructed (*veindd'ha*) by it. Suitably to this notion, the most elevated ridge of this tropical range of mountains is found to run from a point that lies between Chota Nagpur and Palamu, to another that is situated in the vicinity of Ougein. But the course of the Nermada river better indicates the direction of the principal range of Bind'h hills. From Amarcantac, where this river has its source, on the same spot with the Sone and the Hatsu, to the Gulf of Camboga, where it disembogues itself into the sea, the Channel of Nermada is confined by a range of hills, or by a tract of elevated ground, in which numerous rivers take their rise; and by their subsequent course towards the Sone and Yamuná on one side, and towards the Tapri and Godaveri on the other, sufficiently indicate the superior elevation of that tract through which the Nermada has forced its way.

I shall have subsequent occasion to mention the lofty ridge that connects Amarcantac with the spot to which the sources of the Damodar may be traced.

If it be true, as appearances strongly indicate, and as tradition partly confirms, that the sea once washed the foot of the Himalaya mountains, Hindustan was then submerged, and the Deccan must have been an island, the northern shore of which was the Vind'hya range.

¹ Derived from *vi*, denoting opposition, and *d'hyai*, to think. This meaning of the name of Vind'hya or tropical mountain, is confirmed by a verse in an epic poem on the death of S'is'upála (6, 4, 2), where mount Raivate is described as emulating Vind'hya again to check the course of the sun.

The uniform flatness of the country, the shallowness of the soil, and its sandy basis, in the whole tract from Janeser, along the banks of the Saraswatí and Yamuná, to both seas, appear to warrant this conjecture, which is rendered still further probable by the sands and fens that lie between Sindhu and Gurjasa, and by the forests in which the numerous mouths of the Ganges meet the sea.

The legend of Bhagirat'ha, assigning a channel to the Ganges,¹ is evidently founded on a tradition, which supposes Hindustan to have been once submerged; the legends concerning Parasu Ráma's extorting the shores of the Cocana and Malabar from the ocean² are, in like manner, evidences of a tradition that the sea has receded from the coast of Malabar; and there is direct evidence that it has retired from the eastern coast.

But whether the conjecture that has been just now hazarded be well or ill founded, the notions which it suggests are conformable with a just idea of the northern bounds of the Vind'hya hills. Their southern limit, as already observed, is the river Godaveri.

The vast extent of this mountainous tract, contrasted with the small elevation of these hills, viewed from the plains of Hindustan, has furnished grounds for a legend, to which the mythological writings of the Hindus often allude: Vind'hya having once prostrated himself before his spiritual guide, Agaslya,³ still remains in-that posture, by command of the holy

1 [A legend of the Rámayana. Bhagírat'ha, the descendant of Sagar, by his austerities brings down the sacred stream from heaven in order to perform the funeral obsequies of his relatives, who had been destroyed by Kapila's curse. The passage describing the descent of the river is well known by Milman's translation. Professor H. H. Wilson, in a note to his translation of the passage in the Vishnu Purána, which relates the legend (book iv. 4), points out that tradition places a Kapilárama or hermitage of Kapila, on the shores of the island at the mouth of the Ganges, which still bears the name of Saugar (Ságar). Other legends, it seems, place the abode of the ascetic at the foot of the Himalaya, where the Ganges descends to the plains. Professor Wilson thinks these traditions may be reconciled by supposing, as Mr. Colebrook had done, that they referred to a period when the ocean washed the base of the Himalaya.—L.D.]

2 [Parsúrāma, after his destruction of the Kashatriya caste, makes over the whole earth to Kas'yapa. The latter, in turn, desires him to depart, as there was no dwelling for him in it, whereupon he repairs to the south, and compels, by his arrows, the ocean to retire. A translation of this legend, as told in the Mahábhárata, is inserted by Professor Wilson, in his translation of the Vishnu Purána (book iv. 7) where he subjoins some remarks on the antiquity of this legend. See also Muir's Sanskrit Texts, vol. i. pp. 447, 460.—ED.]

3 Even the name of Agaslya is, by some etymologists, derived from terms which bear allusion to this legend.

personage. This humiliation is the punishment of his presumption, in emulating the lofty height of Himalaya and Meru. According to this legend, Vind'hya has one foot at Chunar; and hence the real name of that fortress is said to be Cherenadri.¹ His other foot is, I think, placed by the same legend in the vicinity of Gaya. The vulgar, very inconsistently, suppose the head of the prostrate mountain, near the temples of Vind'hya-vasini, four miles from Mirzapur.

If the goddess Bhawáni have, in the present age of the world, fixed her abode on Vind'hya-chula, as the priests of those temples affirm, quoting Puránas to prove her predilection for this mountain, she has made choice of an inhospitable region. The vast tract of mountainous country, to which the name of Vind'hya appertains, is mostly covered with forest, or is inhabited by mountaineers, as well as the woods, which they have imperfectly cleared. In few places, within the skirts of the eastern portion of this mountainous region, have the Hindus, and still less the Muslems, intruded much on the possessions of these uncivilized tribes; or where they have done so, they have become almost as savage as the people among whom they have settled. A bad soil and the want of navigation are the chief discouragements to the progress of arts in the eastern portion of that vast tract to which the name of Vind'hya appertains.

From these general remarks, I proceed to more particular observations, made in the progress of my journey, and during my stay among the hills of Bind'h.

In sight of Mirzapur, at the distance of about five miles from it my fellow² travellers and myself ascended the Gortola or Gortotwa pass, and encamped about two miles from it, under a dismantled stone fort, near a small village. The pass is steep and difficult; and the road, on the brow of the hill, leads through a forest of leafy *Butea*:³ indeed, the whole range of hills, near Chunar and Mirzapur, exhibits the same appearance. The ascent is everywhere steep, and the verge of the hill is either bare rock, or lies near the surface; quarries are easily worked, and they afford excellent sand-stone, which is carried to Benares, and more distant places. It is mostly quarried in the small hills, detached from the Vind'hya range, which are near to the river, and more accessible to carts.

¹ From Cherená, a foot; and Adrí, a mountain.

² Capt. H. Lennon accompanied me in the command of the escort; and Mr. D. Turnbull, as surgeon of the residency.

³ *Butea frondosa*, named palás, or Dhac.

On the table-land the soil is very poor, and, therefore, sparingly cultivated, for eight or ten miles from the brow of the hill. Proceeding from the village, where we encamped above the pass, we immediately struck into a forest, consisting chiefly of *Butea*, and of *Embliek Phyllanthus*.¹ We saw no signs of culture for eight miles, except near the depopulated village of Sunri. After traversing a cultivated country of equal breadth, and again passing a forest similar to the first, we reached Gherawel in three days. Thence the road lay through a cultivated country, by the way of Shahgenj and Adilgenj, to Roup, near the head of the Ecpowa pass.

In this tract we remarked much rice had been reaped; we saw fine crops of wheat on the ground, as well as linseed, chiches,² pigeon peas,³ and tares:⁴ we noticed many fields of sugar-cane; and, near the large towns, orchards of mango-trees; but the soil is in general poor; it requires frequent fallows; and, after all, it is said to yield but scanty crops in the best seasons.

On the edge of the forest, towards the cultivated country, peacocks and brown partridges abound; black antelopes range the open country; white-footed antelopes are found in the deepest woods; and tigers infest the skirts of the forest; we found, however, little encouragement to pursue game, during several halts it became necessary to make, for the purpose of giving time to the dealers in corn to collect supplies, before we crossed the Sone, to strike into a desolate forest on the southern banks.

We took advantage of the last halt made on this account, at the head of the Ecpowa pass, to visit the fort of Bejeygerh,⁵ which is twelve miles distant from Roup.⁶ This fortress, famous for the siege conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel, now Major-General Popham, is situated on the highest pinnacle of an extensive range of peaks, which rise considerably above the

¹ *Embliek Myrobalan*, in Hindi called Aunlá.

² *Chaná*, *Cicer arietenum*.

³ *Arher*, *Cytisus cájan*.

⁴ *Masur*, *Ervum bispennum*.

⁵ [Bejeygerh, or Bidgégur, as the name appears in maps, was the fortress to which the Raja of Benares retired with his family and treasures on his breach with Hastings in 1781. On the approach to Colonel Popham's force he fled, and the Rancee capitulated after some negotiation. The alleged breach of this capitulation and the plunder of some members of the Raja's family by a portion of Popham's force, were brought prominently forward in the charges against Hastings.—Ed.]

⁶ Bejeygerh, bearing S. E. by E. from Roup, seems distant eight or nine miles, horizontal distance; but the road between these places is circuitous.

general level of the table-land: the rock on which the fortress stands is so steep, even on its most accessible side, where the contiguous hills approach nearest to the same elevation, that Bejeygerh seems almost impregnable, unless by famine, provided it be defended by a spirited garrison. On the northern and western sides, the precipice overhangs the plain; to the east, a valley disjoins Bejeygerh from the range of hills lying in that direction. On the southern side, contiguous hills, much inferior, however, to the level of the fort, permit the approach of besiegers within range of cannon; and furnish footing whence the fort might perhaps be escalated, after damaging its defences. The place is fortified by a wall, built up from the edge of the precipice, with a narrow rampart, whence musketry or wall pieces might be discharged by persons in a sitting posture; there is no room for artillery, and it does not, indeed, appear to have been ever the intention of any possessor of this fortress to defend it by cannon. The wall runs along the extreme verge of the hill, inclosing the whole summit of it; hence it has been often necessary to begin the outer part of the wall forty or fifty feet below the parapet. This, while it gives a stupendous appearance to the edifice, does, in fact, considerably weaken it, and the wall is giving way in many places. Following all the windings of the hill, the fort has some irregular bastions: but, in general, although the parts of the wall do not well flank each other, yet, from the difficulty of access to it, the place can scarcely be taken by a regular siege.

Within the wall is a house built in the Indian style, and adapted for the abode of women; another building, formerly allotted for stores and ammunition; the ruins of some temporary edifices; three pounds or cisterns cut in the rock; and a small house near the tomb of a Muslem saint, Zeinee Lâbden, who is said to have died there three or four centuries ago. Two of the cisterns are named after Rama and his brother Laeshman; as usual, there is also a Silacund. The fort has a good gateway on the western side, and a small wicket on the southern.

We breakfasted in an apartment over the gateway; and thence contemplated with pleasure the extensive landscape before us. Close to the foot of the hill, a very small rivulet winds among woods: the Khagher, a more considerable stream, passes at the distance of a mile or two. A bridge, consisting of eleven equal arches, has been built over it; and forms a contrast with the wildness of the woods contiguous to this rivulet. Towards the north, the country is cultivated. A lofty edifice

at Casuma, six miles distant, and some well-built houses near other villages north of the fort, relieve the eye, when fatigued with viewing the barren peaks that bound the western horizon, or the hills covered with forest towards the south. The weather was not clear enough to afford a view of the distant fort of Agori, beyond the Sone, nor of the river itself, where it approaches nearest to Bejeygerh. In that direction, nothing but mountain and forest was visible, excepting a few spots where the mountaineers have cleared small fields for cultivation.

The prevalence of forest renders Bejeygerh a very unwholesome spot. The garrison, placed in it after it was captured by the British forces, was for this reason gradually reduced to a small party of Sepahis, under the command of a Hawaldar, or native serjeant. At length it was found necessary to withdraw this also, and the place is now guarded, for form sake, by a dozen matchlockmen, under the orders of an honorary Keladar, who resides on his own estate a few miles distant from the fort.

I have found no certain information of the ancient history of this fortress. It would no doubt be chosen, for its natural strength, as a stronghold, by the first Hindu, or mountaineers, that settled in the neighbouring plains. Its name does not evidently indicate the founder: Vijeya signifies victory, and is a title of Arjuna, the friend of Crishná, and also the name of a demigod, who is one of Siva's attendants. The modern history of the place is connected with that of Agori, which we also visited, as will be forthwith mentioned.

At noon we returned from Bejeygerh to our encampment near Roup; and the next morning descended the Caimur hills, by the Ecpowa pass. Notwithstanding the change of name, we had not found an intervening valley, nor any other line of separation, to distinguish these from the hills we ascended at Gortola. In fact, the double range of mountains, which confines the narrow valley through which the Sone runs, is only a portion of the extensive Vind'hya, though one lofty ridge obtains the name of Caimur.

Two miles from Roup we came to the head of the pass. The descent was very steep and unsafe for about a hundred yards; the rest, for a mile and a half to the foot of the pass, was gradual, and sufficiently safe, except one very dangerous spot near half-way from the brow of the mountain. Here the

road turns abruptly twice, on the brink of the precipice, and, being very narrow, is awfully dangerous; but the whole length of this perilous spot, not exceeding fifty yards, might at a very moderate expense be rendered securely passable by splitting a few rocks with gunpowder.

We recommended this expedient to the Rajah of Agori, who had met us on the frontier of his estate near Gherawel, and who still accompanied us. He was professedly anxious to encourage the new commerce opened between Mirzapur and the Deccan, by a route, which traverses his estate. But the expedient proposed to him for making the Ecpowa pass less dangerous was deemed impracticable without the aid of an engineer; because the stone-cutters near Chunar and Mirzapur, being accustomed to quarry with iron wedges, are unacquainted with the mode of splitting rocks with gunpowder. It appears, however, that this method is well known and much practised in the Deccan. An expedient as efficacious, in the opinion of Hindus at least, for obviating the dangers of a road which turns abruptly on the edge of a precipice, had been already adopted. A few stones on the brink of the precipice had been daubed with minimum, and thus converted into an idol, representing Bhawáni of Ecpowaghát. A Brahmin stood there, ready to receive the oblations made to the goddess by votaries willing so to purchase a safe passage for themselves and their cattle.

Whether owing to the oblations which our Hindu attendants made there, or to our own good fortune, I will not undertake to determine, but the elephants, camels, horses, and oxen, all reached the foot of the pass in safety. We thence looked up with some awe to the brow of the mountain, whence rocks seemed almost to overhang the road, at the elevation of a quarter of a mile above it.¹

The rock, so far as may be judged from the fragments near the road, and in the bed of the Khagher, which we twice crossed at the foot of the pass, is quartz. Large masses of milky quartz lay in the bed of the rivulet, and exhibited an appearance which was novel to us, and therefore interesting. The overhanging rocks

¹ By a measurement taken from the opposite bank of the Sone, with a good sextant, and with separate observations for two measured bases, one of fifty, the other of 450 yards, I found the height of a conspicuous peak called Mandawar to be 481 yards above the bed of the river; and two miles distant from the place where the observations of its altitude were made.

on the brow of the mountain, and the perpendicular wall, which forms the precipice below them, are discoloured, and have almost the common appearance of the exterior surface of milky quartz, when it has been long exposed to the atmosphere.

The banks of the rivulet, and the sides of the road where it did not approach too near the precipice, are covered with thick woods. I did not then remark the different sorts of trees that composed them; but the forest, that occupies the greatest part of the valley in the midst of which the Sone runs, contains *Pterocarpus sisoo*, *sol*, etc., *Swietenia febrifuga*, *Diospyros*, *Ebrenus*, *Sterculia urens*, *Nanelia orientalis*, *Mimosa catechu*, *Butea frondosa*, *Nyctanthes*, *Arbor tristis*, *Bombax heptaphyllum*, *Bombax gossypenem*, *Ficus racemosa*, *Bignonia chelonoides*, *Phyllanthus emblica*, *Rychnas*, *Nux vomica*, with many other trees of various sizes, from the Indian figtree to the *Rhamnus jajuba*.

We encamped near a very small village, at the foot of the pass. The Rajah of Bejeygerh, who had accompanied us from the neighbourhood of Mirzapur, encamped with the Rajah of Agori, and the respective attendants, on the other side of the village. In the evening we were suddenly alarmed by a noise from their camp, that indicated loud and violent contention among hundreds of persons. We sent to inquire the cause, and were soon relieved from the apprehension of a quarrel having arisen among the attendants of these Rajput chiefs. The two Rajahs are allied by frequent intermarriages between their families. It is the custom among Brahmins and Rajputs, belonging to the sect called Mádhyandina,¹ to exchange contumelious language, by way of sport, at the celebration of a wedding. This pastime was now renewed, as is often done at the entertainments of persons allied by affinity.

The contumelious language here alluded to consists chiefly in addressing to each other terms signifying relation by affinity. Such terms convey an insult, because they imply the boast of favours received from the female relations of the insulted party. It is almost needless to add that, in the homely language of the vulgar, the same reproach, by way of boast, or of menace, is expressed in gross and explicit phrases. But I must not conceal that the atrocious practice of destroying female children, which prevails among some tribes of Rajputs, has its source in

¹ Their religious ceremonies are conducted according to the rule prescribed by Mádhyandina school of the Yejurveda.

fastidious pride, which cannot brook appellations absurdly deemed contumelious.¹

The next day, while the baggage proceeded to Canech, on the banks of the Sone, we made an excursion to visit the fort of Agori, at the distance of seven or eight miles from our last encampment. The guides conducted us by a pathway, which crosses the valley obliquely, that lies between the Sone and the hills. Leading from village to village, the path winds through intermediate woods, for it rarely meets cultivated spots, which are but thinly scattered in a valley overspread by forest. The fatigue of our excursion was rewarded by much pleasure, in viewing the picturesque situation of Agori. The citadel is a fortified house, on the summit of a small hill, that rises from the southern bank of the river. Walls built around it, on the declivity of the hill, constitute the fort. This contains a hall of audiences, between the citadel and the gate, and communicates, by a double wall, with a large well at the foot of the hill. Within the gate stand the remains of an old building, which is said to have been once a lofty edifice. Chet Singh pulled down the upper stories, and was proceeding to demolish this building with the rest of the fort, until an inscription was found which contained a solemn imprecation on the person who should destroy the place. Superstition compelled the Rajah of Benares not only to desist from his intention, but to repair the fort.

¹ Sir John Shore, in a paper which appeared in the fourth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, "On some extraordinary facts, customs, and Practices of the Hindus," says that the difficulty of procuring suitable matches for their daughters is the motive assigned by the Rajputs themselves, in the neighbourhood of Benares, for their resort to this inhuman practice. It seems that the practice was not confined to persons of rank, but existed even among villagers of this caste. Effort had been made by the Rajputs themselves to put an end to the practice: and a village was pointed out where the inhabitants had sworn among themselves to bring up their female children; but several old maids were said to exist there, affording unfortunate evidence of the difficulty of providing for them, or, and mainly, it was said, to the expense which usually attended marriages among this people. Mr. Calverley, in a manuscript note to this part of the essay, mentions an interesting case which came under his knowledge in corroboration of Sir John Shore's view. "The custom is very prevalent throughout Hindustan, among various tribes of Rajpoots, besides those which are commonly denominated Rajpoots. The motive is truly assigned in this discourse. The mode of putting the female offspring to death seems to be optional. Perhaps the withholding of nourishment may be thought by them less atrocious (or a more indirect method), than poison: which is sometimes employed if my informant be correct. On the same authority, I have an interesting anecdote of a beautiful young girl who was starved by her mother, contrary to the injunctions of the father, then absent. On his return, the girl had reached her seventh year: he retained from wreaking his vengeance upon his wife and daughter, but immediately departed again and fled his country. The Mysulman noblemen lately offered a subscription of 50,000 or 40,000 rupees for a marriage portion. But no suitable match can be procured, one lakh being demanded as a marriage portion, besides the expenses of the nuptials. This beautiful young woman was alive in the year 1795 aged thirteen or fourteen."—Ed.

The place is only fortified against musketry; being commanded by a hill whence shot would plunge into the fort, it is not tenable against artillery. But that hill, covered with wood, adds to the picturesque beauties of the spot. A continued range of mountain, in no place very distant from the river, and the Sone itself flowing majestically between banks covered with forest, complete the beauty of the scenery. The *Nilotica mimosa*¹ and shrubby *Lythrum*² cover the hill, both within and without the walls of the fort. They were now in full bloom; and the contrast of colour, together with the fragrance of the Acacia, enhanced the pleasure received from viewing a romantic landscape.

By the route of Agori, we were told, Major Crauford brought the timely reinforcement which he led from Ramgerh to assist in quelling the rebellion of Chet Sinh. His seasonable arrival turned the flight of the rebel, who was already discomfited by the British forces. The expulsion of an oppressive prince and contumacious tributary was effected. And while Chet Sinh received the reward of his offences, the ancient Rajahs, whom he had driven from their possessions, were restored to their estates.

Agori, with the Perganah of Berher, now belongs to Rajah Renbehadur, who claims descent from a family of Chandel Rajputs which long flourished in Bundelcund. His ancestor, Rajah Permalic, reigned at Mahoba, the then capital of Bundel; but having been much weakened by a war, in which he had engaged with a tribe of Chohans near Delhi, he was expelled in the reign of Sultan-Ala-uden Gauri, and retired to the banks of the Sone.³ Here his descendants built the forts of Berdi and Agori. The elder branch of the family still enjoys a principality, of which Berdi is the capital. The youngest branch flourished at Agori, and obtained possession of Bejeygerh, with the adjoining districts, which became the separate allotment of a younger brother of this branch of Chandels. By sharing the tribute of Sinhraula, the Rajahs of Berdi and Agori still retain a trace of their common descent from the Chandel prince who first subjected that chiefship to his own domination. While Berdi retained a virtual independence, the Rajahs of Agori and Bejeygerh became subject to the Moghul government. They paid neither revenue nor tribute until they were dispossessed by

¹ Babul, *Mimosa nilotica*.

² Dhau; *Lythrum fruti cosum*.

³ The Chohans, expelled from Delhi, by the Muslems, sought refuge in the same mountainous region, and again became the neighbours of their ancient rivals.

Belwent Sinh; but their heirs were restored by Mr. Hastings after the expulsion of Chet Sinh, and now hold their respective estates as Zemindars, with their hereditary *jagirs* allotted to them.

Belwent Sinh, and his successor, Chet Sinh, had pursued the same policy throughout the province of Benares, expelling all the Rajahs, and proscribing the very name of Zemindars; Mr. Hastings, on consideration of prudence and justice, reinstated the Rajahs; and Mr. Duncan, under the order of Lord Cornwallis, restored the Zemindars, conferring on them the rights of landholders.

The Rajah of Bejeygerh, who accompanied us to the foot of the Caimur hills, is another instance of tyranny on the part of Belwent Sinh, and equity on that of the British Government. Rajah Ramghulam Sinh is the descendant of Jubraj, from whom, as first by birth and rank among the Rajahs of this province, Belwent Sinh himself received the symbol of his inauguration as a rajah.¹ He, nevertheless, expelled the son of Jubraj, and the heirs were not reinstated until after the discomfiture and flight of Chet Sinh.

This very ancient family of Gherwar Rajputs deduces its origin from Jayachand, who reigned at Canauj, and was dethroned during Taimur's invasion of Hindustan. He retired to Benares, where his posterity flourished for several generations, until one of his descendants, being defeated by the Muslims, was compelled to embrace their faith, for the sake of preserving his life. He was permitted to hold the district of Kera-mangror, near Benares. His children retained their religion, and maintained their possession of a tract of country south of the Ganges. This territory, which extended from the neighbourhood of the fort of Chunar to the river Tawns, but which was subsequently reduced within narrower limits, was shared by three Rajahs of the Gherwar tribe. Aiswarya Sinh, the heir of one branch of this family, holds Mara; another branch of it lately possessed the district of Daya, both in the province of Allahabad, and subject to the Nawab of Ayud'h. Ramghulam Sinh, the heir of the elder branch of Gherwars, has the dismantled fort of Bejeygerh, together with a part of the estate of his ancestors, and a *jagir* granted by the British Government.

From this brief abstract of traditions preserved by Chandel and Gherwar Rajputs, and partly confirmed by the general voice,

¹ A circlet on the forehead is the symbol; and it is with his foot, not his hand, that an ancient Hindu prince exalts a plebeian to equal rank with himself.

which acknowledges the royal descent and great antiquity of these houses, I return to the narrative of the journey.

Again crossing the Sone, we returned to the high road; and, after once more passing the Kagher, and several times crossing low but steep hills that stand detached from the Caimur range, we reached our encampment at night, drenched by rain, which overtook us on the way. The weather cleared up for a few hours the following day, and we took advantage of that intermission of rain to cross the Sone and encamp at Cothi. As the river abounds with dangerous quicksands, precautions had been taken to ascertain a ford where the bottom was sufficiently firm to bear elephants. The cattle passed without accident, and almost without alarm. The day was followed by a tempestuous night, and, though the weather was clear the next morning, we were obliged to protect the halt, that the tents might dry. At this dismal spot, close to the edge of a vast forest, we received the melancholy tidings of the massacre at Benares.¹ Grief for the loss of friends from whom we had so lately parted prepared us to commence our journey next day through a desolate forest, in a very gloomy temper of mind.²

Before we proceed on this dismal portion of the journey, I must pause to remark, that the Sone is not here deemed navigable, in any season of the year, for boats larger than canoes. Rocks are the reputed impediment to its navigation. The valley through which the river runs is thus deprived of carriage for its productions. Encouragement for the resort of settlers, and for the industry of the few peasants who already inhabit it, is wholly wanting. Excellent timber stands useless in the valley and on the southern range of mountains. Even the more valuable productions of the hills and forests are but sparingly gathered. Lac, honey, and gums of various sorts, seed Bambus, the strach of Ticor (Tikhor), ginger, and root of long pepper, the nuts of Chironji, and many other drugs and condiments, red

1 [By Vizier Aly the deposed Rajah on which occasion Mr. Cherry and several other gentlemen perished. Mr. Davis's successful defence of his family is well known. They took refuge on the roof of his house, to which the only access was by a winding stair. His only weapon was a spear, with which he kept his enemies at bay until succour arrived.—ED.]

2 In the preceding year a European adventurer, but of what nation is not known, took this route towards the Deccan, probably with the design of seeking his fortune in the service of native princes. He was assassinated in the middle of the forest, a few miles beyond the limits of the British territories. The circumstance, had it been then known to us, would have added another gloomy tinge to the aspect of the forest.

bole, white chalk, and ore of iron abound in the forest and near the banks of the Sone; but little is exported to the markets of Benares.

For the sake of forming an opinion on the stones that compose the mountains which the Sone has washed before it reaches Agori, numerous specimens of pebble were collected from the sand of the river. The sand itself consists of larger particles of quartz than are found in rivers flowing through a champaign country; the pebbles were much worn and rounded. Numerous specimens, variously coloured, were siliceous, and struck fire with steel; none were obedient to the magnet, even when reduced to dust. Other specimens, also variously coloured, appeared to be fragments of argillaceous stones, that have a laminated texture. Small pieces either of talc or mica were noticed among the sand.

Resuming our journey after a halt of one day, we struck into the forest within a mile of the Sone, and in three days reached the village of Bihrer near Dudhi Pelwa (Doody Pula of Rennell's map), situated at the distance of a few miles from the banks of the Canhár river. The road was a continued ascent and descent of hills, through a forest, in some parts thick, in others intermixed with grass, but nowhere exhibiting any signs whatsoever of cultivation, recent or ancient. We twice encamped in the forest on the edge of rivulets, the course of which was already stopped by the dryness of the season. Later in the year it would have been necessary to take another route by the banks of the Canhár for the sake of water, which cannot be procured in this forest after the beginning of the hot season. Tigers are said to infest this tract; accordingly, the guides cautioned us against moving any part of our cattle and attendants before daylight. We did not, however, observe the signs of any animal whatsoever, not even birds, in the desolate tract which we here traversed.¹

The rock which constitutes the hills on this side of the Sone is not so much exposed as on the northern side of the river. It appears to be quartzose, but not exclusively so; for argillaceous stones occupied the surface of the hills, and even the beds of water-courses in many places. Among the very numerous kinds

¹ Birds are very scarce in the forests which we passed during this journey. Even in the most cultivated tract, and in the woods contiguous to them, neither the species of birds, nor the individuals, are so numerous in Berar as in Bengal and Hindustan. It is not improbable that tigers may abound in this vast forest. However, none were seen in the whole journey, except one half-grown tiger that crossed the road near Gotha; and the elephants indicated once only that they smelled the ferocious animal which they dread and abhor.

Round Bihret, and in other cultivated spots, which we viewed, as we approached the village, from the brow of a hill that overlooks it, the crops, then on the ground, consisted of wheat, barley, and chickies. Rice and flour were purchased in the village; much dearer, however, than might have been expected in so requestered a place. In the further progress of our journey through the forests of Serguja, rice and tares (*Masur* or *Ercum hyemum*) were the only sorts of grain which could be purchased.

[*For the Asiatic Researcher*, n. 377, where this subject is fully treated by Mr. Colford. Lassen had supposed the plant which produces the Olibanum to be a species of juniper. Travellers had hitherto failed to determine the fruit. Some of the gum, collected by Dr. Turnbull, the surgeon of the residency at Nagpur, was sent to England and offered for sale. It was instantly recognized as Olibanum, though offered under a different name, and was subsequently sold regularly at the Company's sales.—*Ed.*]

The supplies which we brought from the banks of the Sone could not suffice for all the camp followers, and the want of flour was felt as a serious inconvenience by the servants and porters, who were all accustomed to feed on rice.

From Bihrer we proceeded, in four days, through the Tapesb of Dudhi and Berch, to the village of Cóthi, belonging to Bijey Sinh, a disaffected chieftain of Serguja. Very small villages are thinly scattered in this tract, at distances of four, five, and six miles from each other. In the last day's march we proceeded sixteen miles without seeing an inhabited place, or any but slight traces of former culture in a single spot. The intermediate tract is a deep forest, through which a narrow road winds over hills that are accessible, or round such as are particularly steep. Wherever the road leads to a commanding eminence, the prospect of an undulating country, covered with majestic forests, is strikingly magnificent. In the valleys the gloomy confined view is not unlawful.

The tract which we here traversed is thinly inhabited by mountaineers; the inhabitants of Tapesb Dudhi mostly belong to the tribe of Gonds; those of Berch are Kherwars and Paraiyabs; the forest of Serguja are occupied by Cól's, Chórós, Kherwars, Bhuyniars, and Ranees. Concerning these and other tribes of mountaineers, little information could be gained. Almost secluded from intercourse with civilized people, they are ignorant and suspicious. In one instance, they even showed a disposition to oppose our encamping near their habitations. And, after we had succeeded in conciliating the chief of the village, they still retained their suspicion, and remained with their wives and children peeping at our encampment from the top of a hill which overhung the village. Even those who conversed most cheerfully with us could not readily apprehend our questions, nor answer them distinctly in the common dialect of India. Their own dialects are peculiar to their own tribes, or common to two or three tribes only.

The Bhuyniars are particularly entitled to the name of mountaineers; they frequent the highest spots and deepest forests, neglect husbandry, and employ themselves in gathering the produce of the woods, especially the resin of the sal, which they exchange for grain and other necessities of life. The other tribes follow the practice of agriculture. The Gonds appear to be most advanced towards civilization, and they imitate the manners and practise the religious observances of Hindus. The Ranees are

said to be Mohammedans. Other tribes of mountaineers are not restricted from any particular diet, nor do they seem to hold any animal unclean. They refrain, however, from the flesh of kine.

In answer to inquiries concerning his religious notions, a Kherwar affirmed that he often prayed to Narayan; but he added, that he worshipped a neighbouring hill called Paspahr; and he showed us the monument as well as the hills above named; he acknowledged that he sacrificed goats on solemn occasions.

By a tacit consent among their various tribes, which are habituated to different pursuits of industry, the Bhuyniars exclusively practise the gathering of the resin of the sal. In the beginning of the rainy season they wound such trees as have been selected by them for the purpose, and take off the bark two feet above the ground, leaving the wood bare the breadth of six or eight inches. The resin exudes with the descending sap, and accumulates in this ring. It is gathered in the winter, and the tree, no doubt, perishes in the same season. So improvident a mode of collecting the resin accounts for the forest containing few besides young sal trees. This fact was particularly remarked by us, and the cause became obvious when we were made acquainted with the motive for barking the trees. After passing the boundary of Serguja, we observed great numbers of sal so barked, and we gathered specimens of the resin, for the sake of verifying a fact which has been contested. After inspecting these recent specimens, I can safely affirm that the resin called Dammer, from the Hindi name Dhúna, is the produce of the sal.

The Kherwars practice, but not exclusively, the preparation of starch from the root of Ticór, which they collect from the forest, without previous culture. The root is ground, and its pulp is mixed with water; and, without further manipulation, the starch settles at the bottom of the vessel. The water is poured off, and the starch is dried in the open air. From eight parts, by weight, of the root, one part of starch is obtained; and is commonly sold for an equal weight of salt.

The gummy resin, improperly called *Terra Japonica*, is prepared by the mountaineers from the *Mimosa Catechu* (should be Cat'h) which abounds in these forests. Gum, lac and wild silk are collected in the woods. Crude iron is smelted at numerous petty iron works in Serguja. Myrobalams and the Chironji nut are gathered in the forest. These, with other articles, which have been already hinted at, are the objects of the little traffic that is carried on between Serguja and Benares. We were informed

by carriers, whom we met at different times, that they obtained those returns for salt and tobacco, which they bring from the province of Benares.

From Cóthi, the first village within Bijey Sinh's jurisdiction, we marched in three days to Herikerpur, the southern limit of his possessions; the third march was employed in ascending and descending the Simset pass. At our encampment below the pass I received a visit from the son of Bijey Sinh. This chieftain belongs to the tribe of Gonds, and bears the title of Pówá, peculiar to that tribe; but he has adopted the manners of a Hindu, and is treated as such by the Hindus of Serguja. Though disaffected to the administration of the uncle and guardian of the minor Rajah, he has not thrown off his allegiance. He pays contributions in lieu of revenue, but resists all other interference within his jurisdiction. From subsequent information, it appeared that he is not needlessly on his guard against the violence of the Rajah's guardian.

Throughout Bijey Sinh's territory, as in that of Bhawáni Sinh, which had been previously traversed by us, inhabited spots are thinly scattered in a vast forest. The villages, however, are rather more populous, and the cleared spots are somewhat less confined than in Berch and Dud'hi. The road winds excessively through deep woods and over very uneven ground, close to the foot of lofty eminences.

The road is stony, and the live rock is in many places exposed. From the banks of the Sone to the Simset pass, we crossed numerous rivulets and water-courses, the stream of which is invariably directed to the westward. This fact indicates that the ground is more elevated on the east towards the frontier of Palamú. In one rivulet I remarked blocks of granite, in the banks of another talc was found; mica, in dust, or cemented in concrete stones, was common in many places, both on hills and in the valleys. On the summit of the Simset pass and on its steep declivities, large pieces of talc, either detached or combined with fragments of silicious stones, were abundant; but quartz is the most common rock throughout the whole of this mountainous tract.

From the 24th of January, when we encamped near the limits of Berch, to the 28th, when we traversed the Simset pass, the cold, which had gradually increased since we quitted the Sone, become intense. A hoar-frost remained on the ground after sunrise on the 25th and 26th. On the 27th at sunrise the

thermometer stood at 24° of Fahrenheit's scale, and ten minutes after sunrise it had only risen to 26° . Water had frozen in brass vessels; the pools were frozen in many places, and the frost remained on them and in the shade of the forest for more than an hour, and on grass and trees for more than two hours after sunrise. At noon, the thermometer had risen to 62° ; and at ten o'clock at night had fallen to 31° . A thermometer which had been exposed all night was covered with icicles on the morning of the 28th, and stood after sunrise at 21° . Another, taken out of its case, exhibited $22\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and rose to 24° when exposed for a few minutes to the air. Water had frozen in a leather bag; and the grass and trees were covered with ice. Even after our march through the Simset pass, we found ice still unmelted at nine o'clock in the forenoon. This intense cold between the latitudes of 23° and 24° confirms a received opinion that the climate of uncleared countries is colder than that of cultivated regions. Though we now travelled in a mountainous country, the elevation is quite insufficient to account for so great cold near the tropical limits.

At Herikerpur we met a numerous band of travellers proceeding to Benares. We had already met several other parties in different places. They were mostly pilgrims from various parts of the Mahratta dominions. The insults and even personal danger to which travellers were, at this time, exposed on all the other routes from the Deccan to Benares, compelled the pilgrims to choose this road, which is secure, though very circuitous and inconvenient.

After halting one day to refresh the cattle and people, who were much fatigued by ten successive marches, we moved to Khergánwán, a village situated a mile south of the Mahánadí river. We this day traversed a cultivated country. Some spots, indeed, were waste; but even there the forest was thin, and seemed to have been formerly cleared and tilled. It exhibited the reverse of the picture which we had lately viewed in forests, where the few cultivated spots that are found are half filled with the stumps of trees recently cut down.

Rice is the chief object of tillage in this tract. Barley and pulse were seen near the villages; but most of the tilled ground had already yielded its harvest, which had evidently consisted of rice.

The natural productions of the forest from which we had now emerged are the same that have been already enumerated

on the occasion of our reaching its northern skirt. Among trees not already mentioned, are *Semecarpus anacardium*, *Bassia latifolia*, and *Cratæva marmelos*, which are said to grow wild in this forest. Among useful plants, are *Rubia*, *Manjêt'h*, and *Genticina charayta*, which the natives affirm to be common in these woods.

We were obliged to halt two days at this place, in consequence of a message received from the guardian of the minor Rajah of Serguja. My escort and retinue had been magnified by common rumour to a potent army, and the Rajah's guardian feared, or pretended to fear, hostile designs. Absurd as were such apprehensions, yet a similar alarm had been taken by the chief of Sinhraula; and the Meksil chief of Chegerh also, whose country lay on the eastern side of our route, had armed to repel an expected invasion. In the present instance the suspicions of the guardian were aggravated by the visit which I received from the son of his enemy, Bijey Sinh. I therefore sent a confidential servant to conciliate the Rajah's guardian, and to convince him of the absurdity of the apprehensions which he entertained. This was easily accomplished, and after a delay of two days, we proceeded to Persá, and thence, on the subsequent day, to Serguja.

The country which we traversed was populous, and in general well cultivated; but in marches we passed over a considerable tract of forest ground. Persá is a large village, and a mart for grain; and the first place on the south of the Sone to which either term is applicable. It was here that we fell into the route which was formerly travelled by Mr. Chapman, when proceeding to the court of Nagpur on a public mission. Mr. Chapman took the route of Ramgerh; pursuing a track which was then, or but few years earlier, constantly beaten by merchants exporting silk from Bengal to Nagpur. This traffic has now taken a different channel, and Mirzapur is become its mart.

For a short time preceding and following the route in which we travelled, the traders who exported silks, spices, and other valuable merchandize to the Deccan, followed the same track which we pursued. But commerce is now returning to the shorter and more convenient route of Baghelcund.

A fever, with which I had been some days afflicted, rendered it necessary to prolong our stay at Serguja. This disorder did not assume the worst shape of what is denominated the forest fever; and very few persons besides myself experienced any

After four days, the fever by which I suffered being then checked, I received a visit from the chief of Serguja and his guardian, and we proceeded on our journey the following day. In five marches we traversed the southern part of Serguja, and the fifth day proceeded towards Retunpur. For more than thirty miles the country was populous; the villages were frequent, and surrounded with arable land, but forest intervened in some places. The tops of the hills appeared to be wholly waste, and the valleys generally well cultivated. The road mostly followed the windings of the valley; it once or twice crossed a ridge of hills.

At our second encampment the tents were pitched near a pond, which tradition makes to be the scene of a celebrated legend.¹ Dasaratha, through an unhappy mistake, slew the son of a blind ascetic, while drawing water from a pond for his helpless parent. The name of the place, And'hala, is said to be founded on this event.

The third day we encamped within three or four miles of a very conspicuous hill, named Ramgerh, which had been seen and remarked from Serguja, and which remained in sight even after we crossed the boundary of Chetesgerh. Annual fairs are held there, which invite a great resort from very distant places. Though esteemed a place of much sanctity, it is uninhabited, and is not even become the abode of a single devotee, or recluse, nor been honoured with a temple or any other edifice. The images of the gods, as we learnt from inquiry (for we did not visit the spot), are left exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

In our fourth march we found the road extremely bad. For nearly five miles it led us over rugged hills, but afterwards through a cultivated valley. Thence we again entered a forest, and encamped on the banks of a rivulet. The fifth march we traversed a steep and difficult pass. The whole tract was mountainous; and the road, through uninterrupted forest, was even more fatiguing to our people and cattle than the worst part of the route between the Sone and Serguja.

We that day pitched our tents within the limits of Chetesgerh, near a small village, in a very confined valley, and thence,

¹ [It forms one of the episodes of the *Rámáyana*. Dasaratha, the father of Ráma, is punished for this deed of blood in the banishment of his son, and eventually dies under the curse. A translation of this episode appears among other specimens of Indian poetry, in the late Dean Milman's works. See also Prof. Monier Williams' *Lectures on Indian Epic Poetry*. Mr. Colebrooke, in his essay on Sanscrit poetry, inserts the version of the same incident from Cálidása's *Raghuvansa*.—Ed.]

in two marches, reached Ch'huri, a populous town three miles south of the Hetsu river. The intermediate day, after crossing very craggy hills, and then passing an equal tract of less rugged country, which is, however, very sparingly cultivated, we encamped on a small hill, at the foot of a more lofty and conspicuous one, named Chendi. It is remarkable for a figure rudely delineated, either by nature, or by art, on a perpendicular precipice, and bears a real or fancied resemblance to a cock. This figure is worshipped under the title of Chendipat. From this place to Ch'huri, the first half of the way is a stony road, through thick forest, in a very narrow valley; the remainder of it traverses a well-cultivated country, interspersed, however, with some barren land, thinly covered with stunted forest.

Throughout the whole of our journey we crossed numerous rivulets and water-courses. But the Hetsu, or Nend-Hetsu, is the first that we saw which could be dignified with the name of river. Its course, from the west to the east, demonstrates that the highest land lies to the westward. In fact, it has its source on the same spot, whence two celebrated rivers, the Sone and Nermada, flow; one towards the north, and the other towards the west. Amarcantac, in which are the fountains of these three rivers, must evidently be the highest ground in the Vind'hya range of mountains. The course of the Nermada shows the direction of the highest range towards the west. At the Simset pass we crossed that range extending towards the east, and again another branch of it on the confines of Chetesgarh, and Serguja.

The place where we crossed the Hetsu cannot be more than forty miles horizontal distance from Amarcantac. At Retunpur, which is further from that mountain, the computed travelling distance, on a very winding road, was stated at eighteen *gondi* cos, or thirty-six *gao* cos, equal to sixty-five miles of road distance. The mountain is said to be surrounded by forest for several day's journey. The extreme cold, which was attributed to it by the persons from whom we made inquiries concerning that mountain, is a further indication of its great height. It is sometimes visited by pilgrims; but the fables which are recounted concerning the place are too absurd for repetition. Serpents of the boa kind may really abound there; but the size to which they are said to grow is too extravagant for brief. It is pretended that the fountains of all three rivers have been inclosed within one basin of masonry, from which the infant streams are allowed to flow. Whatever credit we might have been disposed to give

this asseveration was completely forfeited by subsequent gradations of anility. It is strange that the absurdest fables should be current even among a credulous people, at a short distance from the spot. The only fact which I will venture to affirm, on the authority of answers to inquiries here made, is that the boundaries of three provinces which had, until lately, three different masters, meet at Amarcantac. They are Garah, Sohagpur, and Chetesgarh.

The Hetsu does not become navigable so near its source for boats larger than canoes; yet the vicinity of the river has probably contributed to render Ch'huri and the surrounding districts a populous and well-cultivated country. Here, for the first time since we crossed the Sone, we obtained supplies of flour, chich peas, and other meal and pulse, which our servants and attendants, being natives of Hindustan, unwillingly forewent while traversing a country in which nothing could be procured besides rice and tares. Clarified butter, instead of oil of Bassia, which the mountaineers abundantly supplied, was a change that seemed more indifferent to them. That oil, when recent, is a good substitute for butter, in cooking at least, if not for other uses.¹

Ch'huri is one of the thirty-six towns and forts, which give name to the province of Chetesgarh. It is a mart not only for corn and various productions of industry, but also for gum, lac, and other produce of the forest. In fact, the district dependent on Ch'huri, though a well-cultivated country when compared with that which we had before passed, contains much forest.

The trees that compose the woods between Serguja and this place belong to the same kind which were noticed in the former part of the journey. Some have been already enumerated; others, the botanical names of which have not been ascertained, would be needlessly mentioned by appellations which they bear in the vernacular dialects, or even in the Hindu language. The most commons trees were the *Sal Boswelii* and *Piyal*: many noble climbers, mostly belonging to the convolvulus-kind, add greatly to the beauty of the forest.

On the hills, which we passed after entering the limits of Chetesgarh, agrillaceous girt seemed to be the most common stone. But, after crossing the Hetsu, we found on its southern bank low hills, that consisted of micaceous rock. Within the

¹ It is probably the same which Mr. Park found in the internal parts of Africa, and which he names the *shea* or butter tree. His description of the fruit corresponds exactly with the drupe of the Bassia.

limits of Serguja, the prevailing stone is pure quartz, and fragments of it are often found in concrete stone combined with micaceous and argillaceous cement. Not a single specimen of calareous stone was observed.

It was found necessary to halt at Ch'huri for the sake of refreshing the people and cattle, and to collect supplies of grain. During two days that our encampment remained there the curiosity of the inhabitants seemed unsatiated. A crowd of spectators continually surrounded the tents. The sight of Europeans must have been more novel and extraordinary to the mountaineers in the former part of our journey; yet they rarely approached the encampment. Their fears probably overcame their curiosity. But at populous places, such as Serguja, Persá, and Ch'huri, the inhabitants gathered confidence from their numbers, and ventured to view us at leisure.

From Ch'huri we reached Retunpur in three days. The first day we travelled through a cultivated country interspersed with tracts of waste land, covered with grass and with stunted trees. Among these the leafy *Butea* was most conspicuous. The practice of annually burning the grass during the dry season, for the sake of obtaining younger shoots for the pasture of cattle, is the probable cause that the forest is here stunted. The effects of fire were plainly marked on the trunks of the trees. In open plains, covered with grass, when fire is communicated to standing hay, in the dry season, and whilst a strong wind blows, the flame rages with so much fury and rapidity, that persons travelling in narrow paths are exposed to great danger. At different places in the course of the journey, the baggage and attendants were, from this cause, endangered. In one instance the peril was imminent, but followed by a happy escape.

The second day we traversed an extensive forest, over ground very stony and uneven. A chain of lofty hills, which we observed the preceding day on our right, and another, less elevated, which we noticed on the left, are connected by a low ridge, which we this day crossed. The stone was quartzose, with some siliceous grit. A few specimens of this last sort had been also noticed in the valleys of Serguja.

The third day we travelled over a well cultivated and populous plain. We were welcomed by the Subahdar of Retunpur, who met us at the distance of three or four miles from the town; and we encamped on the skirts of it, at the foot of a small hill, which bears the name of Ramtec, from a temple

erected upon it by the late Bimbajee, in imitation of one that stands near Nagpur. The image of the founder has been placed in a building similar to the temple. The figure stands in a praying posture, opposite to the idols of Rám, Lacshman and Sita. This method of placing a marble representative, to continue the devotional practice of the principal, after his decease, has been adopted by Mahratta ladies and chieftains in many other places.

Bimbajee was uncle of the present Rajah of Berar, and had, for his appanage or separate allotment, Chetesgarh, and other eastern provinces in the same manner that Vincajee, the Rajah's brother, now holds them. Bimbajee made Retunpur his constant abode; and his widow still resides here. We received from her, and returned, compliments and civility, and paid a visit to her, at her abode within the fort, which very ill deserves to become the habitation of a prince.

Retunpur is the chief town of the northern half of Chetesgarh, as Rayapur is of the southern portion of the same province. It was formerly held by an independent prince belonging to the Hacheya, or Harho tribe of Rajputs. One branch of the family held Retunpur, another Rayapur. Both were subjugated by the Mahrattas, about the time when these were accustomed to make annual incursions into Bengal. One branch of that ancient family is extinct; the other enjoys a very small provision for its maintenance, and has sunk into obscurity. The former proprietors of Retunpur have left manifest traces of their religious devotion in the numerous temples erected by them, and the ponds, excavated for the gratification of piety, rather than for public use. No fewer than seven hundred pounds are reckoned in the vicinity of Retunpur.

The town is not large, but is populous in proportion to its precincts. It contains edifices of masonry; some of which are dwelling-houses, but none are temples. It is entirely surrounded, at the distance of one or two miles in every direction, by very low hills, which, in some places, do not exceed twenty feet, in none seem to rise above sixty. A chain of similar low hills takes an easterly direction. The whole province of Chetesgarh is mountainous; and, though some tracts are well-cultivated, it is too remote from great markets for its produce to find a profitable vent.

The husbandry in the immediate vicinity of the town exhibited traces of a crop of rice. The standing fields consisted of wheat, chich peas, linseed, and some coriander. At the distance of a few miles, several sugar-mills were noticed.

More birds were found near Retunpur than in the former part of the journey. In the forests scarcely a single bird of any kind was ever seen. But here, snipes, wild ducks, teal, gallinules, and other sorts of water fowls, were found in the ponds or on the edges of them. Quails abounded in the fields : a single bustard (*Otis Indica*) was seen. Kites and crows were sufficiently numerous near the town.

On the edges of the ponds we noticed many rude furnaces or boiling places. There exists an economical practice, which I have not seen in any other part of India; namely, the washing of clothes in boiling water. Everywhere else, linen is washed in cold water, and beaten on stones or boards. The example of Retunpur might be advantageously copied in other Indian towns.

Necessary arrangements detained us three days at Retunpur. Resuming our journey, we reached Déocar in seven days, including one half, after a forced march. The road passes the towns of Tekhtpur, which are reckoned among the thirty-six forts or towns that give name to the province. The country is a plain, gently undulated, and is watered by numerous rivulets, which all flow in an easterly direction.

A chain of hills on the right, gradually recedes from the road. The country is open, and, by comparison with other tracts which we traversed, may be termed populous and well cultivated. But the waste ground, covered with grass, and, in some places, with stunted trees, much exceed the arable land. The soil is clayey; argillaceous stones were remarked in the banks of the rivulets. In a few spots on the plain the base rock, consisting of siliceous grit, was exposed to view; in one rivulet, calcareous stones were remarked, and small pieces of tale were found in the beds of most rivulets, both in this tract and in that which we had before traversed.

The population consists chiefly of mountaineers, belonging to tribes which have adopted the manners of Hindus, and have even assumed the sacerdotal thread. In the wilder parts of the province, the mountaineers are said to retain their original manners. The industry of the peasant is employed in cultivating wheat, linseed chiches, pigeon-peas, kidney beans, and tares. All these were now on the ground. Rice had been reaped in its season; and also maize, panic, Indian millet, and other sorts of grain. Some sugarcane, tobacco, and safflowers, were noticed near the villages. We here remarked, with pleasure, that the

harvest is transported on carts from the field to the village. The same practice prevails near Nagpur. It is unaccountable that it should be universally neglected in Bengal and in Hindustan.

Scarcely a single plant of cotton was seen. But we twice met, on the road, carriers conducting loads of raw cotton towards Catalu, a mart near Cuttack. They had provided the loads at places not very distant from the spots where we met them, but situated in the hilly parts of the province. It is strange that they should load cattle with raw cotton, which, by their own account, will only account, when cleared of seed and dirt, one-third its weight in cotton wool. They stated the prime cost of each load at six *rupiyas*, the charge of transport at five, and their expectation of the market at twenty. The profit would be still greater upon cotton wool.

The produce of cotton in Chetesgerh cannot be considerable; for great quantities of cotton wool are annually transported from Nagpur. At this last-mentioned place it is sometimes laden on canoes and small boats, to descend the Mahánadí; but the navigation is not so advantageous as to render the practice of it general.

Chetesgerh exports to Nagpur rice and wheat by land carriage; but the charges of transport are so great that the traders cannot afford a large price to the peasant. Grain is very cheap in this part of the province. But the exactions of rent, if the peasants may be believed, are exorbitant. According to information received from them at Newagerh, Mungeli, and other places, confirmed too by subsequent inquiries at Nagpur, the rents are here regulated by the number of ploughs: and no land measure of any kind is employed or even known. Four oxen are allowed for each plough; and a tax is levied at rates varying between ten and sixteen *rupiyas* for the plough. Near Nagpur the rate of the tax is more considerable, but is regulated in the same manner. We were already acquainted with this mode of adjusting rents, for it also prevails in Serguja, and in Dudhi and Berch.¹ But the tax in these last-mentioned districts was stated at no more than one *rupiya* for each plough.² In answer to inquiries concerning the produce of land tilled by one plough, the peasants at Newagerh

¹ It prevails also in the northern provinces of Bengal, on the frontiers of Assam, Bhotan, and Moran.
² The Vakil of the proprietor, while he furnished this information, added, in a significant manner, that the peasants abscond whenever it is attempted to raise the rent or impose new assessments and taxes.

stated the quantity of seed usually sown at four measures, and the produce at sixty. The measure contains about a hundred avoirdupois pounds.

The other exports, besides grain, are oil, clarified butter, starch of Tikhori, gum lac, resin, wax, and honey. We met carriers returning with unloaded cattle, which, as they informed us, had conveyed resin and lac from Ch'huri to Nagpur. Another and more numerous party, was returning with unloaded oxen to Mirzapur. They had conveyed a very valuable adventure of silk.

At Tekhapur we met a very large caravan of pilgrims, on their way to Benares. Many covered litters conveyed females belonging to respectable families. Others, of less rank, rode on ponies. It is, however, common, though we did not then observe a single instance of the custom, for ladies of high rank, amongst the Mahrattas to ride on horseback. The caravan came from Puna, but was augmented by the junction of some pilgrims at Nagpur. In the subsequent years, caravans, still more numerous, passed Nagpur, on their way to Benares, by the route of Serguja; and many pilgrims from Nagpur itself took the same road. The annual resort of devout persons, from all parts of the Deccan, and especially from the Mahratta territories, to Benares, Allahabad, and Gaya, is great. Other roads being now unsafe, this route, though circuitous, is preferred by most pilgrims, as well as Hindus, from the Deccan to Benares, as Mohammedans, from Bengal towards Surat, on their road to Mecca.

It had been intended, in conformity with the advice received at Retunpur, to proceed by the way of Dhemdha; but, for the sake of pursuing the shortest route, if it should be found practicable, we were induced to continue in the direct track towards Nagpur. We accordingly proceeded from Déocar to Khairagerh. This employed two days. In the latter part of the first day's march the chain of hills, which disappeared near Newagerh, was again in sight. The second day we gradually approached the same range.

At Khairagerh it forms an amphitheatre, turning from a south-westerly to a southerly direction. The country is cultivated and populous; not, however, without some tracts of waste land covered with grass, interspersed with leafy *Butea*, *jeoube*¹ and *Rhammes*. Khairagerh, like Mungeli, and Newagerh, is surrounded with acacia. But the gum and bark do not become objects

¹ {Probably Jujube, the *Zizyphus Jujuba* of India.—Ed.]

of trade; they are only used on the spot. As we approached Khairagerh, we found fields of cotton. The plant was intermixed with the pigeon-pea and *Palma Christi*. On the edge of the rivulet, that runs by Khairagerh, we remarked the culture of melons; and on its banks egg plants. A small field of the *somniferous* poppy had been noticed at Mungeli.

The choice of four roads was now offered to us. The shortest was not deemed the most eligible, because steep passes and a wide forest intervene. By the advice of a person who met us at this place, on the part of the Amil of Lanji, to whose jurisdiction Khairagerh appertains, we chose the route which was described as most practicable, and consequently most expeditious, though somewhat circuitous. It was further recommended, by the example of the mother of the Rajah of Berar, and his brother, Vincajee Bhausla, who were then proceeding by that very route to Retunpur, on their way to the temple of Jagannath, in Cuttack.

We moved from Khairagerh on the 3rd of March and fell into their tract, at Bergaon, on the 5th. They had encamped at this village three days earlier; and we found, in our subsequent progress, their march imprinted by the desolation of all the small villages through which they had passed. The inhabitants had fled from the depredations of their camp followers, and from the attendants only; but military execution against some Zemindars of oppression of compulsory labour. This must be imputed to their Chetesgerh, for a trivial offence, and confiscations against eminent chiefs in Cuttack, on a flimsy pretence, were subsequent acts for which the prince himself, or his royal mother, must exclusively answer.

The highest extremity of the hills, which took a southerly direction from Khairagerh, bore due north from our encampment at Bergaon; detached hills occupied the western horizon, and on the south, a distant range of mountains could be perceived, and its direction was judged to be south-east.

Several chain of rocks cross the plain; they were, at this time, decorated by numberless trees of *Bombax gossypium*, in full blossom, and the yellow hue of these flowers was beautifully contrasted with the flame-coloured blossom of *Butea frondosa*, equally abundant on the plain. The *Boswellia* added, by its own beauty, and by the fragrancy of its gum, to the delight which the elegance of the scenery afforded, and which consoled us for this approach to another forest, after marching three days through a populous and well-tilled country.

Proceeding from Bergaon, we crossed a low range of hills by a stony, but very practicable pass, and marched three days through a forest, which is intersected by several rivulets; but rarely interrupted by culture. The few villages that were scattered in it had been recently desolated, as already mentioned. The face of the country is undulated; but the road is covered with soil, and has few loose stones. However, the additional fatigue now sustained by the cattle made us experience, with accumulated weight, the consequence of the hardships which the cattle had borne, in the very difficult roads before travelled by us. Two elephants had been left lame at the different places; four were disabled, by the galling of their backs, from carrying their usual burdens; several camels had died, and most of the rest were now either lame or galled by their saddles. By assigning a part of their loads to the healthy cattle, and by fresh aid of hired oxen, we were enabled to proceed, notwithstanding these increasing difficulties. We overtook, in the forest, carriers conducting towards Nagpur numerous droves of oxen, loaded with grain, especially linseed, sesamum, and wheat. At Deori Cishori, where we encamped on the third day from Bergaon, several large droves of cattle were detained for the adjustment of a petty duty of custom, levied then at the rate of one *áná* per load. Similar duties are collected at many other stations.

The loss of time and the vexations, not to mention undue exactions, to which traders become thus exposed, are far more burdensome than the amount of the taxes so collected. No intermediate customs should ever be exacted within the territories of the same sovereign, between the place where the merchandize is purchased and the market where it is sold. This obvious principle of finance is unknown to the government of Berar, and to most other native governments in India; and the carriers are exposed to exactions, more or less heavy, once, or even oftener, in every day's journey.

On the skirt of the forest we met traders going to Rayapur, to load with cocoa-nuts for Nagpur. The nuts are brought from the neighbourhood of the sea, where this sort of palm thrives better than in mountainous and inland countries. At Rayapur they are laden on oxen, at the cost of twenty to twenty-five *rupiyas* for the load, and are sold at Nagpur for twenty-seven to thirty *rupiyas*. Such, at least, is the statement that was given by these traders.

At Deori Cishori we halted an additional day, for the double purpose of giving rest to the cattle, and allowing the Muslems

in our camp to celebrate the great festivals;¹ which they did, by erecting a temporary edgah,² where a couple of chapters of the Koran were read, for their edification, by one of my attendants, who had used foresight and precaution in obtaining the necessary instructions and authority from the cazi of Retunpur.

Leaving Deori Cishori on the 10th of March, we traversed the remainder of the forest, and encamped near a small village, at the foot of a pass, which was crossed by us the next morning; and we thence proceeded to Sundregaoon, passing numerous villages, intermixed, however, with patches of forest.

Here, and in the whole tract from Bergaoon to this place, the great Tectona,³ is a common tree; and the inhabitants of the province are well acquainted with the value of its timber. Besides this, we found many old acquaintances among the plants of the forest.

At Sundregaoon we took leave of the hills, and proceeded to Sangerh, over a gently-undulating country, well tilled, with only a few patches of forest interspersed. Here, as at Sundregaoon, and at several intermediate spots, large ponds have been formed by a simple expedient, which will be more fully noticed in another place. On the edge of the pond, and almost surrounded by its water, stands the fort of Sangerh, an old building, and, seemingly, in bad repair. It is contiguous to a large village, which contains some near houses; and the roads, that lead in various directions, were thronged with carts and carriages, and exhibited an active scene, which excited a pleasing sensation arising from the thought, that we had at length emerged from deserts and forests into an inhabited and civilized country.

Here we were welcomed by a person of rank, deputed for that purpose by the court of Nagpur. He accompanied us during the remainder of the march. The same person, Shekh Mohammed Ali, had executed the same office on former similar occasions. It was, he said, his privilege to welcome British ministers to the court of Berar. This venerable old gentleman was (he is since deceased) more than eighty years of age, but active and capable

¹ So the festival that follows the Mahommedan lent is called. The people assemble at a place allotted for the purpose, where the head of the Law reads two chapters of the Koran, the first, and another; and afterwards recites the usual orison.

² Edgah, or Eed-gah, a place of festival or prayer. The term is applied to buildings erected for the celebration of the Eeds or festivals, of which there are several in the Mohammedan Calendar.

³ Sagun, *Tectona grandis*, called teak by Europeans in India. From what language this name was borrowed is uncertain. The Hindu name, Sagun, prevails in the Deccan, and on the western coast of India.

of undergoing much fatigue. On this, and on examples of longevity in his family, he confidently relied for a much longer life; but, in the subsequent year, succumbed under the fatigues of a winter campaign against a marauding partisan.

At this time, notwithstanding Mohammed Ali's hopes of long life, he did not neglect the means usually employed, by very old men, to atone for the sins of their youth, and to reconcile themselves with heaven, on the brink of the grave. The Shekh, to the punctual recitation of the five daily prayers, added frequent repetition of passages from the Koran. On horse back, in a chair, or wherever placed, he muttered the holy sentences, without hindrance to conversation. He readily stopt the recital to make a lively remark or to return a prompt answer; and as readily resumed his devout muttering. But his devotion, nearly exempt from bigotry, had not damped his cheerfulness, which maintained its uniform tenor, notwithstanding a copious dose of opium, swallowed by him twice in each day.

The venerable Shekh conducted us, on the 13th of March, to Lakhni, where we were tempted, by the shade of a large and well-grown orchard, to halt a second day, for the sake of giving repose to our jaded cattle. This was the first shelter which we found since the weather had grown sultry. In the forest, the underwood prevents the traveller from taking shelter under the trees; and in the cultivated tracts through which we had since passed, orchards, and even single fruit-trees, were almost wholly wanting. This want indicate the deficiency of encouragement for agriculture and population. Wherever peasants become confident of transmitting their farms to their posterity, their earliest care is to plant trees for the benefit of their children. Both reason and religion dictate this duty to a Hindu peasant; when it has been uniformly neglected, the administration of the country must have been uniformly faulty.

We were here entertained with an exhibition, common in the Deccan; a series of pictures (if pictures they may be called), figuring the fabulous horses of the Bhárat. The exhibition was accompanied with unmelodious song, and with the music of a drum, and of an instrument consisting of a brass plate, on which a waxed stick is held perpendicularly, and rubbed, to excite vibrations on the plate.

Leaving Lakhni, on the 15th of March, we forded the Banganga, and encamped near the fort of Bhandara, after passing some hilly and unequal ground, and subsequently traversing a very

open and well-tilled country. The towns and villages are populous, and surrounded with fruit-trees, especially *Eugenia jambos*. Fields of kidney-beans (*dolichos*) or safflower, and sugarcane, indicate the varied husbandry of populous districts. I noticed, as a singular mixture of crops, kidney-beans and chiches, in fields of sugarcane.

The next day we found good shelter in an orchard, near the village of Merore, contiguous to a garden of plantations and a field of tobacco. We have noticed, for the first time, a very simple contrivance, which is adapted to all deep wells in this part of the Deccan. It consists of a hose attached to the bottom of the bucket, and drawn over a roll into a trough. By duly proportioning the height of the pulley above the well, and the length of the ropes which pass over the pulley and roller, none of the water is wasted; and no other attendance is required but that of a driver to guide the oxen in their alternate walks to and from the well.

On the 18th of March, having rested the preceding day in a garden at Umri, and traversed an open country, which is grazed by wild antelopes, though not ill-cultivated, we encamped on the banks of the Nag, in sight of Nagpur, and at the distance of two miles from it. The son and grand-children of our Shekh, and the principal officers of the corps of Arab infantry, which he commanded, visited him at this place. The joy with which they welcomed the return of the patriarch, after his short absence, pleasingly demonstrated the affection which they bore to an indulgent parent and a mild commander.

The next morning, agreeably to a previous appointment, and conformably with arrangements now concerted, I paid my first visit to the Rajah of Berar; his eldest nephew welcomed me in my tents, which were purposely pitched in a garden contiguous to the town. He himself received me in his own palace. I reserve the description of the edifice, and of the style and manners of the court, for another place; and I shall here close the journey; adding, that three days after my arrival, at the pressing instance of the rajah, I took up my abode in the place allotted to me, a garden and summer-house, which belonged to his deceased brother, Chimnaje.

HOMeward JOURNEY.

Having received letters of recall on the 8th of May, 1801, I expedited the preparations of the journey homewards, and taking leave of the court of Nagpur on the 18th, moved the next day to Comté, on the banks of the Cand'hán river, the

junction of the Colár, and half a mile below that of the Peck. On this holy spot,—for the Hindus attribute some sanctity to the places where even unhallowed streams meet,—Vincajee Bhausla has built and endowed a temple, dedicated by him to Siva. The unfinished building contains a sacred type of that deity, fetched from the Nermada, a river which, like the Gandhac, has the happy privilege of furnishing idols, shaped without the aid of a sculptor's hand; for, near Omcar, it possesses an inexhaustible treasure of stones, abraded by the stream to the form assigned for the type of Siva. An Omcar Maheswara has been translated, by the piety of Vincajee, to the banks of the Cand'hán.

A second day was passed at the same place, assembling the camp-followers and attendants, who are always tardy in a first march. On the 21st we proceeded to Ramtec, the Rámagiri of the Indian theogenies. Here, Ráma, with his wife Sita, and brother Lacshman, halted in their way from Ayud'h towards the southern promontory; and here, Lacshman, influenced by the soil, became enamoured of his brother's wife. The ground is more truly classic, as the spot which the anonymous author of the Még'haduta chose for the scene of his poem. A celestial spirit of an inferior order, banished upon earth, and separated from a beloved wife, makes this hill his abode; and here he vents, to a passing cloud, his tender regrets and amorous impatience. The chaste love, which is the subject of that beautiful little poem, contrasted with the incestuous desires of Lacshman, and all the licentious legends of the voluminous Puráns, may suggest, that preference is due (and assuredly it is) to the profane before the sacred poetry of the Hindus.

The hill of Rám is the highest among a chain of peaks, which is continued, with a few breaks, both in the easterly and westerly directions. Its summit is covered with temples and other buildings consecrated to Ram, and the accustomed associates of the worship paid to that deified hero. Opposite to it, on a rival peak is the tomb of a Mohammedan saint; and the foot of this hill is connected by a long dyke with another immense dyke about a mile distant. The lake, formed by this dam, covers many hundred acres in the early months after the rains, but was now almost dry.

On the 22nd, we traversed a forest, and encamped at Dungalál, a village which the lake takes its name from, formed by a wall of masonry, across a very narrow gorge between steep and rocky hills. The scene is picturesque: but the sight of a

decaying village detracted from the pleasure with which the landscape might be viewed. Since the province of Garah has been re-united to the dominions of the Rajah of Berar, the frequent passage of troops, and of persons belonging to the brigade, stationed in that province, subjects the villages, situated on the side of the road, to almost daily calls for compulsory, and sometimes gratuitous, labour. The practice of pressing people for the conveyance of baggage from village to village, would not be tolerated by a well-regulated government. Its effects were seen by us in every subsequent march, demonstrated by the evident decay of many villages, and the total desertion of others.

Dungartál was the first acquisition of a Patán family, which now holds an extensive jagir, reaching from this place to the confines of the province of Garah. The present possessors of the jagir descend, in the fifth degree, from Raja Khan, an adventurer from the north of India, who obtained service with the then chief of Déógerh, and left to his posterity this estate with the title of diwan. A substantial house, the ancient residence of the family, yet remains; but the more eligible abode of Shinní and Ch'hépára has drawn the descendants of Raja Khan to the banks of the Bán Ganga.

From Dungartál, we proceeded, in two days, to Mehgaon, traversing a forest which is rarely interrupted by tillage, and ascending a very steep and rocky pass. An undulating country, clothed with thick and lofty woods, exhibited much beautiful scenery, which reminded us of our former journey. The forest contains leafy *Butea*, and long-leaved *Bassia*; some *Sal* and *Catechu mimosa*; the three sorts of *Myrobalan*: the great *Tectona*, *Chelonoid bignonia*, and *Fistular cassia*; the fragrant *Boswellia*; a beautiful climbing *Bauhinia*; the Indian, and religious fig-trees; and many other conspicuous plants.

The stone is everywhere siliceous. In some places the road is reddened by the decomposition of a siliceous grit; but the rocks seem most quartzose. However specimens of a sandstone, both red and white, were noticed in several spots. These observations, with the preceding remarks on the plants of the forest, are not restricted to the woods and hills between Dungartál and Mehgaon.

The last-named village is nearly built, and has a constant market for the supply of the wants of travellers. It stands on table-land, gently undulating, and which is sufficiently wooded, with majestic trees scattered on the plain. Several other villages in sight of Mehgaon indicate extensive culture.

We were here compelled to halt one day, to refresh the cattle and people; some of whom, having missed the way, added needless fatigue to a forced march. Our good fortune exempted us from a frequent repetition of the same accident, to which we were much exposed. At most seasons, the night is the proper time for travelling in India; the intense heat of the weather made it now peculiarly necessary to avoid marching in the day.¹ Long stages were expedient, because the commencement of the rainy season was at hand. To reach the Ganges, even by forced marches, was almost hopeless, but to make every exertion for that object was indispensable. A single fall of rain would fill the rivers, and render even brooks and rivulets impassable. To halt until the torrents had passed would then become unavoidable. With every such interruption, the season would advance, and our difficulties would increase; entangled among forests, in a mountainous country covered with woods, we should soon be surrounded with disease; for, in the rainy season, the air of such countries is pregnant with the seeds of a fatal distemper,—*the fever of the forest*. It was, therefore, our constant and anxious wish to make as long marches as the people and cattle could perform; but it was not found easy so to regulate the stages.

At an advanced period of the dry season, when pools and rivulets are mostly dry, convenient stages would not always bring us to a spot where water could be procured. Shade was, in this very sultry weather, almost as necessary as water for the attendants and camp-followers. Fodder for numerous cattle, and supplies of grain for a large camp, always require provident care. The difference of a smooth or rugged road makes the same distance an easy journey in one case, and a laborious one in the other. In regulating our stages by all these considerations, we fully experienced the uncertainty of estimated measures, the unit of which is too large. The road measure of this part of the Deccan is the *gondi cos*, reckoned equal to two (others say three), *megheli* or *gao cos*, which are a little shorter than the *benjari cos*. Four if not five different measures, bearing the same denominations, become the source of constant perplexity; and, in so large a unit, as the equivalent of four or five miles, the error or uncertainty of a *fourth* part must be apprehended in the computed distance of one day's journey. We sometimes experienced the variation of a *third*, and often found the journey of the day exceed or fall short of the expected distance in the proportion first mentioned.

¹ During the middle of the day, a thermometer, in the shade, varied from 100° to 105° of Fahrenheit's scale.

Throughout Hindustan, where distances are generally reckoned by the *common cos*, computed distances are not found to differ so widely from actual measurements.

I resume the narrative.—From Mehgaon we proceeded through a well-cultivated country, by a good road, to Nariara. We crossed one running stream, and many dry beds of rivulets, and left on our right the town of Sioni, where the jagirdar, Diwan Mohammed Zeman Khan, usually resides. His house is a large and lofty edifice, which was a conspicuous object from the road, though distant four or five miles from it.

A second march brought us to Ch'hepára. We traversed at forest of thinly-scattered trees, crossed many beds of rivulets, and descended several declivities into the valley, in which the Bán Ganga runs. This valley is well tilled, and, jointly with the rest of the jagir, furnishes Nagpur with much wheat and other grain, conveyed thither upon oxen.

The town of Ch'hepára is large and populous. The Bán Ganga passes (I cannot say flows) through the middle of it; on the banks of the river, whose stream was now suspended by the dryness of the season, stands a large house, the abode of the younger branch of the Jagirdar's family. The town contains few other buildings of masonry, but many spacious though unsubstantial houses, thatched, as is usual in the Deccan, even for the smallest cottage. Ch'hepára is adorned by two cypress gardens; it was at this time decorated by temporary buildings, in which the wedding of the Jagirdar, who espoused the daughter of his uncle, had been celebrated a few days before with much splendour. This nobleman, the head of a numerous clan of Patáns, settled on his jagir, maintains the princely state of a grand feudatory, and, like an ancient baron in the feudal days of Europe, renders military service to the paramount. He had just received a summons to repair to Nagpur with his forces, for the purpose of assisting in quelling a dangerous mutiny of the Rajah's regular troops; and, a few months earlier, he relieved the necessities of the Bhausla by a benevolence of three lacs of *rupiyas*.¹

Having exchanged compliments with him, but declined his offer of a visit, and his invitation to an entertainment, because the progress of my journey would have been thereby delayed

¹ They had mutinied on account of great arrears. When the mutiny was at length quelled, these arrears were deemed forfeited, the whole of the effects belonging to the officers and men confiscated and the ring-leaders put to death. The conduct of the government in first withholding the pay of its troops, and then punishing with the utmost rigour a mutiny occasioned by distress, and countenanced by frequent precedents, cannot be too much reprobated.

for one or more days, I moved on the 28th to Lachnadon. The road rises by several steep and rugged ascents, from the valley to the top of the hills. Many rivulets, among which the Bijna was distinguished as the only stream not yet exhausted by the drought of the season, intersect the mountainous interval.

Near the Bijna are two villages; everywhere else forest and rock occupy both the brow of the hills and the declivity. Tigers are said to infest this forest; it certainly shelters a less noxious animal, the bear, for one crossed the road before us, on the edge of the forest, as we emerged from the woods into the undulated plain in which Lachnadon is situated.

This village stands on a small eminence, one side of which, being entirely bare of soil, singularly exposes the naked in the whole extent of a gentle declivity. The surrounding plain, sparingly cultivated, is as sparingly wooded with the leafy *Butea*. However, a plantation of very lofty bambus (the only such plantation seen by us in the Deccan) adorns the bank of a rivulet, which here marks the boundary between the Jagir of Ch'hépára and the province of Garah. We afterwards passed several villages, and encamped at Dhuma, having travelled over a country gently undulated, and almost wholly clear of rock and forest.¹

From Dhuma, a rugged way led us to the deserted village of Raichur, at the foot of a steep and stony pass. The sides of the road exhibited, for most part of the way, signs of recent tillage: a pond, and the ruins of a large temple, indicate the past prosperity of Raichor. But oppression has driven the peasants from the neighbourhood of a road continually travelled by an unbridled soldiery, and Pipariya,² to which we marched next day from Raichur, is the only inhabited place upon the road between Dhuma and the banks of the Nermada; although orchards and plantations of fruit-trees, in several breaks of the intermediate forests, show that other spots were once the cheerful abodes of men.

In these two marches we crossed several hills steep and stony; and another on the third day near the banks of the Nermada. The summits of the hills are thinly clothed with forest, and their sides are channelled by the beds of torrents.

¹ Near this place is said to have been fought a memorable battle between the forces of the first Raghojee and those of the rajah of Mendla; it decided the fate of the Gond prince.

² So thinly is this village inhabited, and so little is the value of tillage here, and in the vicinity, that Pipariya, in conjunction with eleven other villages, south of the Nermada, pays the annual revenue of 180 rupees only.

On the 1st of June we proceeded from Pipariya to Jebelpur, crossing the Nermada midway. The river is here confined by very steep banks, about two hundred yards apart; but the breadth of the stream was at this time a few yards only, and its depth, fewer inches; yet this humble current, receiving the tribute of numerous rivers in its course, at length swells to the majestic beauty which the Nermada exhibits as it approaches the sea.

At a small distance from the northern bank, the road passes through an avenue of hills, which have been deprived of their soil either by rain or by inundation. The skeleton alone remains, consisting of vast rocks heaped on each other in strange disorder. By daylight the view must be sublime; we saw it by the pale light of a gibbous moon. With this disadvantage, we could not sufficiently observe the circumstances of these hills, nor choose the fittest specimens of the rock. However, a sandy road, and the worn base of the rocks, suggest inundation as the probable cause of the nakedness of these hills; and the specimens, taken from the several rocks, exhibit two sorts of stone, one sandstone, the other compounded of quartzose fragments, loosely connected by an argillaceous cement.

Leaving these naked hills, we passed through the large and populous town of Garah; and, after crossing a plain well wooded with fruit-trees, we skirted Jebelpur, and encamped a mile beyond the town, on the banks of a large pond lined with masonry, and embellished by the beauties of the lotus. This flower, which it can be no sin to worship, was now in full bloom. It abounds in the numerous lakes and ponds of the province of Garah; and we had the pleasure of comparing several varieties, single and full, white and tigned with deep or with faint tints of red. To a near view, the simple elegance of the white lotus gains no accession of beauty from the multiplication of its petals, nor from the tinge of gaudy hue; but the richest tint is most pleasing, when a lake, covered with full-blown lotus, is contemplated.

The pond near which we encamped, near Jebelpur, is overstocked with fish. Yet I can hardly censure the taste of the Indians, who banish from a consecrated pond the net of the fisher, the angler's hook, and the fowler's gun. Shoals of large fish, giving life to the clear water of a large lake, covered with flocks of aquatic birds, afford to the sight a gratification, which would be ill-exchanged for the momentary indulgence of appetite.

From our encampment, looking towards the town, we contemplated the pleasing tokens of human industry. A large

tract of ground, appropriated to the culture of potherbs and sugarcane, was conspicuous by numberless lofty poles, that overhang hundreds of wells, allotted for watering a most extensive garden.¹ As sugarcane is here cultivated for immediate use, not for the extraction of sugar, the vast extent of garden ground may be fairly taken as the sign of a populous town.

Jebelpur (in truth a large and populous place), becoming the abode of the Subahdar of the province, and the station of a large body of cavalry, has drawn numerous inhabitants from the neighbouring town of Garah, yet without greatly depopulating it; for the distance is so small that the towns are rather divisions of one city than avowed rivals to each other.

The thriving condition of the province, indicated by the appearance of its capital, and confirmed by that of the districts which we subsequently traversed, demands from me a tribute of praise to the ancient princes of the country. Without the benefit of navigation, (for the Nermada is not here navigable), and without much inland commerce,² but under the fostering hand of a race of Gond princes, a numerous people tilled a fertile country, and still preserve, in the neatness of their houses, in the number and magnificence of their temples, thier ponds, and other public works, in the size of their towns, and in the frequency of their plantations, the undoubted signs of enviable prosperity. The whole merit may be safely ascribed to the former government; for the praise of good administration is rarely merited by Mahratta chieftains; and it is sufficient applause to say, that the chief of Sagor, in twenty years, and the rajah of Berar, in four, have not much impaired the prosperity which they found.

The Gond princes, just now alluded to, reigned at Mendla, a fort, the walls of which are washed and almost surrounded by the Nermada, and which, jointly with the town of Garah, gives name to the province. The last independent chieftain of that race was Nizam Shah, whose name appears in the English maps of Hindustan constructed about thirty years ago; but he

¹ The method of drawing water from small depths by means of a pole balanced with unequal arms on a part that serves for the prop of the lever, is common in Bengal, and many other places. To the short arm a weight is suspended, from the long one a pot or a bucket, and a person standing on the edge of the well determines, by the addition of his own strength applied to the pole, the alternate preponderance of the empty bucket, and of the weight that is its counterpoise when full.

² For want of particular information, I shall not attempt to state what the trade of this province consists in. I can only affirm, that it receives salt from the mines of Sambhar, the ancient Sacumbhari.

had perished earlier, gallantly defending his independence against the insatiate ambition and unprovoked hostility of the first Raghojee. His son became tributary to the Bhausla, but the chief of Tejgerh revenged some real or supposed injury, by inviting a Mahrata army from the eastern confines, and guiding the invasion of Garah.

The Gond chieftain was made prisoner, and is said to be still alive, in confinement at Tejgerh. The country submitted to the arms of Moraje, a fierce and sanguinary tyrant, whose indiscriminating rage more than once sentenced a humble peasant and a proud ascetic to be dragged at the neck of a camel, and trampled to death.

Twenty-five or thirty years have elapsed since this conquest; and the provinces of Garah and Mendla continued dependent on Sagur, paying, however, a quit-rent to the Bhausla, until the present Raghojee obtained from the court of Puna a recognition of his right to take possession of the province. The chieftain of Sagur did not readily acquiesce in the Peishwa's award, but Raghojee's forces found little difficulty in wresting from him the open country, and in reducing some petty forts. Two years ago, being oppressed by an army of marauders, which was headed by Mukhan, a famous partisan, the chief of Sagur yielded the fort of Mendla as the price of the aid which he solicited from the Bhausla.

The whole province is now completely reduced; a brigade of ill-disciplined infantry, and another of horse, remain to protect or to oppress the country; and the whole authority, civil and military is entrusted to a Subahdar, who is invested with the highest honours of the state, the privilege of a flag made of gold brocade. The office was now held by a venerable old gentleman, whose grave demeanour and mild countenance are the promise of a gentle administration.

After receiving a visit from Nana Ghatia, the Subahdar of Garah, and halting one day to refresh the people and cattle, the journey was resumed. Two roads were offered to our choice. One by Chandiya Couriya, across the elbow of the Sone to Mekendpur, near Rewa; the other by Chunwa Couriya, through a corner of Bundel, to the city of Rewa itself.

The first, though circuitous and impeded by steep hills, had been preferred by travellers, even since anarchy has prevailed in Bundel. Some of my own attendants had recently travelled that very road, and met me opportunely, on their return, at this

The landscape between these places is beautiful; numerous eminences are scattered on a wide plain, and on every eminence stands a village surrounded with orchards. The plain consists entirely of arable land, but sugarcane was now the only produce vegetating on the soil. Rice and wheat had been gathered in their seasons, and barley, which is unknown to the southward of the Narmada, is among the articles of culture on the northern side of the river.

The road is mostly good, especially between Burager and Ghunelpur. It is naturally formed from the substance of the hills, and red siliceous stones containing argill. This stone crumbles under pressure, but the fragments of it, like gravel, are rendered

adhesive by moisture. Nothing can more perfectly unite all the requisites for the construction of good roads. But the same qualities render it less fit for edifices. The temples at Ghuselpur, built thirty or forty years ago, are already far advanced in their decay.

At this place we visited a temple consecrated to Parswanaht;¹ the idols are worshipped by an heterodox sect of Hindus, and are acknowledged by these supposed atheists, for an image of Párvatí was shown to us in this temple.

From Ghuselpur we proceeded to Chunwa, passing through the town of Siohar and village of Tilwa, and crossing the river Heren and low hill near Chunwa. Here the rock peeps through the soil in gentle acclivities of the hill, and the country around is entirely waste. The remainder of this day's march traversed a populous and well-cultivated tract. At Tilwa we viewed with pleasure a magnificent pond, with superb temples on the edge of it. These are among the many monuments of the piety of Biswaram Sinh, the minister.

While carefully noting these conspicuous works, I must not omit the humbler but no less useful construction of wells lined with masonry. They are numerous, not only in the towns and villages, but also at intermediate places; and the grateful traveller may daily thank the munificence which has thus provided for his refreshment. The wells are here commonly constructed on a plan, not unfrequent in Hindustan, with stairs either on one side, or within the well itself: but the square form is a peculiarity of structure which prevails in the province of Garah, and which I have seen in very few other places; it probably originates in the practice of lining wells with timber or with thick planks. The traces of this practice were formerly noticed by us in the forests between Khairagarh and Sundregaoon, and recently in the jagir of Sioni Ch'hépára, as well as afterwards in the province of Bhaghelcund.

The next stage of the journey was Belhari, a flourishing town almost surrounded by hills, and situated at a small distance from the river Khatnai. A stone fort, which needs repairs, adjoins to the town; and the domes of numerous temples rise above the humble elevation of the houses. The vicinity is well wooded with fruit-trees.

¹ [A Jain saint, supposed by Mr. Colebrooke to have been the real founder of the sect. His name appears in the list of saints in Mr. Colebrooke's Essay on the Jains.—Ed.]

We here met a drove of oxen laden with silk and with sugar for Nagpur, and overtook another carrying cotton towards Mirzapur. These are the three chief articles of the trade between the places just now named. The commerce is conducted by merchant adventures, among whom not a few belong to a monastic order which is more devoted to merchandize than to religion.¹ The owners of the goods hire oxen from carriers, adjust with contractors a fixed sum to defray the duties payable on the way, and, if cautious, insure the value of the merchandize with a banker. Large oxen carry a load of 500 lb. avoirdupois; small oxen two-thirds of that weight: the first are expected to complete the journey in two months; the smaller cattle reach their destination in three; but, by allotting two oxen to each load, the journey may be much expedited; in this manner, it may be completed by large oxen in less than forty days, and the valuable article of silk can afford the additional expense. The common rate of hire is thirty *rupiyas* for a full load carried alternately by two large oxen, and fifteen to twenty for an equal load allotted to a single ox, with some spare cattle to provide for casualties. The hire of small oxen is much less in proportion; viz., from seven to nine *rupiyas* for each ox, but their slow progress is often inconvenient, and the saving in the price of carriage does little more than compensate the disproportionate rate of the duties. These amount to twelve or thirteen *rupiyas* for a full load of cotton, and nine to ten for the small load; such at least is the sum usually paid to contractors. A stranger would be liable to greater exactions; but the people who are accustomed to contract for defraying the duties obtain indulgences at the several custom-houses, and thus gain an ample profit on the contract.

Our halt at Belhari was prolonged to a second day, for some arrangements which were rendered necessary owing to the desertion of porters. During this halt I received a visit from Mad'horao, the Faujdar of the district. He held the same office before the province was transferred to its present possessor; and he mentioned to me, as a singular circumstance, that, though now serving the Bhausla, he had not yet had the honour of making his obeisance to his new master. His service has not been confined to the administration of the district intrusted to him; a few months before we passed, he led an army towards Pernah² in Bundelcund, for the ostensible object of supporting the heir of the dispossessed sovereign, but probably for the disguised

¹ The Gosains, or Goswamis.

² Jernah Pernah, or Jennh Pennah, is celebrated for its diamond-mines.

purpose of enlarging the limits of the Bhausla's dominions. The object has not been yet effected, and the forces have been for the present withdrawn, and, with them, Cesho Sinh, the heir of Bundel, has returned to Bilhari.

The youth (he has not yet reached his twelfth year) lost his parents and inheritance in his earliest childhood. The Bundelas, who successfully opposed the daring power of an illegitimate Taimur, were unable to resist the power of the house of a descendant of the Mahratta usurper Ali Behadur, the son of a peishwa's bastard, obtained permission from the namesake and remote successor of his ancestor, to use the Mahratta name in waging private war, to carve a principality for himself out of the territories of Rajput princes. Soldiers of fortune, partisans, and adventurers flocked to a standard erected under such happy auspices. The hopes of immediate plunder, and of an ultimate establishment in a conquered country, enticed needy adventurers and men of desperate fortunes. So tempting a bait was scarcely necessary in Hindustan, which is peopled by tribes devoted to the profession of arms, and where a numerous army may be levied almost in a single day.

With such forces Ali Behadur shamelessly invaded the territories of a peaceful and unoffending prince. The power of the Bundelas was already weakened by the impolitic practice, so prevalent among Hindu princes, of allotting provinces, rather than the Sinh was the head of numerous kindred princes, rather than the sovereign of a realm; and the seeds of dissension which are always sown by such a system, had taken deep root. He was not only unable to call forth the strength of the country against the unprovoked aggressions of the invader, but he was even assailed by a part of the forces which should have fought in his defence. Had the Bundelas been united, Ali Behadur would have been repulsed. The difficulty of his enterprise is demonstrated by the slow progress of his arms. He has not yet completed the reduction of the country; and slight aid from a foreign power might even now enable the Bundelas to expel the lawless invader, and recover their ancient independence.

Dhucal Sinh, whose spirit and conduct were not adequate to the arduous defence of his dominions against foreign and domestic foes, was only driven to send his son and his wives to a place of safety. He entrusted them to a kinsman by affinity, the Rajah of Bijerpur; and I found them at that post when I first took charge of the district of Mirzapur, to which it belongs. The

next year, Dhucal Sinh, disposing of his fortunes, solicited shelter in the dominions of the Nawab Vizir; but his request was denied. He then visited his family at Mirzapur; and being restricted by the orders of the British government from remaining there longer than consistent with a visit, he returned to the scene of warfare, carrying with him his wives, his son, and his despair. Shortly afterwards he died of disease, and his faithful wives¹ all burnt themselves with his corpse. The child was left to the care of a grandmother, and after various adventures had now found an asylum at Belhari.

Leaving my new and old acquaintances at that place, I proceeded to Canhwara, having passed the boundary to Bundelcund only a few miles from the village of Chaca, which had been recently deserted. Quitting Belhari, the road ascends a hill, the elevation of which is inconsiderable; but its northern acclivity, for nearly two miles being destitute of soil, and covered with loose and sharp stones, is not less difficult than the steepest pass. The remainder of the road, excepting the vicinity of Pusra, lay through a forest of thinly-scattered *Butca*, intermixed with few trees of other kinds. This is not the only place where I have had occasion to remark that the confines of territories belonging to different powers are abandoned to wild and spontaneous vegetation. However, the owner of the fort of Canhwara, though it is situated on the Bundela's side of this wild line of demarcation, professes allegiance to the Rajah of Berar.

The fort of that name may be given to an irregular wall of masonry, surrounding a few buildings on a small hill, and belongs to a Rajput of the Baghel tribe, descended in the eighth degree from a younger branch of the family to which Rewa appertains. For so many generations Prehlad Sinh and his ancestors have held the fort of Canhwara, with a hundred villages in the vicinity of it. The chief of Mehir claims tribute and feudal service from him; but the Rajput, countenanced by the Faujdar of Belhari, and trusting to the courage rather than the number of his kindred and adherents, has shaken off his dependence on a chieftain whom he detests with all that cordial hatred which is usually borne by feudatories to their lords, and which, in this instance, is embittered by reciprocal injuries.

Prehlad Sinh endeavoured to dissuade us from prosecuting the journey by a route which would lead us near the abode of his

¹ *Sati*, the term used to denote this final proof of conjugal affection, signifies a faithful wife.

enemy. He affirmed that the chief of Mehira had collected forces, either to oppose our passage through his territories, or to extort money as the price of a free passage, which, nevertheless, would not be a safe one; for the camp would be still liable to depredations. Intelligence otherwise received partly corroborated this information, which was sufficiently consistent with the general character of Durjen Sinh. I was induced therefore to listen to the proposal of crossing by a by-road, from Benjari through Amerpur to Ramnager, into the route by which it was at first intended to proceed from Garah to Rewa; the Rajput himself acting as guide, with his brethern as an additional escort, until we should reach the contiguous territory of another Baghel, whom I knew to be friendly. But a letter received from Durjen Sinh, with assurance seemingly cordial, and a report from my own messengers that they saw no untoward appearances, made me postpone the choice of either route until after the next march.

In the evening of the same day I received a visit from Prehlad Sinh. He was accompanied by his kindred and warlike retainers. The unpolished but cheerful manners of the high-spirited race of warriors always excite a lively idea of ancient times. In the strongholds and fastnesses of mountains and ill-cultivated country, the Rajputs preserve the pride, the independence, and the unaltered manners of their ancestors. Exactly such as we now see the remote descendants of Indian kings, were their earlier descendants, who formerly ruled the wide and rich dominion of India. Splendid courts and refined manners were doubtlessly found at Ujjayin, at Indrapresth, and at other capitals. Great feudatories might copy the manners of the imperial court; but petty princes, holding provinces, districts, I almost said villages, as immediate lords, lived in the simple style which hereditary habits still preserve, and which is yet scarcely alloyed by intercourse with successive conquerors of India.

The Thacur (so Rajputs chieftains are called)¹ was naked from the waist upwards, except the sacrificial thread of scarf on his shoulder and a turban on his head; his two sons, both youths, were dressed with equal simplicity, and so were most of his kinsmen. Others were clothed in the hunting-dress of the Rajputs, a jacket of coarse cloth, dyed olive-green. They were all armed with scimitars, some likewise bore their shields, and a few brought

¹ The much-abused title of rajah, or king, properly belongs to the paramount only, or, at least, to the head of the tribe; as Ajet Sinh, head of the Baghels, and Rajah of Rewa; Cesho Sinh, head of the Bundels, but now an exile; Ajet Sinh, head of the Chandels, and Rajah of Berdi; Ramghulam Sinh, head of the Gherwars, and Rajah of Bijaypur.

their matchlocks, and sat down in the tent with matches lighted. This evidently proceeded from custom; for our visitors, (though unpolished mountaineers are prone enough to suspicion), were then devoid of all mistrust. I should not omit to mention that the Thacur was accompanied by his family priest and by his secretary.

Leaving these half-civilized warriors, we marched the next morning to Benjari. It had rained in the night, and the appearance of the weather continued unfavourable until daybreak. The preceding night also had been squally. This announced the near approach of the rainy season. But otherwise it might be deemed fortunate, as it moderated the intense heat of the weather, at the very time when it was become necessary to travel by day instead of night.

We passed under the wall of a fort belonging to Durjen Sinh, and encamped at Benjari, one of the hundred villages appertaining to Prehlad Sinh. After consulting with his people, it was determined to proceed to Bhedenpur, where the option of a by-road towards the Sone would yet remain. If Durjen Sinh's own people should pledge themselves for his good faith, the usual route would be eligible. Else the guides, that were purposely furnished by Prehlad Sinh, would conduct us by a cross-road beyond the reach of Durjen Sinh's violence or his treachery.

On the 9th of June we continued our progress in the valley, through which we had marched the preceding day, with the Caimur range of hills on the right. The valley is broad and sprinkled with petty forts and small villages, imperfectly cleared of forest, and abundantly intersected with brooks and rivulets. The Caimur hills are of uniform height, steep and even precipitous. The others are irregular, and of easier ascent. Both are clothed with bambus, which flower and bear ripe seed so abundantly that bambu corn is here accounted the common food of the mountaineers.

In this march we met a very large adventure of silk, laden on a hundred oxen, and, the preceding day, a less valuable adventure of raw sugar, on four hundred oxen. This last was bound for Garah. Clayed sugar is the only sort which can afford the greater expense of transport to Nagpur. In a subsequent march we met a few oxen laden with alum, and bound for Amerawati, a mart in Berar Proper. Spices are also among the articles transported by this route from Mirzapur to the marts

of the Deccan; and iron from Bhedenpur, and from the Southern districts of Baghelcund, is carried to Mirzapur in return for more valuable merchandize.

I availed myself of the opportunity of inspecting the iron-works at Bhedenpur. The furnace is in the shape of half a frustum of a cone; it is made of clay, and its height is about six feet, two-thirds of which is underground, and the remainder serves for a chimney. The front, being flat, has before it a semi-circular hole, into which the ashes and reduced metal are received, when the door of the gate is opened; through the upper part of that door a double bellows, worked by a single workman, maintains a continual stream of air by means of the alternate strokes of his right and left hands. He is relieved by one companion, and their joint labour, during twelve hours, suffices to reduce one and a half hundredweight of iron from eight times its bulk of ore, using two loads (about eight or nine hundredweight) of charcoal. The iron thus obtained loses a quarter of its weight under the hammer, in preparing it for use; but it still contains much scoria, and other impurities.

Returning from a visit to the iron-works, I received one from Durjen Sinh. He had remained during the day at the head of the pass on the Caimur hills, and several messages were exchanged; the chief object of which was to adjust the ceremonial of his proferred visit. He claimed greater honours than I thought due to him. He was told what was the honorary dress which I intended to bestow on him, and, by making the visit without further previous explanation, acquiesced in my proposal. He did not, however, appear well pleased, and growing more dissatisfied after returning to his abode in the town, he sent back, at a late hour of the night, the presents which he had accepted. This unusual proceeding clearly demonstrated evil designs; but no satisfactory explanation could be obtained during the remainder of the night, nor in the early part of the next morning. His behaviour was all this time sulky, and his conduct was inconsistent. The pass in the Caimur hills was obstructed by matchlockmen under his orders, at the same time that messages, sent by him, disavowed any intention of opposing my progress. It was evident that he meditated either violence or treachery; and it seemed equally unsafe to remain or to move. The escort, though small, was sufficient to force our way, if we resolved either to retrace our steps towards Benjari or to explore a by-road to Ramnager. It might even suffice, though not without the loss of some lives,

to force the pass of the hills. But the baggage could not be completely covered, even by a much stronger escort. In defending it some effusion of blood might with certainty be expected. A last effort, therefore, was made to bring Durjen Sinh to reason, at the same time that we prepared to move with or without his goodwill. He at length recollected himself, and made me a parting visit, at which he received a present less valuable, but, as it seemed, more acceptable than that which he had returned the preceding night.

It was now nine o'clock. However, we immediately proceeded on the journey, ascended the Caimur hills by a very narrow and difficult pass, travelled for several miles on the summit of the hills, descended into the plain on the opposite side, and after marching more than seventeen miles, encamped in the evening at Amerpatea, beyond the limits of Durjan Sinh's territories. The next day we made an easy march to Pálá. Rain during the night and in the morning detained us there until nine o'clock; but the weather becoming clear at that hour, we again moved, and, passing Amri at noon, reached the city of Rewa in the evening.

In this tract the Caimur range was on the right hand, a few scattered hills on the left. From the foot of the pass to Rewa, the road traversed a rich country well cultivated and abounding with orchards, with ponds, and with temples. At Nanden, the limit of Bundelcund, a large pond, completely covered with red lotus, exhibited the almost expiring beauty of vegetable splendour. The Indian *menianthes*, whose fringed petal exceeds in delicacy every other production of nature and of art, was in full blossom on a factitious lake at Amri; but did not emulate the beauty of the lotus, since its elegance is unapparent to a distant beholder.

Arriving within a *cos* of Rewa, we found, instead of temples (the monuments of tranquil piety), mausoleums, which disconsolate kinsmen have recently erected to the memory of many gallant warriors slain in a memorable battle that was lately fought on this spot. An army sent four years ago by Ali Behadur, to exact contributions from the Rajah of Rewa, was here defeated with the loss of their general and their cannon, by a very inferior force. The most probable account states the Nawab's forces at six thousand horse and foot, and the Rajah's at less than half that number. A much greater but incredible disproportion of numbers was alleged by one of Ajet Sinh's servants, in his own presence; he assured me that no more than a hundred and fifty

horsemen went forth to meet an army of twelve thousand men, and that fifty only of that gallant band were actually engaged. Yet the victory was complete. Without giving any credit to such puerile exaggeration, the more probable account sufficiently disgraces the arms of Ali Behadur. He felt the stain, and solemnly vowed to revenge the death of his general. After the lapse of nearly three years, he last winter marched with all his force against Rewa, openly professing implacable revenge. But the aged Rajah averted the storm by submission, and purchased forgiveness by a pecuniary contribution.

Perhaps the united efforts of the Baghels might have sufficed to repel the invader; but Ajet Sinh has neither vigour nor authority to invite or to compel the joint exertions of a tribe of gallant warriors. Having outlived his best faculties, being swayed in all his actions by avarice, and verging rapidly towards the extreme of dotage, he is despised and slighted by his own servants. His authority is openly contemned and defied, even within the limits of his own capital. It is of course wholly disregarded by the numerous feudatories, among whom his nominal dominions are parcelled out. In short, this descendant of an ancient line of Hindu princes exhibits, on a less conspicuous theatre, greater degradation (for it is voluntary) than the Moghul sovereign, whom he sheltered in the early period of this monarch's adversity.¹

The Baghels, of whom Ajet Sinh is the head, are said, on the authority of tradition, to draw their origin from Gurjar or Guzrat. Thirty generations have passed since they migrated from that province and acquired a new settlement at Bandhagerh. They gradually enlarged their possessions to the sources of the Sone and Nermada on one side, and to the confines of Bundelcund on the other. Having expelled from Rewa the tribe of mountaineers who formerly possessed it, the chief of the Baghels was tempted by its situation to fix his abode in this city. Here the present Rajah possess a large palace on the Goghen river. A populous and flourishing town adjoins to the fortress, and the country is well tilled.

¹ Ali Goher, as is well known, took refuge with the Rajah of Rewa. The town of Macandpur, which was then assigned to him by the Rajah, for his abode and support, remained until very lately the private Jaghir of the king, but has been now relinquished by him. Mirza Acbar Shah, his favourite son, was born at Macandpur.

[Ali Goher, the son of Alumgir the second, is better known under the title of Shah Alum, and for the part he took in the events which led to the rise of British power.—Ed.]

The Rajah's own dominions scarcely exceed the bound of his capital. The extensive territories that nominally belong to him are distributed, in great and small allotments, to kinsmen near or remote, and to feudatories owing military services. Tribute is either not due, or it is withheld; and the Rajah enjoys scarcely any revenue besides that which arises from duties of custom, collected on the merchandize that passes through Rewa.¹ Desirous of obtaining tribute from the chiefs of Sohagpur and of Chandeya, Ajet Sinh lately adopted the imprudent measure of asking the aid of the Rajah of Berar, on the terms of sharing the tribute of which payment should be enforced. This will doubtless lead to the dismemberment of his dominions; and he has already experienced, in the instance of Sohagpur, that by this weak expedient he may draw ruin on his feudatory, without any concurrent benefit to himself.

After receiving a visit from this miserable chieftain in the evening of my arrival, and again the next morning, previously to my departure, I proceeded in the forenoon to Mengamma. The baggage which had been despatched earlier met a very heavy fall of rain. A very long march was thus rendered extremely tedious and fatiguing, and I was compelled to make a halt at this place, which I had refused to the pressing entreaties of Ajet Sinh.

A still longer march, on the 15th of June, brought us to Maugenj, with the loss of three camels which had not sufficiently recovered the fatigue of the preceding march. I here received a visit from Dergsahi, a chieftain of the Sengher tribe, who pays a moderate tribute to the Rajah of Rewa for an extensive tract of country chiefly occupied by his clan. Within the dominions of Ajet Sinh five tribes of Rajputs are numerous. The Baghels, Carchuls, Parihars, Balcoits, and Raciowars. Of these no fewer than three are distinguished by the atrocious practice of destroying their infant daughters. The motive by which they are influenced has been already mentioned. The practice is general and almost universal among them.

The next day we made a short march to Cathera, having been prevented by the badness of the weather from setting off at an early hour. The whole tract from Rewa to this place is a rich, populous and highly-cultivated country, bounded on the

¹ Such is his poverty that he was unable to make good the pecuniary contribution of 116,000 rupees imposed by Ali Behadur. The Gerhwar Rajah of Mara became surety for the payment, and required hostages for his indemnification. He has since extorted from Ajet Sinh the conditional cession of a rich district contiguous to his own possessions.

south by other distant peaks of the Caimur range, and on the north by the still more distant precipices which overhang the plains of Hindustan. The intermediate table-land is very gently undulated, nowhere affording opportunity for constructing ponds, without excavating the ground. However, most of the ponds (and they are very numerous), are formed on gentle declivities by throwing the earth on three sides and preserving the natural height of the fourth. Fertile as is the soil on both sides of Rewa, a scarcity was experienced in the past season. It was occasioned by the depredations of Ali Behadur's army, and still more by the wanton destruction of the young corn. The distress of this calamitous season was alleviated by importations from Mirzapur. In the course of the journey we met some droves of oxen loaded with wheat, others carried fissile salt, imported from Sambher and Lahor; and one conveyed the common culinary salt, which is extracted from the soil in the northern districts of the province of Benares. Others, again, which we now met, conveyed sugar, areca-nuts, and various articles of coarse spicery, intended for the markets of Bundel. We were here surprised by seeing an adventure of silk, proceeding at so late a season of the year, and not less so by the information received from the owners, that they complete the journey to Nagpur in the course of the wet season, by means of encamping on rainy days, and making progress during the intermissions of rain. On the other hand, we overtook many droves of cattle laden with cotton; they had been detained at Rewa, struggling against the imposition of a new tax, and lost the season without gaining relief from oppression. Cotton cannot, like less bulky articles, be sheltered under an awning that is easily portable; and, if drenched through by rain, without a very early opportunity of again drying it, the cotton is rendered unmerchable. On this account, prudent traders were now cantoning for the rainy season, although the remaining distance to Mirzapur was so short.

We had remarked, as a sign of decay in the population of the district which we now traversed, the frequent traces of villages recently abandoned. But noticing at the same time hamlets newly established, we were led to infer a fickleness for which motives were to be sought. The explanation of it made known a singular economy.

The peasants of this district shift their abode at intervals of three or four years, for the sake of changing their lands, and of tilling the ground on which their cottages stood. The soil must doubtless have been enriched by the resort of men and cattle;

but the benefit of cultivating land so manured can scarcely be equivalent to the labour and expense of frequent removals. Yet, whatever be the effects of this system of husbandry, it certainly indicates a laudable spirit of industry. Other indications of thriving diligence were observed in the neatness of the cottages, and in the number of ponds and orchards throughout the tract between Maugenj and Hata.

This last-mentioned place we reached on the 17th of June, and prepared, with much satisfaction, to descend the Haliyah pass of the Caimur hills, the foot of which is the boundary of the province of Benares. Above the pass, at the distance of less than half a mile of it, a small rivulet falls over the precipice into a deep valley.¹ The lofty forest, vainly emulating the abrupt precipice which overhangs it, presented a picturesque view; and while we contemplated with delight the romantic scenery which this cascade presented, we received almost equal pleasure from once more viewing a country subject to the British authority. It was the sensation of a traveller revisiting his home after a long absence.

That pleasure we actually enjoyed within three days after, for Mirzapur, which we reached on the 20th of June by the route Sonegerh, Haliyah, and Lalgenj, was the former abode of myself and of most of my fellow-travellers. A few hours after our arrival a violent storm, with rain, gave us reason to rejoice that so great expedition had been made. If the journey had employed a single day more, the inconvenience would have been great; had it required another week, all the apprehensions that had been entertained would have been realized. Solicitous as I naturally was for the safety of my companions, this timely conclusion of the journey was the pleasantest occurrence it afforded.

¹ In the rivulet was a beautiful *Pancratium*, and also the white *Musali*, a plant to which aphrodisiac virtues are ascribed. On the edge of the precipice was an elegant garden in full flower. I found near the brow of the hill the superb *utea*; a few miles from it we had remarked several sycamores.

[*Reprinted.*]

May it not be reasonable to suppose that the history of human progress hitherto has been the history of the gradual production of a type of being who in the main finds his own individual satisfaction in the performance of those acts which subserve the interests of the species or the community? And if so, why should it be unreasonable to hope that an evolution which has already effected a general compromise between satisfaction and social duty will one day reach its goal in the creation of a social system under which the egoistic and altruistic tendencies will be so completely harmonised that every member in seeking his own personal satisfaction will be of necessity performing just those actions by which he can most advance the general satisfaction of the rest of the community? All that is required in order to bring about such an ideal social system would indeed seem to be that the "anti-social" type of character should be gradually allowed out of the world in the course of the struggle for existence, and there can surely be no doubt that this requirement is really effected both by the pressure of the biological conditions of existence and by the conscious exertion by the community of punitive and educational functions. Hence it is not surprising that Plato in the ancient and Mr. Spencer in the modern world should have persuaded themselves that it is within the bounds of possibility that there should some day come into being a social order under which there would no longer be any conflict between individual self-development and the call of public duty. That Plato trusts for the creation of his ideal to the personal agency of a virtuous despot, and Mr. Spencer to the spontaneous course of an unconscious social evolution, is a minor divergence of detail, only important as illustrating the characteristic difference between the highest ancient and the latest modern concepts of the general structure of the universe. Where the ancient world saw quasi-human purposive activity, the modern prefers to recognise rather the unconscious selection of the fittest types for survival effected by the steady operation of a practically constant environment upon a material more susceptible to change.

We have already given our reason for holding that human development needs for its complete interpretation the ancient principle of conscious teleology as well as the modern principle

of unconscious evolution. We proceed now to indicate the grounds upon which we find ourselves compelled to regard the ultimate synthesis of self-realisation with self-sacrifice contemplated by Plato¹ and Mr. Spencer as altogether impossible. Looking first at the simpler and less sophisticated form in which the picture of the imaginary perfect society is put before us by the ancient philosopher, we cannot but be struck by the truth of a criticism advanced by an interlocutor in the *Republic*, and never quite satisfactorily disposed of by Socrates. It is surely perfectly true, as Adeimantus says at the beginning of the fourth book, that Socrates expects the "rulers" of his ideal city to sacrifice their own happiness to the general well-being of the community. All the brilliant argumentation of the ninth book only succeeds in showing that the self-devoting ruler of the philosophic state will, on the whole, be happier than any type of man to be found in our present imperfect societies; it is nowhere shown that he might not enjoy an even greater need of private and personal satisfaction, if he were sometimes to prefer the gratification of his individual tastes to the service of the community.

And there is thus in Plato's *Republic* no final reconciliation of the competing claims of self-culture and social justice. It is clear, for instance, from the whole tenor of the dialogue, that philosopher statesmen educated on the Platonic system would feel the summons to quit, during the very best years of their life, their intellectual pursuits for the arduous and thankless task of administration as a very real privation, and there is no attempt to prove that the privation would be made up to the statesman by any subsequent personal satisfaction. In fact, one may say, the more highly cultivated the mind of the philosophic ruler the more real would be the sacrifice involved in his acceptance of power. Such sacrifices of personal inclination and taste would indeed be more readily made by the philosophic ruler than by the average politician of a lower type, but they would also be more keenly felt for what they are.

In fact one may say that in one sense the conflict between the claims of self and the claims of the public is

more intense in the highest than in the lowest forms of society and civilisation. It is true that in the more perfect society the path of self-culture will, in the majority of cases, coincide more closely with the path of social duty than in a less civilised community. Indeed we can hardly conceive any other standard by which to measure the relative worth of different social systems than that of the degree to which social institutions make it possible for the individuals who live under them, while contributing by their action to the security and permanence of the social organisation as a whole, to realise for themselves full individual satisfaction. But, at the same time, it must not be forgotten that the very advance in civilisation and intelligence which makes the approximate realisation of this ideal possible, also multiplies the ways in which personal satisfaction may be on occasion sought at the expense of the community as a whole, and consequently increases the sacrifices which may from time to time be demanded by circumstances. The ideal philosophic ruler would be less often tempted to gratify his personal inclinations by the sacrifice of his country's interests than the average party politician of to-day, but the temptations when they did occur would probably be more intense, and, if yielded to, productive of more wide-spread social mischief. If the growth of intelligence does much to make men less selfish, it also does much to intensify their selfishness, on its occasions of prevalence, and to exaggerate its effects.

Consider, for instance, the effect of growth in intelligence upon the not unfrequent conflict between love and duty. The possibility of such a conflict seems involved in the very existence of the emotions connected with the sexual appetite, but its intensity will depend very largely upon the extent to which the mere instinctive physical desire has become overlaid with the more refined and elevated feelings awakened by appreciation of the mental and moral qualities of the person desired. The wrath of Achilles bereft of Briseis was, after all, little more than the resentment of a semi-savage, deprived of a chattel which could be replaced after the next sack of a hostile town; hence, evil as its effects were upon the Greeks, they were as nothing in comparison of what they might have been if Briseis had been to Achilles, not a mere handsome

production of a type of organism, so well adapted to its environment as to be able to reproduce itself in perpetuity so long as the character of the environment remains relatively stable. When this end has been reached there seems to be nothing further left for Nature to achieve.

Or, dropping the metaphor, when the environment has so transformed the organism as to leave it in a state of stable adjustment to climatic and meteorological conditions, and victorious over its competitors for possession of the means of nourishment, natural selection may be said to have done its work. Further modifications must henceforth take the form of transformation of the environment by the animal, or, in other words, must bear the character of conscious purposive action. As already remarked, the process of modification of organism by environment seems to have reached its maximum in the human species not later than the transition from the nomad to the agricultural state. With the discovery of the means of producing fire, and the later discovery of the method of raising crops, man may be said to have finally attained a position which rendered him (assuming that topographical conditions were not singularly unfavourable) secure against his animal competitors for the means of subsistence, and, on the whole, independent of the minor variations in climatic and meteorological conditions. In other words, these discoveries placed him in a position not much less favourable than that which our civilised society now enjoys for permanently perpetuating his kind; with these discoveries the battle of the "struggle for life" against other organic types may be said to have been finally won.

If, then, no other conditions than those of general biological evolution were operative in shaping the course of human development, there seems no reason why the evolution of society should ever have advanced beyond the primitive agricultural stage; and, on the same ground, it appears probable that a long continued period of complete *laissez aller*, i.e. of complete abdication of direct and conscious control of social development, should culminate in reversion to that type. If human development has not ceased with the attainment of the primitive agricultural stage, the reason is that, before that condition was reached, man had

already become a creature possessed of conscious purposive intelligence, and consequently able of his own motion to transform his environment into increasing conformity with his awakening moral and æsthetic ideals. I have no quarrel with the doctrine that purposive intelligence itself was originally produced in the ordinary course of biological evolution, simply as giving the being possessed of it important advantages over rivals in the competition for the means of subsistence, but I would at the same time insist as strongly as possible upon the truth—amply recognised by Mr. L. F. Ward, but too much overlooked by the ordinary evolutionary sociologists—that purposive intelligence, once called into existence, promptly becomes the master of the forces to which it owes its own creation. Schopenhauer's great idea of the domination of "will" by intellect is no mere far-away ideal; it is simply the description in abstract terms of the process to which all social progress, beyond that essential to the mere continued existence of the human race, is due. As Mr. Ward excellently observes, the rudest attempts of primitive man at tool-making and at artistic decoration spring from a conscious effort to transform his environment into harmony with intelligent ideals of which no animal, so far as we know, is capable. *Laisser aller* is Nature's method in biological evolution, but the whole course of human progress beyond the primitive agricultural stage at least has resulted from the supersession of that method by conscious and deliberate control of social conditions.

To revert to our old metaphor, so long as there is not enough divergence between individual enjoyment and social function as to imperil the continued existence of the species, it is nothing to Nature, though everything to the individual, how great the divergence may be. Every step in the further reduction of the disagreement has been effected in the main by human activity consciously directed to the modification of social institutions. It cannot too often be repeated that even the most rudimentary forms of social organisation are not mere natural products, and that the highest types of society are almost entirely artificial. The parallel between human societies and the natural group, the herd or pack of gregarious animals, is at almost every point as fallacious as it is popular.

Even the least civilised human social groups, such as the tribes of aboriginal Australians, among whom, if anywhere, the social bond should approximate almost nearly to the merely natural, show in their elaborate systems of exogamy a degree of artificial control of social conditions to which there is probably no parallel in the animal world.¹

It is only by resolutely ignoring all the characteristic marks by which development within the human species is distinguished from development outside it that evolutionary science can be made to yield arguments in favour of the abdication by society of direct control over the course of its own progressive modification. To return to the pre-human method of *laissez aller* would be to turn our backs upon the method by which every considerable advance has ever been made towards the realisation of our artistic scientific and moral ideals. Not less direct control of social conditions, but control more intelligently exercised, seems to be what we really need. Plato's proposal to bring about the social millennium by the combined forces of legislation and education, crude as we sometimes think it, shows after all a much sounder appreciation of the conditions of human improvement than is evinced by modern biological sociologists, who are for leaving the mere struggle for subsistence to work itself out unaided and unguided by statesmanlike intelligence.²

In a later chapter we shall see how important is the bearing of these apparently very general considerations upon problems of morality. Let us, in conclusion, bring together the results of the discussions of the last few pages. We have seen that the existence of an interminable conflict between two different types of moral action has its foundation in the most rudimentary peculiarities of our constitution and our position in the world of organic types; that this conflict, so far from

¹ Mr. W. E. Roth, in his monograph on the aborigines of North-West Central Queensland, has well shown how these rules of exogamy work in preventing a general failure of the food-supply. As a man, his wife, and his children, under these rules, all feed on different kinds of food, the danger of a universal scarcity is largely obviated. It is, I suppose, another question whether Mr. Roth is right in assuming that the rule of exogamy were deliberately invented to meet this difficulty.

² Though I have already mentioned the name of Mr. Lester F. Ward more than once in the course of the present section, the debt I owe, for much of what is here urged as to the peculiarities of social evolution, seems to call for a separate and formal acknowledgment. May I also be allowed to express the pleasure I have felt from Mr. Ward's recognition of the real philosophical worth of the sometimes underrated work of Schopenhauer?

disappearing in the course of social evolution, has been at once partly obviated and partly intensified by every advance in civilisation and in intelligence; that there is every reason to believe that its appearances, if rarer, would be more intense under social institutions more perfect than our own. Lastly, that all social progress must depend in the main not upon the unassisted operation of the general conditions of organic evolution, but upon the conscious and deliberate control of those conditions by human purposive activity.

How do these conclusions affect our answers to the questions about the position of ethics among the sciences, which it is the main object of our Essay to discuss? Clearly they tend to prove that ethics is no body of systematic and coherent deductions from a single metaphysical principle, but a mass of empirical generalisations from psychological facts, which can only be adequately described by the use of hypotheses which are ultimately irreconcilable with one another, and therefore only provisional. There is no one self-consistent highest category under which all the various phenomena of the moral life can be satisfactorily grouped. As in the various theories by which we attempt to describe physical phenomena we find ourselves driven to assert now the complete inertia, now the spontaneous mobility of material elements, now the complete homogeneousness of an all-pervading "ether," and again the presence in it of an infinite number of differential motions, now the instantaneous action of gravitation, and again the dependence of all action upon a succession of impacts,—so in our descriptive analysis of the phenomena of the moral life we are compelled to regard now self-assertion, self-satisfaction, self-development, and again the satisfactions of a wider whole, as the two equally ultimate but quite irreconcilable poles between which our ethical practice is perpetually oscillating. In the case of ethics, as in the case of physics, the incoherence of our most ultimate hypotheses is of itself sufficient proof that none of them describe the facts upon which they are based in the form which they would present to a "complete" or "pure" experience of the type spoken of in our introductory chapter. At the same time we are quite without the means of saying what amount of transformation our hypotheses would have to undergo in order to bring them

into harmony with the formal characteristics of such a pure experience.

We claim, therefore, that a serious examination of the characters of the various types of virtue actually recognised among men is bound to show that there is no one common ultimate hypothesis which adequately describes them all, and that ethics must therefore, like physics, be regarded as a merely empirical and provisional science not based upon any metaphysical insight into ultimate truth. At the same time our discussion of the characteristic differences between human and extra-human evolution has helped to make it clear that ethics is not, what some thinkers have attempted to make it, a branch of applied biology, but an independent science founded directly on psychology, and most closely allied to the other psychological sciences, sociology, economics, and—on its psychological side—anthropology. In the next chapter we shall try to enforce these conclusions still more irresistibly by an examination of the general characteristics of the ultimate ethical ideals of civilisation and of the general features of specifically moral progress.

CHAPTER V

MORAL IDEALS AND MORAL PROGRESS

"Der Mensch will Eintracht ; aber die Natur weiss besser was für seine Gattung gut ist ; sie will Zwietracht."—KANT.

THE discussions of our last chapter have to a considerable extent anticipated the solution of the problems which we now go on to consider. In the present chapter we propose to examine, first of all, the ultimate ethical ideals of modern civilisation, and next, the process by which an approximation is being made to their realisation, with the object of discovering how far it is possible to construct an account of moral ideals and of moral progress on a basis of purely empirical psychology, and how far the account thus obtained exhibits the general characteristics of "pure" experience. Unless we are fundamentally mistaken, the result of our investigation will be to convince us that the practical moral ideals of our civilisation are, from the metaphysical point of view, self-contradictory, but that any attempt to make them metaphysically self-consistent would end in rendering them quite impracticable. We shall also see that no satisfactory metaphysical account can be given of the process of moral progress.

We begin, then, with some general considerations upon the nature of the ultimate moral ideal. Plato had long ago, in one of his later and profounder dialogues, grasped the fact that no single category will adequately express the nature of our highest ideals of good. We cannot, he says in a passage (*Philebus*, 65A) which seems to contain an advance in ethical insight upon some of the doctrines of the *Republic*, "hunt down" the "good" by the aid of a single concept, and are therefore driven to consider it under the three separate forms

of beauty, proportion, and truth. How far these three forms of "good" are capable of being combined in any single concrete instance of goodness Plato does not attempt to decide. It is just this question, which he saw fit to leave unanswered, that we have to consider in the following pages. We have seen already that morality tends to develop along two diverging lines—the line which leads towards fulness and completeness of individual satisfaction, and that which leads to widely diffused social justice or beneficence. It might seem, therefore, that we should be justified in asserting on the strength of our last chapter, without any further investigation of the point, that there are two sides to moral action so irreconcilable with each other that any practicable moral ideal must be of the nature of a compromise between them. The further considerations which we now proceed to produce will, we hope, place this conclusion beyond all reasonable doubt.

The first question we have to raise is, whether there are any marks which are universally characteristic of and inseparable from the Ultimate Moral Ideal as such. The probability that there may be, strictly speaking, more than one moral ideal does not affect our right to put this question. Even if it proves impossible to combine in one coherent concept the ideals of self-realisation and universal justice, there may still be certain formal characteristics common to them both, and it is precisely these formal characteristics of which we are at present in search. One such formal characteristic we clearly have in a quality which is inherent in the very nature of every true ideal, the quality of thoroughness, or consistency, or, as we may also call it, in the case of morality, purity of purpose or single-mindedness. This quality is not, of course, peculiar to the ethical ideal. Any intelligible ideal, of what general nature soever, must be self-consistent, and the process by which it is realised thorough. An ideal that is radically self-contradictory is no ideal; a process that is vacillating and infirm is no process of realisation of an ideal. In every department of thought and action it is the insincere man, the hypocrite, who tries to face in two directions at once, who is most removed from and most detested by those whose gaze is steadily fixed on a single high ideal. Thoroughness and purity of purpose are in the world of everyday moral conduct what

directness, clearness, and vigour of thought are to the student, or sincerity of vision and firmness of hand to the artist. In science, art, and ordinary moral action alike, the one sin which from its own nature has never forgiveness is the sin of conscious or unconscious duplicity.

Consistency or singleness, then, must be characteristic of the moral, as of all other ideals, just in so far as there is a recognisable moral ideal. In this sense we may say that the formal characteristic of all great moral achievement or lofty purpose is truthfulness, sincerity, or strength. But it is manifest from the results of our last chapter that such sincerity may attach to more than one line of moral endeavour. A man may, for instance, exhibit his sincerity of moral purpose in the form of a consistent and unremitting pursuit of full and rich personal self-culture, or again, in uncompromising self-sacrifice for a cause which he believes to be that of his country, his fellow-men, or his God. And yet again, a man may, strange as it sounds, follow with sincerity and singleness of purpose some form of compromise between self-culture and self-devotion such as is represented by the ordinary moral code of civilised persons. It is not *mere* compromise that of itself fully destroys the singleness of the ideal and the sincerity of the endeavour after it, but vacillating and uncertain compromise upon ever-fluctuating conditions. In all these three forms of moral endeavour, then, one may find some degree of that singleness of purpose and consistency of aim which arises from devotion to a more or less self-consistent ideal. We have still, however, to ask whether any one of the types of ideal just described can be pursued without some departure from singleness of purpose; in other words, whether compromise, and compromise upon no fixed and certain terms, be not an inseparable characteristic of the most self-consistent moral activity. In more paradoxical phrase, we have to ask whether there is not a hidden root of insincerity and hypocrisy beneath all morality; whether, after all, that service of two masters, to which, as we have seen, the moral man is bound, can be completely satisfactory in its final results.

Our method of examining this question will be as follows. We shall consider, first, one-sided devotion to an ideal of self-culture or of social service, and shall ask how far such devotion

succeeds in realising its own object, and shall then raise the same question about the mixed ideal, which is customarily followed by men of no marked practical originality. Thus we have to ask—(1) Does thorough-going devotion to an ideal of self-culture really culminate in the full and complete satisfaction at which it aims? (2) Does equally thorough-going devotion to the interests of a wider whole really achieve the results it proposes? (3) and, lastly, Does the attempt to compromise between the two types of ideal succeed in satisfactorily realising both?

Our conviction is that the result will prove that every one of these questions must be answered in the negative. You may choose which alternative you will; you may decide to sacrifice everything else to the full unfettered satisfaction of your own physical and mental wants; you may decide to sacrifice yourself and your own capacities of enjoyment altogether for the sake of some more or less public end; you may attempt to combine in a single plan of life both forms of endeavour: in none of these cases will you ever get by consistent adhesion to your principle of conduct what you expected of it. All moral endeavour, we shall find, is bound to be a business of more or less unprincipled compromise, and all the results which issue from it are marked more or less by "vanity and vexation of spirit." We will now consider more in detail the three cases we have distinguished from each other, beginning with the morality of strenuous and single-minded devotion to personal self-culture.

It must be admitted that there is at first sight something fascinating about the ideal of a life devoted upon principle to the steady pursuit at all hazards of a clearly conceived self-culture. To the logical type of mind, which is readily disgusted with the shilly-shallying and half-hearted compromise between conflicting purposes which make up the conventional moral life of the ordinary virtuous man, an ethical ideal which is recommended by apparent singleness and simplicity, and calls upon us to follow it "wheresoever it leads," is specially attractive. We may perhaps, in order to present in its most cogent form a doctrine which does not altogether satisfy us, argue in the following fashion for uncompromising loyalty to this principle of self-cultivation. What, after all, is it that makes us approve one type of life and condemn another?

Why do we judge one course of action to be worthy and another unworthy? Surely because the one form of life gives us what we really want, and the other does not. What we want is a state of permanent content, of progressive and lasting satisfaction for all our cravings, or, if that is impossible, at least for those which are most insistent and least to be stilled by a change in our external circumstances. We approve the forms of life that can give us this full satisfaction, we disapprove those which promise it and then prove deceptive.

Everywhere where terms of moral praise and censure are applied to actions and habits it will be found that they are distributed in accordance with this general principle. The life which is felt by the poet to be "good" for him is the life in which his creative impulses will have that unhampered field for their discharge, without which they will prove so many sources of discontent and uneasy feeling; the "good" life for the philosopher, again, is no other than that in which he can most completely obtain the progressive satisfaction of those intellectual doubts, which, so long as they remain unanswered, are sources of mental unrest and torment. And so on in every other case, even in the case of the busybody and the philanthropist, who are uncomfortable whenever they are not undertaking the management of some one else's affairs. Their taste may no doubt be an unusual one, and but for the proverb which forbids disputations about matters of individual taste, we might be inclined to call it perverse, but still it is their taste, and it is simply as giving them what they want that the life of disinterested public activity wins their moral approbation.

Universally, then, the first law of moral action is, Know what you really want, and the second, like unto it, is, See that you are not misled into accepting a spurious substitute. So long as you observe these two laws you may expect happiness and self-content; the moment you break them, whether through not knowing what you want, or through allowing yourself to be imposed on by a cheap imitation, you condemn yourself to moral failure and abiding dissatisfaction. Most thoughtful men's lives are in the end unsatisfactory to themselves simply because they either cannot make up their minds what it is they supremely want, or because, knowing what it

is, they are afraid to pursue it at the expense of incurring the censure of their less intelligent and less sincere fellows. To the densely stupid majority, whose life is one everlasting unintelligent compromise between inconsistent purposes, a man who really knows what he cares for, and is prepared to follow it through thick and thin, will frequently seem either a fool or a criminal, and you must be ready, on occasion, to submit to the consequences of being thought a criminal or a fool if you really mean to get out of life just what you supremely want and nothing else. And yet what of all this? Surely anything that is worth having at all is worth the enduring of some difficulty and hardship in the pursuit, and it is monstrous to assert that morality requires that you should follow your principles only so long as you can do so without forfeiting the popular applause. The moral man will surely not adopt, with a difference, the sentiments of Mr. By-ends.¹

Follow your principle, then, in good and in evil report alike. It may lead you into unpopularity, even into the punishment of the felon or the contempt commonly flung on the enthusiast, but it and it alone will ultimately satisfy you. Sell the whole world, if necessary, and buy with it whatever is for you the "pearl of great price." For in the end nothing can give content but to have known what is your supreme desire and to have gratified it; and nothing can give final and lasting self-dissatisfaction except the following of that which is not what you wanted. There seems no justifiable reason, when once this line of thought is adopted, to stop short of its logical consequences because they may sound shocking to persons of confused ideas. Your tastes may appear to others perverted or criminal; very well, they are not called upon to adopt your mode of living. So long as the "perverted" taste yields you what you find satisfactory no one has a right to censure it merely because it would not give him what he wants. Your objects may be what are popularly called, by

¹ *Pilgrim's Progress*, pt. 1.—"Saw-all. I pray, what and how many were the things wherein you differed? By-ends. Why, they, after their headstrong manner, conclude that it is their duty to rush on their journey all weathers; and I am for waiting for wind and tide. . . . They are for holding their notions though all other men are against them; but I am for religion in what and so far as the times and my safety will bear it. They are for religion when in rags and contempt; but I am for him when he walks in his golden slippers, in the sunshine and with applause."

For "religion" read "my principles," and the passage will fairly express the judgment which an intelligent egoist might pass on our ordinary moral compromises.

persons of other cravings than yours, "immoral,"—that is only because your critics find their own market elsewhere; for you *any* taste is moral so long as, by consistently following it, you get the lasting satisfaction and peace of mind you could not get elsewhere.

The only real moral failure is insincerity or vacillation in acting up to your principle. Even if your taste be "sinful," yet act upon the maxim, *pecca fortiter*, and your life will be, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, a moral success. You may even, if physical dissipation is what contents you more than anything else, adopt in all seriousness the sarcastic advice of Goethe's Valentine, "Du bist doch nun einmal eine Hur,' So sei's auch eben recht." For "any emotion, if thorough enough, would take one to heaven."¹ Only before you embark on the profession of a harlot, it is your duty to find out all you can about the life to which you are committing yourself, and to make sure that a career of prostitution ending in a Lock Hospital will really give you what you want (cf. Nettle-ship, *Works*, i. 95, 96). If you decide that it will, and the price is worth paying, you are morally on the same level as the missionary who chooses to end a career of self-devotion by dying alone and untended in a leper-settlement; that the world in general does not recognise the resemblance is only another proof of the world's ample stupidity.²

¹ So Blake even goes the length of saying, "If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise," and, with the same insistence on *thoroughness* as the one saving virtue, "the tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction." And again, "Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires" (Proverbs of Hell). The reader who is not familiar with Blake's phraseology may need reminding that according to him all true poets are of "the devil's party."

² Compare also the sentiment of such lines as these—

"Have faith and crave and suffer, and all ye
The many mansions of my house shall see
In all content; cast shame and pride away,
Let honour gild the world's eventless day,
Shrink not from change, and shudder not at crime,
Leave lies to rattle in the sieve of time!
Then whatso'er your workday garments stain,
Of me a wedding-garment shall ye gain
No God shall dare cry out at, when at last
Your time of ignorance is overpast."

W. MORRIS. *Love is Enough*.

Or—

"Can alien Pharisees Thy kindness tell
Like us, Thy intimates, who nigh Thee dwell?
Thou say'st, 'All sinners will I burn with fire.'
Say that to strangers, we know Thee too well."

Omar Khayyâm (tr. WHINFIELD).

Yet, it might be argued, the moral consequences of this doctrine are, when properly understood, less generally shocking than they sound. After all, even though no moral law be admitted except that of knowing what will satisfy you and taking care to get it, it remains true that *some* things are in the nature of the case more satisfactory to human beings than to others. There are some objects of which it is practically certain that none but a few abnormal persons will find them by themselves capable of yielding lasting and complete content. There are some careers which can hardly be pursued to a satisfactory issue without the practice of duplicity. For instance, under our present social regulations it would be absolutely necessary for a man to dissemble certain vices in order to reap from the indulgence of them enjoyment at all adequate to the risks of punishment or of social ostracism they involve.¹ Hence it might be plausibly maintained that there would after all be few persons so abnormally constituted as to derive their completest satisfaction from a career of baseness or wickedness. Wickedness, it might be urged, is in its own nature a thing which you cannot pursue unless you are prepared to play the hypocrite and live a double life. It is precisely because wickedness in general is so impossible without hypocrisy that the rare instances of avowed and successful villainy impress the popular imagination so powerfully.

And even the cases of lifelong unconcealed but successful villainy have rarely been instances of real satisfaction. When one talks of Napoleon, for example, as an instance of open and victorious wickedness, one tends to forget about those half dozen years at St. Helena. On the whole, except in very abnormal circumstances, you *cannot* be permanently consistent in wickedness; you must play the hypocrite before mankind, you must make up your mind to endure the dissatisfaction inseparable from the knowledge that you are leading a double life, half of which is organised in diametrical opposition to your own convictions as to what is worth living for if you are not to fail at the very outset of your career. It is of the essence of the devil's situation that he should constantly be

¹ And lifelong consistency in a purely self-centred career is largely rendered impossible to persons of an ordinary degree of natural affection by the simple consideration that to get to the full their own "heart's desire," they would have to break some other heart.

"doing good that evil may come," and, from the point of view of the devil, the necessity must be an exceedingly unpleasant one. So Spinoza tells us that if there were a perfectly wicked being, such as the "devil" of tradition, he would also be the weakest of all creatures.¹ Thus the very conditions of human existence make it impossible for an ordinary man to persist with unremitting consistency and thoroughness in seeking an end that is wicked, *i.e.* that is completely inconsistent with the conditions of the existence of human society, or is, as it is sometimes phrased, thoroughly anti-social or nihilistic.

It does not even seem possible for a normally constituted man to be really thorough-going in the service of one of the lower appetites. For, to begin with, as Plato has so properly insisted, the lower physical appetites are a disorderly crew; the man whose chief desire in life is animal gratification will find himself beset by rival passions, each claiming its share of satisfaction, and will probably find, as most people do who try to satisfy a multitude of claimants, that in seeking to please all he has ended by pleasing none. The "tyrannical" type of character which is so wedded to a single base "ruling passion" as to live consistently for that one lust, and that alone, may be common enough in the poetry of Pope, but is exceedingly rare in actual life.

Further, there are few men who are without some degree of desire for satisfactions of a more intellectual kind than these provided by "Wein, Weib und Gesang"; there are, therefore, few who could consistently starve their intellectual and æsthetic tastes in order to gratify to the full the lusts of the flesh. And, yet again, as we have so often said before, the lusts of the flesh are in their very nature incapable of progressive and abiding satisfaction. At best they break out again after every act of indulgence as violently as before, and at worst they "grow by what they feed on" until the life of their victim becomes an alternation between periods of increasingly furious unsatisfied craving and short spells of momentary gratification. So that they almost invariably, when their satisfaction is made the main object of life, culminate in satiety, or in positive disgust and remorse. In either case it is clear that they can scarcely be said to repay the consistent

¹ *Korte Verhandeling*, ii. 25. Van de Duyvelen.

devotion of a lifetime. How sweet soever they may seem in the hey-day of youth, when the "evil days" come you find that this was after all not what you wanted. You may to the best of your power have kept the first of the two laws of loyalty to self; you have certainly, in letting yourself be fobbed off with such palpable cheats, broken the second.

Thus it is abundantly manifest that the doctrine which teaches that morality consists simply in knowing your own mind and standing by it does not grant a universal license to commit crimes or to give one's self up to filthy lusts. For, as we have seen, doubleness of purpose and disloyalty to principle is inseparable, for the normal man, from a career of mere crime or dissipation. It is only so long as you are pursuing objects which are not inconsistent with the general conditions of stable social existence, and afford progressive satisfaction to intellectual and æsthetic needs which expand as they are satisfied; that you can succeed in being really thorough-going in your loyalty to your principles.¹

As to those few abnormal beings, however, who *are* satisfied with the life of crime or vice even when it has brought all the customary consequences upon them, the case would stand rather differently. If a man really preferred a life of consistent crime ending with the gallows, or a life of vice ending in delirium tremens, to any other, and was prepared to take all the consequences of his choice without repentance, we should have to say to him, "You certainly seem to know what it is you want, and so long as you honestly set yourself to get it, and don't change your mind when you find out where your choice is taking you, we cannot refuse on our principles to pronounce you a highly moral—in fact, an exemplary, person. But at the same time we also know what we want, and are no less determined than you to stick at nothing in order to get it. Consequently, as we are the majority and you an exceptional and abnormal being, the moment your proceedings seriously interfere with our success in getting what we want, we shall make no scruple about imprisoning you or hanging you, though we shall not cease to regard you with respect as a

¹ Though, of course, there is plenty of scope, even within these limits, for that spirit of rebellion against conventional moral compromise which seems inseparable from any marked degree of practical genius.

morally exemplary character." It would be perfectly illogical to argue from the premises of the theory we are now expounding, as is done sometimes by its friends, sometimes by its foes, that it is a piece of moral iniquity to restrain by imprisonment, or even by torture and death, the man who is so abnormally constituted as to find his highest satisfaction in a life of theft or rape or murder. All that could be reasonably demanded of us would be that while we were flogging or hanging the ravisher or murderer we should not refuse to avow our admiration for his high principles or blameless life. Such a state of mind would not in itself be demonstrably absurd. Without arguing out the relative morality of the criminal and ourselves we may with perfect logic content ourselves with forcing him to give way to us by the threat, so congenial to the temper of Carlyle:¹ "Wretched mortal, give up that, or by the Eternal, thy Maker and mine, I will kill thee!"

From the foregoing sketch, then, it is clear that it would be possible to construct an ethical theory based upon the principle that consistency in seeking one's own truest satisfaction is the measure of moral worth without doing any very serious violence to the actual facts of the moral life. On the whole, we may admit, it would come in the end to much the same thing whether every one set himself to aim consistently and thoroughly at that in which he found lasting and unconditional satisfaction, or to perform for the sake of his fellow-men such social services as he could best render. In either case for the normal man the upshot would be that he set himself manfully to discharge the duties imposed upon him by his "station." But we are dealing here with the merits of a theoretical principle, not with those of a faulty but convenient practical assumption, and, regarded as a theory, the doctrine which we have attempted to expound as plausibly as we could fails to describe the facts of the moral life accurately in more ways than one.

It is, to begin with, clearly vulnerable in its treatment of the case of the abnormal man, the born criminal or drunkard. That you have no right to regard the life of the man who

¹ *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, vol. iii. p. 252 (of edition in five volumes). But we may see reason before we have done to regard this appeal to the "Sword of Mahomet" with Bacon (*Essay of Unity in Religion*) as a mere "dashing of the second table (*i.e.* of the law) against the first."

drinks himself to death and enjoys the process as less morally worthy than that of the man who gets his enjoyment out of the pursuit of fine art or science or enlightened benevolence, is clearly a necessary corollary from the principles upon which our theory is based, but is at the same time felt as outrageous by the moral conscience of men of high principle who are not biassed by an *a priori* ethical doctrine. If your theory, it might reasonably be said, professes to be an entirely new morality, such paradoxes may have their proper place in it, but as an explanation of the existing distribution of moral predicates it is simply absurd. Every one not under the influence of a theory for which he is prepared to swear that black is white must be aware that he does habitually assume that the drunkard's life, however sincerely pursued and enjoyed, is a life of a low moral type. *Quidquid vult valde vult* is no doubt a high recommendation of a man's character, but in the judgment of conscientious unspeculative men it is not the first and last word of ethical criticism. You may both know what you want and see that you get it, and yet be condemned as morally bad; it is not enough to want something very much and be unremitting in your quest after it: you must also, if you are to win moral approbation, want the things that good men want. To construct an ethical theory based upon the downright denial of these facts is as thoroughly unscientific as it would be to construct a physical system based on the assumption that gravitation does not operate instantaneously. If the moralist is more prone to hypotheses which outrage the facts than the physicist, that is only because it is easier for the former to persuade himself that it is business to invent a brand new system of approbations and disapprobations than for the latter to conceive himself called upon to create a new heaven and a new earth.¹

It may fairly be urged that the paradoxical view which the theory we are now considering compels us to take of the abnormal characters which are for a system of ethics the exceptions which "prove the rule," is in itself sufficient demonstration of the falsity of the theory. The considerations

¹ Of course it is one part of the moralist's office to remodel our judgments of praise and blame, and so to create "new tables of the law," but this constructive task can only be satisfactorily carried out on a basis of intelligent insight into the principles regulating the existing distribution of moral predicates.

already advanced in the last few sentences seem of themselves to prove that mere consistency in the pursuit of that which satisfies you is only a formal characteristic, not the one and only material characteristic of a satisfactory moral ideal. It is true, then, as we have seen, the *good* life—using the word to denote the kind of life which would be called good by the average intelligent and unprejudiced person—is more consistent than the bad life in almost every case; but the qualifying phrase we have had to add is enough to show that “consistency” is not by itself an adequate description of the qualities by which the good life is distinguished from the bad.

This is, however, by no means all that we have to say against the theory which at first seemed so plausible. The considerations just mentioned have damaged that theory seriously already, but much worse remains behind. We are now to see that unremitting and thorough-going self-satisfaction is an impossible thing—a thing not to be had by the normally constituted man on any terms. We are to see that this exclusive devotion to a single ideal, apart from which no man ever did or ever will achieve anything considerable, is inseparably bound up with defeat and disappointment. That no one really knows so well what he wants and is so single-minded in his quest after it as not, in the end, to find that he has not altogether got what he expected—in a word, that dissatisfaction more or less intense is the final outcome of our most strenuous and enlightened endeavour after satisfaction.

I would invite the reader to ponder on the considerations we are now about to advance, and to supplement them by his own private reflections on life and the world all the more because, owing mainly to the influence of Carlyle in England and Mommsen in Germany, the cult of the successful adventurer has become in our time quite a popular literary fashion. With the more moderate devotees of the cult we have indeed no serious quarrel; they are, we own, quite right in holding that there must be something of value about the man who succeeds in doing anything, even in swindling. When one reflects upon the proportion of swindlers who come to disgrace one feels that it would be dimly heroic to win campaign after campaign even in a warfare directed against the pockets and bankbooks of the gullible. Few readers of

Mr. Meredith, I imagine, can entirely withhold admiration from the daring and ingenuity of Augustus Fitz-George Richmond Boy. But as against the extravagant opinion that nothing is morally blameworthy except failure we shall do good service if we can show that the most successful of men is, after all, a partial failure. If we can prove this, it will not be very difficult to vindicate still further the moral sentiments of the unsophisticated by showing that it is morally better to fail in some purposes than to succeed in other.

First, then, we remark that it is a mere delusion to suppose that you can ever have successful endeavour in one direction except at the cost of failure somewhere else. It is a fundamental law of human action that nothing is to be had for nothing. If you wish to succeed in any particular purpose or set of allied purposes, you must be prepared to pay for your success by failure somewhere or other. The ideal of an all-round self-culture in which every craving finds its satisfaction, every taste its education, is one of those ideals which exist only on paper. The "ruling passion," as we have already said, is a mere imaginary creation of a false and shallow psychological theory. Our various cravings for satisfaction of various kinds, our various capacities of self-cultivation, form not a harmonious system but a chaotic and mutually repellent aggregate. You cannot gratify all your cravings, you cannot educate your "self" in all directions at once, and whatever element in it you choose to foster at the expense of the rest, you are certain to find sooner or later that in the cultivation of it you have not found full satisfaction and perfect self-development. Not merely the self-discipline by which certain tendencies within the self which conflict with the development along the lines for which you care most are kept in a state of repression, but downright self-mutilation by the refusal to cultivate certain necessary elements of a full and all-round self-development is essential to the successful pursuit of any ideal of self-culture. You must part with much of what you permanently want in order to secure any part of it. You must be willing to enter life maimed and halt if you are to enter it at all. It is this inevitable necessity of learning to accept with resignation mere half-satisfaction that makes the course of life appear to most of us in our moments of bitter

self-examination a series of choices between alternatives of which both are detestable.

Let us, for instance, examine a type of life which would probably be pronounced by most of us as free from disappointment and failure, and as full of lasting and placid satisfaction as any type can be—I mean the life of the student who is entirely absorbed in and devoted to his science. If we find that even the student has to pay for his successes by the loss of sources of satisfaction and elements of self-culture which are indispensable to a permanently contented life of all-round self-realisation, we shall hardly be inclined to deny that the same holds good *a fortiori* of every other aspirant after full individual self-culture.

We have already seen, in our last chapter, that it is almost inevitable that the successful devotee of intellectual pursuits should practise a considerable degree of self-restraint in the matter of yielding to the suggestions of the lower appetites. Such self-discipline as this, however, hardly comes under the head of the self-renunciation of which we are now speaking. For it may be reasonably maintained that the very discipline to which the strenuous student submits his lower appetites renders such occasional gratification of them as he may allow himself by way of relaxation all the more agreeable. So far Plato seems to be in the right when he tells us that the “appetitive element” in the soul obtains the highest happiness possible to it only when held in check by the higher elements of intellect and loyalty to conscience. If such self-discipline were all the price that a scholar had to pay for his intellectual attainments, it might well be urged that the scholarly life is a concrete example of the satisfactory results of knowing just what you want, and getting it at all hazards. But we shall speedily find, if we consider a little more clearly, that the cost of scientific self-culture is infinitely greater than this.

To begin with, consider only the physical cost, under our present social conditions, at any rate, of the steady pursuit of knowledge. Intellectual advance in almost every department is to-day more than ever dependent upon the organised co-operation of numbers of persons animated by the same spirit and pursuing the same ends. It is practically essential to the student—except in those rare cases in which he is from the

first possessed of ample private means—to live in the comparatively close and unhealthy atmosphere of a crowded and smoky town, in order that he may be able to avail himself of the great libraries and laboratories without which his work cannot be done. Further, if he is ever to come within measurable distance of finding answers to the questions that perplex him, he must rise early and go to bed late, and spend long hours of the day and the night in unremitting sedentary labour, often by a physically trying artificial light, in an unhealthy position and a comparatively foul atmosphere. The hours he can afford for outdoor physical exercise are insufficient for efficient bodily culture, even when the habits unconsciously contracted from years of sedentary work have not made him prematurely indifferent to or positively indisposed to the requisite bodily exertions. In a similar way, his physical habits are frequently highly unfavourable to the proper discharge of the functions of digestion.

It is true that some at least of these physical drawbacks to the intellectual life might be removed by more general attention to public hygiene, as well as by conscientious adherence on the part of the scholar himself to the laws of health. But when all deductions for the results of merely accidental conditions have been made, it must still remain true that full physical development and high mental development are, in the vast majority of cases, incompatible with one another. This means that the scholar must either consent so far to be inconsistent in his pursuit of that which, as a scholar, he supremely wants as to put up with less intellectual progress, for the sake of better health and a longer life, or must be attended throughout his career with the discontented and unpleasant emotions inseparable from indigestion, torpid liver, and the other consequences of his sedentary life. Either he must divide his allegiance between two masters, or must reconcile himself to permanent discomfort. In either case his quest for full self-satisfaction and complete self-culture is a partial failure.

The sacrifices just spoken of are, however, the least part of those which have to be made in the consistent pursuit of any form of artistic or intellectual culture. More serious still are the intellectual self-mutilations which the scientific career entails. We too commonly talk as if it were really possible

for the student (the gifted student at any rate) to fulfil Bacon's boast of taking all knowledge for his province. Nothing could be more remote from the real circumstances. It will afford a melancholy comment upon the futility of our attempts at complete intellectual self-culture, if any man who has devoted even a few years to the serious study of any important subject will contrast his present mental condition with that he enjoyed when he first entered upon his scientific career. The necessity of "specialisation" means no less than this, that the "wisdom-loving" nature must consent to give up all prospect of ever getting an answer to ninety-nine of the puzzles about the world and man which perplex it, in order to stand even a faint chance of solving the hundredth.

I suppose the experience of a humble student of philosophy is, in this respect, sufficiently typical of the experience of abler and better men. Year after year, as one tries to keep abreast with the progress of one's own special subject, one finds one has to drop one's acquaintance with branch after branch of science or history in which one is interested, and one is fortunate if, even within the limits of one's own science, one has not increasingly to confine one's attention to a few special points. One has in the end, as a rule, to give up the hope of ever acquiring any extensive knowledge either of the course of nature or of the history of man, in order to gain a little light on some narrowly restricted portion of the field, and one may be pardoned if one frequently doubts whether the game was after all worth the candle. Who will say with confidence, at the end of a long life of scientific study directed upon some well defined class of objects, that he has reached an answer to even one hundredth part of the questions with which he began? or who will declare with complete sincerity that the intellectual satisfaction he derives from the answer to the one question really compensates the sense of failure with which he looks back on the ninety and nine?¹

¹ Faust's complaint, I take it, admits of no real retort:—

"O glücklich, wer noch hoffen kann

Aus diesem Meer des Irrthums aufzutanken!

Was man nicht weiss, das eben brauchte man,

Und was man weiss, kann man nicht brauchen."—*Faust*, i. 711.

One naturally thinks of Browning's "Grammarians," but, from the point of view of the individual's satisfaction, his case rests on nothing better than an appeal to the unknown possibilities of a future life. From the "altruistic" point of view, no doubt, the case is altered.

Not to speak of the way in which general æsthetic and literary culture has to be sacrificed to the demands of the special study. Darwin's well-known confession of the gradual atrophy of this side of his original character is only an extreme example of a process that any student *ex professo* who takes his subject seriously may detect in himself before he reaches the age of thirty. Once more, I contend, you are in the old dilemma: you must either remain in the condition of the mere gifted dilettante or you must consent to the mutilation of your mental nature. Either you must chilly-shilly between two masters or you must consent to serve one for a starvation wage. And either alternative means failure to get what you really wanted out of life.

We have not even yet done with the long list of sacrifices which the student is called upon to make for the sake of proficiency in his special subject. Nothing has as yet been said of the repression of social affections and tendencies which is in most cases demanded by the single-minded pursuit of intellectual satisfaction. I do not, of course, mean to endorse in all its crudity the saying of Tennyson's character that "wife and children drag the artist down," nor yet the blunter saying of one of the personages in Zola's *L'Œuvre*, to the effect that "il faut que l'artiste donne sa virilité à son œuvre;" but I do maintain that no man—or at least very few men can devote themselves to intellectual work without having to forego indulgences of the social and family affections, for lack of which they feel their lives the poorer. The real follower of a science, who is working not for a lucrative chair or a baronetcy or an "European" reputation, but for the satisfaction of his own thirst for knowledge, knows full well that the time which is required for the cultivation of social and family relations has to be taken from his chosen pursuits. A whole essay might be written, were this the place for it, upon the moral virtues of idleness. Without what is euphemistically called "leisure,"—in other words, without the periods of "idleness" in which we can indulge in the luxury of "folding our legs and having our talk out,"¹ a man may be benevolent,

¹ The reader will recollect that it was of so self-denying a philanthropist as Wesley that Dr. Johnson used the phrase which I have put into inverted commas. See Boswell on *Tuesday, March 31st, 1778*.

he may be a practical philanthropist, but he cannot successfully develop the full relations of social intimacy and friendship.

Now there is no reason to suppose that the follower of a science or an art by nature feels the need of these social affections and intimacies less than any one else; yet without "wasting time" which might have been given to intellectual work he cannot well find the leisure to indulge himself in them. He knows that the moment he begins to be in request as a genial and fascinating talker at cultivated tables, a frequenter of hospitable and kindly social circles, his work is in danger of suffering. And what is true of the intimacies of the social must surely be no less true of the dearer and closer intimacies of the family circle. How many intellectual workers can find the time, without neglecting their work, to give themselves up to the cultivation of conjugal and parental relations? Intellectual work taken seriously is a tyrant that grudges nothing more than the ample periods of bodily and mental leisure that are required in order fully to know or to love those around us. In the pressure of our professional obligations we simply have not the time to love as we could wish. Truth—philosophic truth at any rate—is only too much like the treasure of the Nibelung:—

Nur wer der Minne Macht versagt,
Nur wer der Liebe Lust verjagt,
Nur der erzielt sich den Zaub'ring,
Zum Reif zu zwingen das Gold.

For, after all, love and friendship need for their full enjoyment the quick brain as well as the warm heart, and you cannot realise their full capacities if you come to them jaded and weary in the interval between one spell of intellectual work that exhausts all your energies and another.

When all these considerations are brought together and fairly weighed it seems hardly possible to deny that the scholar's life, which we thought at first a typical example of satisfaction found in the consistent following of a principle of self-development, is full of internal anarchy and dissatisfaction. The scholar has after all to choose between the alternatives of being false from time to time to his high calling as a scholar and sacrificing to it many of the things that give life its worth. Either alternative means unmistak-

able failure.¹ All that can come finally out of systematic self-culture is either superficial dilettanteism or the one-sided development of some one feature of our character at the cost of the suppression of others which are equally indispensable to a fully satisfied, perfect, and happy existence. At best we get out of our loyalty to self-culture half of what we wanted, and who will guarantee that we shall find the half, as the proverb has it, "greater than the whole?"

And if this is true of the life which presents above all others favourable opportunities for unimpeded quest after personal satisfaction, how much more is it true of the other ways in which men, with more serious obstacles to contend against, set themselves to gratify whatever they find to be the most persistent want of their nature? Some men desire pleasure, others cannot be content without fame or power, and yet others "hunger and thirst after righteousness." Yet which of all these types of mental striving really gives those who surrender themselves to it all that it promised. What men who have lived for pleasure or fame or power have thought of their successes when they have looked back calmly upon them and contrasted life's performance with its promise, the literature of all ages tells us with an only too unanimous voice. It were superfluous to fill our pages with the universal complaints of the deceitfulness of the lusts of the flesh and the eyes, or the weary cares of wealth, such as must be familiar to every student of any considerable portion of the world's literature. And as to power, who has not heard of Cromwell's "I would rather keep a flock of sheep," and of Danton's "It were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with the governing of men"? Even the quest after virtue and purity of heart sought for its own sake is apt to end in heart-burning and the shame of capitulation to the enemy, and the sense that one is no nearer the goal after a life of unremitting self-discipline than when one first began. For, for morality at least, there is no way out of the *impasse* so graphically described by St. Paul, "that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate,

¹ One might add that even your hundredth question never gets a *final* answer. By sacrificing everything else to the pursuit of knowledge you only come at last with Faust to the discovery "dass wir nichts wissen können." But that line of thought will attract our attention in a later chapter on the Goal of Ethics.

that do I . . . the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do" (Romans vii. 15-19). Indeed what is it but thoughtlessness and shortness of moral vision that can keep us from feeling ourselves, even in the moment of our greatest "moral victories," no nearer the satisfaction of our "thirst after righteousness" than if we had remained to human judgment as well as to God's the "chief of sinners"?

Each and every of these various practical ends calls us to sacrifice to it one source of contentment, one element in our original character, after another; and of which of them can it be said that they in the end give us the permanent content and full development of our natural powers for which we looked? There are men who could not be content without wealth or power, and most of us would, I suppose, not be content without attempting to cultivate some of the qualities which are recognised as laudable by the ethical code of our society or by our own private judgment; yet which of us will say that he is really content when he has got the thing for which he has lived?¹ The experience not of here and there a few malcontents, but of the intelligent of all ages, seems to proclaim that if it is nothing but full and lasting satisfaction for our own cravings that we seek of the world our heart is set upon the unattainable. We have at best the choice of being discontented because we are not setting ourselves to realise some definite object at all costs, or disappointed because we have, as far as our position permits us, realised our object and found it not worth the price we have had to pay for it. To parody a well-known saying of Strauss, we may affirm that half thinking mankind are unhappy because they do not know what they want, and the other half because they know enough about it to know that it is unattainable. Or if one succeeds in escaping from both classes it is only by ceasing to think about the matter at all, and passively accepting the routine of life without being moved either to disgust at the present or hope for the future.

¹ Renan even speaks in a characteristic sentence—I think in *Les Évangiles*—of the pleasure it gives him to see Jesus, the most virtuous of men, suggesting with a gentle irony to the Pharisees that virtue is after all more than half a delusion. The sentiment is perhaps more in the spirit of Renan than in that of the person to whom he ascribes it, yet who does not feel the element of truth it contains?

But this almost animal-like acquiescence in a life of routine duties and momentary pleasures is something far other than the lasting and ever-progressing satisfaction that comes from attainment of a supreme end. It is indeed an ignoble renunciation of the most essential and most universal characteristic of humanity—the power to transform one's environment instead of waiting to be transformed by it. There is, I know, such a thing as a noble acquiescence in the routine of life such as finds expression in Herbert's well-known lines about sweeping a room for God and God's laws, and of *this* we shall have to speak in a later place when we come to deal with the ethical aspects of religion. The very different spirit of which we are talking here is one of acquiescence, not from religious reverence towards a more than human order in which our imperfect works are somehow made perfect, but from mere despair. It is the spirit in which Candide set himself to cultivate his garden.¹ Superficially like the noble and devout resignation of Herbert or of the Stoics, this ignoble feeling is really separated from theirs by a whole world's width. But to the one or the other we must assuredly come, if we take life and its experiences seriously, before we can escape from the alternative of discontent and disappointment. So long as we rest short of one or the other form of resignation to the course of events, the fate of Midas is a parable of all of us. And which of us that has not learned the lesson of the higher or acquired the habit of the lower submission would hesitate to make a compact on the same terms as Faust, if only he could find a bidder?

These thoughts, however, are manifestly leading us a little away from our immediate subject, and we must therefore keep them in check. Enough that we believe ourselves to have shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that really thorough-going systematic self-cultivation is pursuing an ideal which only exists in name. Of the results of action directed towards

¹ Voltaire, *Candide* 30.—Je sais aussi, dit Candide, qu'il faut cultiver notre jardin. Vous avez raison, dit Pangloss; car, quand l'homme fut mis dans le jardin d'Eden, il y fut mis *ut operaretur eum*, pour qu'il travaillât; ce que prouve que l'homme n'est pas né pour le repos. Travaillons sans raisonner, dit Martin, c'est le seul moyen de rendre la vie supportable." I hope my remarks in the text will not be construed as a mark of disrespect for the memory of a good man, to whom all humane and intelligent men must feel that the world owes a debt of gratitude which it has by no means fully acknowledged.

self-attainment we may surely say, with as much truth, at least, as of the chance gifts of fortune—

There's something comes to us in life,
But more is taken quite away.

If you do not follow after some one ideal with all your heart you will obtain nothing; if you do, you will not obtain the half of what you want. Yet what other destiny could reasonably be expected for a being like man, suspended for ever between the antithetic poles of godhead and animalism? Serene content is natural in a god who has now and always just that which he wants, or in an animal that, so long as it is well fed and not made to work, never wants anything that it has not got—but in man, whose glory and shame at once it is to be always craving for that which he has not? Let us turn from the sophistries by which a shallow optimism would seek to blind us to the essential elements of our amphibian position in pitying silence. There are those who can entertain no doubt that all things are working together for good to them so long as their table is well spread, their digestion sound, and their balance at the bank satisfactory. No stirrings of wrath or shame rise in their breasts when they contrast the much abandoned in the course of years with the little retained, the much attempted with the little achieved; they are warm, they are fed, and they have every prospect of being warmed and fed to the end of their days. It is not to such that our argument is addressed, and it would not become us to waste another word in the vain attempt to make them fathom it. *Non ragionam di lor.*

Let us rather pass on without more ado to the examination of some considerations which may appeal to men of a nobler mould in arrest of judgment upon the illusoriness of our ethical ideals. How will it be, one might ask, if we put all thought of personal satisfaction behind us and avowedly live simply for the spread of culture and content among our fellow-men? Morality, one will say, is no doubt an unsatisfactory business if you go into it chiefly or mainly with the purpose of reaping personal gratification from it. But what if you are willing to forget all narrowly personal ends and to live for the diffusion of sources of satisfaction of a lasting kind over a wide social area, whether by devoting yourself to works of direct benevol-

ence, or by giving yourself to the disinterested prosecution of some art or science? You will not, in this way, gain adequate satisfaction for yourself nor yet achieve it for anyone else. What then? you will have done something to bring a little added satisfaction into many lives. You will not, by your scientific pursuits, succeed in answering one hundredth of the questions that perplex you; but you will have done a little towards making it possible for them to be answered by another in the fulness of time. Here then, might we not say, you may find the content that the quest after self-culture failed so utterly to bring. When your trifling achievements of whatever kind are regarded not by themselves, as your mere private gains, but as contributions to the general mass of social progress they will cease to appear petty and worthless; the world, if not yourself, will be really the richer for them. Here then is the secret of contentment; forget yourself entirely in some work productive of final satisfaction to a wider circle, and you will be happy. If you cannot win happiness by consistency and thoroughness in enlightened self-seeking, you may none the less find it is thorough-going and unremitting social service.

Let us examine for a little space the claims of this new ideal to practicability. It cannot, of course, be denied that there is abundant practical wisdom in the recommendations we have tried to indicate in the preceding few sentences. For purposes of everyday practice it is perfectly true that the only way to escape discontent and the sense of utter failure in life is to forget yourself in your work. It is only by the hope that the results of our work, wretchedly inadequate as they must be when compared with our ideals of personal completeness and satisfaction, will help some one else working on the same lines to advance a little further than we have been able to do that we can avoid sheer disgust at our own dismal ill-success. And the reason why, in spite of all we have said in the last page or two, the life of devotion to scientific pursuits is on the whole not intolerable, is that the student of science early learns to take this view of himself and his work, and to think more of the importance to mankind of the interpretation of Nature than of himself as the person to interpret it.

But success in practice, as we have said in an earlier

chapter, comes as often as not from our refusal to think out our assumptions to their logical results. The very secret of that wide-spread dissatisfaction with ourselves, which is so common a feature of the intellectual life of to-day and is oddly called by sentimentalists the *Weltschmerz*, lies in our increasing desire to be logical in our actions and to be really sure that a thing will be finally worth doing before we take it in hand. We are perhaps no weaker of purpose when once we can see our way clear than our great-grandfathers, but we—at least those of us who think at all—are clearer-headed and see more sides to every question of practice than they did, and consequently achieve less. Our mental malady—if it be a malady—is not so much constitutional apathy or irresolution as a “scruple of thinking too precisely on the event,” and that is why there is perhaps no figure in literature whom we are so well fitted to understand as Hamlet, the perennial type of that division of the intellect against the promptings of impulse which we all find in ourselves, and no philosopher who speaks more directly to our hearts than Schopenhauer, who has exaggerated this self-distraction into an ultimate metaphysical principle.¹ Hence we must not argue from the general satisfactoriness of a certain ideal for unreflecting action that it is finally satisfactory from the theoretical point of view to the logical mind. And it will not, I imagine, be denied that an ideal which is satisfactory only so long as you ask no questions about its coherency is no true or final ideal, nor yet that a principle which is logically incoherent must sooner or later break down in practice. A principle of action which cannot stand investigation is at best a mere make-shift, unless one is prepared openly to adopt the doctrine that the truth of a theory is only another name for its practical convenience.

What then can he said as to the theoretical possibility of

¹ There is much food for reflection in R. L. Stevenson's fable about the sinking ship. I quote the concluding sentences for the benefit of readers to whom so suggestive an apologue may be new. It must be premised that the captain of the sinking vessel has just found one of the hands smoking in the powder magazine. “‘For my own poor part,’ says the captain, ‘I should despise the man who, even on board a sinking ship, should omit to take a pill or to wind up his watch. That, my friend, would not be the human attitude.’ ‘I beg pardon, sir,’ said Mr. Spoker, ‘but what is precisely the difference between shaving in a sinking ship and smoking in a powder magazine?’ ‘Or doing anything at all in any conceivable circumstances?’ cried the captain. ‘Perfectly conclusive; give me a cigar.’ Two minutes afterwards the ship blew up with a glorious detonation.”

following with success the ideal of useful social work? To begin with, we may fairly recur to a consideration which has already occupied us in the previous chapter. We may fairly insist that the "self-neglect" inseparable from such a course of life is bound, sooner or later, to avenge itself. If it is true that no normal man can give himself up to the quest of individual satisfaction and culture without being smitten from time to time with remorse at the thought of the opportunities of social usefulness he has sacrificed to self, it is surely no less true that you cannot give your life up to unremitting disinterested toil without being repeatedly moved to discontent and self-censure as you think of opportunities of enjoyment and self-culture which have been irrecoverably thrown away. You cannot but feel from time to time that your own life has been starved in the interests of work which brings you no compensation for your sacrifices, and I can see no good reason in moral theory why this kind of regret should be regarded as necessarily less ethically justifiable than the other, to say nothing of the absurdity which would arise from making it a general principle that *every* man should starve his own soul. It is impossible not to feel that there was an element of truth as well as of pathos in the remark which the dying Laplace is truly or falsely said to have uttered about the labours embodied in his *Mécanique céleste*: "Tout cela, voyez-vous, n'est que des blagues, rien n'est vrai que l'amour." Nor would many of us think Faust to blame for his decision to exchange a life of weary soul-deadening labour for one with full opportunity for enjoyment and the free play of physical and mental powers.

I do not propose to enlarge here upon these obvious topics; I prefer rather to call attention to another side of the question which is more likely to be overlooked. There is an element of irrationality which seems to be ineradicable from the life of mere social service, and it is this. Your labours seem to be at best directed to securing for your contemporaries or your descendants a small degree of the very same satisfactions which proved so unsatisfactory when we discussed the final value to yourself of a much greater quantity of them. What is it in fact that you propose to yourself as the results to be secured by a life devoted to the service of society? You hope, in company with other workers in the same field, to contribute

to the production of a social system under which the lives of the individual members of the community shall be richer in permanent and unconditional satisfactions than they are at present. In this sense surely we may say that the general happiness of the community is the end of all social activity. And, once more, how is it intended to effect this end? You propose to secure, in a way which existing social institutions by themselves do not, to as many individuals as possible adequate food, warm clothing, and in general the requisites of a physically healthy existence. Further, you propose to "educate" the community, to "raise the standard of public taste," and so to provide future individuals with sources of satisfaction of a more lasting and unconditional kind than those connected with the mere gratification of the bodily appetites.

On the whole, then, the objects of disinterested social activity may be said to be three,—to secure to as large a proportion of the community as possible the conditions of a healthy physical life, to give them abundant leisure, and to provide them with tastes which will enable them to occupy that leisure in pursuits at once productive of enjoyment to themselves and not productive of suffering to others. How far are such ends capable of being consistently attained by the means at our disposal? We are constantly talking about the duty or the happiness of working for the common good of mankind in a loose rhetorical way that ignores altogether the very real difficulties with which our problem is beset. To begin with the most obvious of these difficulties. It is clear that, except upon principles other than those of the disinterested benevolence we are now discussing, your aim ought to be to secure for all mankind or for as wide an area as you possibly can those increased satisfactions which you expect to be created by your unselfish labours. Differential treatment of individuals or classes, where there is nothing in the circumstances of the case to call for differential treatment, is manifestly irrational and indefensible. Yet we may reasonably doubt whether any effective social service can be performed without making distinctions between more and less favoured classes and individuals which are theoretically unjust. The success of most schemes of social amelioration seems to depend upon the condition that they shall *not* become universal, but

shall exalt one class or body of individuals for whose benefit they happen to be adapted at the expense of others, who on all the grounds upon which an appeal can be made to benevolent sentiment are no less entitled to consideration.

For instance, compassion moves you to exert yourself to find labour for the unemployed, and in doing so you expose the labourers already in work to a competition which tends to reduce a number of them to the very condition you felt to be so intolerable. You will "educate" the multitude, and the result of your benevolent exertions is to create an amount of competition for all professional posts entirely out of proportion to the number of vacancies, and at the same time to draft off numbers of persons of both sexes from employments in which, if you had left them alone, they would have been contented themselves and not have been driving some less fortunate rival to the verge of madness or suicide at every step in their progress through life. When one thinks of the numbers of persons of both sexes who are dragging out a lonely existence on a pittance earned in some minor professional post, and reflects that but for the education which has given them tastes beyond their means to gratify they might in some modest commercial position be leading contented lives amid all the affections of a family, one sometimes feels inclined to speak of the policy of indiscriminate education in language which would startle and pain the philanthropist.¹

The same is true, wherever you choose to turn your attention, of all humanising and civilising effort. You toil devotedly and from motives of the deepest compassion for the spread of civilisation over the world. Yet every advance of civilisation is procured by the speedy or slow extermination of less civilised races, who might seem to have some claim on our compassion and benevolence. You set yourself to improve the conditions of one class or set of people in the community, and you can only obtain your end at the cost of driving some other class out of existence. Nor is it easy to see how things could possibly be otherwise. The full blessings of civilisation have always been enjoyed by the comparatively few at the expense of the greater many. When

¹ Consider again, the influence of trade unions and similar organizations on that vast body of "unskilled" labour which lies outside them.

a late writer undertook to prove that national wealth and the misery of the labouring classes have increased *pari passu*, he intended only to indict as unjust certain peculiar features in our existing industrial system, but he seems to me at the same time to have incidentally illustrated, though with gross exaggeration, an inevitable feature of the advance of civilisation. After all, every advance in civilisation means the driving out of existence of all those who do not possess the requisite power of adapting themselves to the altered environment, and these must always be an appreciable proportion of the population. Every philanthropic and benevolent institution that is really effective must be regarded as creating a favourable variation in the persons of those who have come under its influence and partaken of its benefits, and as thereby discriminating against the rest of their competitors, who have not shared the same advantages. I know of course that it is a fallacy to suppose that no one can profit except by the loss of every one else, but I am not so clear that any one can profit except by the loss of some one else.

Consider an example or two which will make my meaning clearer. The inventor of an important mechanical process by which one man is enabled to do the work of several is commonly regarded as a social benefactor, on the ground that his invention cheapens the price to the consumers of some necessary or comfort of life. As far as this statement goes, it is of course correct. It is perfectly true that the inventor, in making his own fortune, at the same time makes those of others who introduce his contrivance into their workshops or factory, and also saves the average non-productive consumer expense.¹ But there is surely another side to the question. What is to become of the men whose employment is gone as soon as the manufacturer finds that the new machine process will enable him to save by dismissing them? Why, you say, they are drafted off into other trades. True, and it would be a sufficient answer if labour-saving machinery could only be introduced into one or two special branches of industry. But suppose, as is the case, employers are introducing such machinery into all or most trades simultaneously, so that

¹ I mean by this awkward expression, of course, the consumer who *as regards the special article in question* is a consumer only and not a producer.

there is a general fall in the number of workmen required? You answer: the invention of the new machines of various kinds gives an added impetus to the various branches of industry employed in their manufacture. For instance, vastly more men will be needed at the various iron and steel works than formerly in consequence of the orders for the new labour-saving inventions. True, but is it likely that *all* those who lose their employment in consequence of the new inventions will find their way into the iron and steel works? And what is to happen when improved machinery is introduced into the manufacture of machinery? Are we to come in the end to a state in which everybody is getting his living by making labour-saving machinery for somebody else? Would not that be a little too much like the condition of the islanders of fable who earned a precarious living by taking in each other's washing? Or perhaps you argue that though the introduction of the new machinery may cause distress for a time, yet in the next generation every one will benefit by it—the sufferers having by this time been got more or less satisfactorily out of the world. But the next generation will have its own labour-saving inventions and its consequent social problems. It would therefore seem that, if we are going consistently to follow the principle of universal benevolence, those socialists who allow their theories to lead them into downright hatred of the labour-saving machines of our civilisation are nearer the truth than the rest of us.

It might be urged that the increased cheapness of production will give fresh stimulus to export trade to other countries, and thus lead to an increased demand for labour. Does not this, however, simply transfer the problem one stage further away from home? If you are going to find a market abroad for your products, some one else will be debarred from exploiting the same market. If Chinese and Japanese are to buy English wares they must spend less on German or on home-made wares, etc. So some one loses after all. Or again, apart from the question of exportation, you might simply argue that the new appliances will enable the manufacturer to keep on all his old hands and even engage more because the lowered prices enable him to sell such quantities of his wares as to realise vastly enhanced profits. That is true, and it explains

why in the end society is the better for machinery. But somebody has had to be driven out of existence meanwhile.

My argument in the last paragraph, of course, only applies to the case of machinery which for a time throws the old operatives in the trades into which it is introduced out of employment. I am not attacking an important engine of social progress, but only indicating certain prices which have sometimes to be paid for progress. Some one seems to suffer at every step, and the utmost we can hope is that on the whole the sufferers are fewer than those who are benefited. But *universal* benevolence, if it could be consistent with itself, would "wish no living thing to suffer pain," and would therefore lead to no progress.

I do not, of course, mean to argue here against the invention of machinery, or to deny that the advances in civilisation it assists are sometimes worth the price we pay for them. My point is simply that you cannot have the advance without paying the price. Every step forwards is taken at the cost of creating an artificial inequality which drives some one down into the depths of want, and we may therefore fairly say that one chief function of benevolent social activity is to heal the wounds it has itself created. You have to feed the beggar and the pauper largely because you have yourself made him what he is. The merely formal aspect of this contradiction was long ago seized by Blake in lines which we all know by heart—

Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody poor,
And Mercy no more could be
If all were as happy as we.¹

I am far from denying that the worth of the blessings of a high degree of civilisation may be so great as to outweigh the misery which has to be inflicted on those who perish in the course of our progress towards it, or are reduced to the position of mere ministers to the cultivated enjoyments of the select few; but I do protest against any estimate of the moral satisfactoriness of civilising work which tacitly ignores this

¹ I remember once hearing it argued in a sermon that it is immoral and impious to attempt the abolition of poverty for this very reason, and also because the Scripture says, "The poor ye have always with you."

mass of artificially created misery. My object is not to discourage benevolent effort of any kind, whether it takes the form of creating a favourable variation in the persons of a select few or relieving the distress of those against whom we have by our own civilising agencies discriminated, but merely to point out the radical inconsistency and self-contradictoriness of the ideal of benevolent or civilising activity. You cannot—this is the sum of my contention—systematically relieve human misery without at the same time and by the very same act creating fresh misery somewhere. The utmost we have a right to hope for, as a result of our exertions, is that if they are well directed, the misery they cause may be less intense or less widely diffused than that they remove. No thought brings more pain to the benevolent sentimentalist than the thought that civilisation is one long struggle or war of extermination, in which the less fitted to survive go down before the more fit as inevitably as if the issue were fought out with guns and bayonets instead of with brains. Yet the benevolent sentimentalist is all his life long aiding by every benevolent act in such a war of extermination, and society may think itself fortunate if he does not contrive to prolong the agonies of the struggle by assisting ineffectually the losing side. The more thoroughly benevolent effort becomes organised under the guidance of clear sighted and capable men like some of our C.O.S. leaders, the more openly does it proclaim itself as an auxiliary in the war waged by the more against the less fit.¹

Herein lies the truly laughable paradox of benevolence; benevolence has its spring in our pity for the unfit and incapacitated, yet the moment you organise it on such lines as to prevent it becoming a social pest it stands revealed as a potent agent in the work of their extermination. It is not even true that those you favour by your benevolent institutions are primarily of necessity more "fit" than those at whose cost you favour them. It is largely by the mere accident of having been the recipients of your favour that they become the "fit." True, all "organisation" of benevolence aims at avoiding this

¹ This is sometimes forgotten when "charity" is indiscriminately condemned as only serving to keep the less fit from the destruction which social progress is bringing upon them. The charge is only true of misdirected charity.

baseless favouritism by selecting as the recipients of favour only those who can approve themselves as already "deserving"; but organised benevolence is thus brought into direct contradiction with those sentiments of compassion in which all benevolence takes its rise. Is not this the reason why those who have with most energy and insight given their lives to the work of social amelioration seem in the end to be of all men the least liable to any sentimental delusions about the effects of their activity? They have seen too much of the self-contradictory results of benevolence to expect from it what the well-intentioned and unexperienced expect. Not to insist upon the still more awkward question whether the recipients of benevolence are in the majority of cases themselves the happier for all that has been done for them. One needs at least to be careful lest the net results of one's social activity should not be just to make the "masses" sensible of burdens which neither we nor they can abolish.

Yet, you may say, it remains in spite of all objections a palpable fact that there is such a thing as social progress. After all, improved conditions of sanitation, a higher standard of education, an enlightened penal system, and the rest of the objects for which philanthropists have laboured, are things of value and make life more worth living. No doubt, to those who are in a position to profit by them, but not to those who have had to be sacrificed to their attainments in one way or another. With very few exceptions, the blessings of civilisation are after all instances of the securing of a high and rich type of satisfaction for a comparatively narrow community at the expense of loss to a wider area, and need, therefore, for their justification, the admission that the principle of what we have called "intensive" morality be admitted as equally valid with that of "extensive" morality. Wars, plagues, and fires, which openly secure certain advantages to the survivors at the cost of enormous loss of life or infliction of suffering upon the relatively less fit, have notoriously been among the most direct and potent agents of social progress.

And though you may live for the good of your class or your country with considerable success, I do not see how the good of class or country is to be brought about except at the cost of loss to other classes and countries.

Patriotism and *esprit de corps* seem to involve a compromise between the principles of universal benevolence and self-cultivation. It is at least as arbitrary and as contrary to mere logic to prefer your class or your country before other classes and countries, of which you can only say that they do not happen to be yours, as to prefer yourself before other individuals on the ground that after all they are not you. To make the principle of benevolence thoroughly self-consistent you ought to be able to effect the gain of every one at the loss of no one, and this seems out of the question.

You are therefore placed in this dilemma: If you will not consent to sacrifice some one, your benevolence will never produce any effects; if your benevolence takes practical effect you must have allowed yourself to prefer a certain class or body of persons to others upon grounds which, from the standpoint of the principle of benevolence, are arbitrary and irrational. Under our existing social arrangements the effects of such arbitrary preference are minimised by the fact that the work of benevolence is carried on principally by individuals and private organisations working for various class interests which more or less neutralise one another. Under a regime in which the task of amelioration were intrusted to the central administrative power, the necessity of avoiding social disorganisation and revolution would compel the administration consciously to prefer a moderate gain to a wider area of the subject population before a greater gain to a narrower section of the community. But the choice would be dictated by necessity rather than by moral principle. You cannot prove that it is reasonable to prefer a widely diffused though mediocre degree of civilisation to a less widely diffused but more thorough cultivation except by appealing to the danger of social dissolution, and you thus expose yourself to the question whether the value of a civilisation is to be measured exclusively by its duration.

In any case it should be clear that the utmost either individual or governmental care can effect is to minimise, not to abolish, the loss and suffering which social advance entails, and we are therefore justified, I think, in asserting that the ideal of universal benevolence is as self-contradictory and incapable of realisation in practice as the ideals of complete

self-culture. As before, we are driven to admit that any moral ideal that is more than a name must be marked by compromise. It is on the whole by submitting to the compromise between conflicting ideals of duty demanded of me by "my station and its duties," that I do the most good to my fellows as well as make the most of myself. In my station and its duties inconsistent elements are brought together without any recognisable principles; but it is just by the fact that the majority of men are inconsistent and fail to push the principles involved in their various moral judgments to their logical issue, that society is saved from disappearing in consequence of a one-sided fidelity to the claims of self on the one hand, or of universal benevolence on the other.

It is part of the recognised duties of my station to be true to myself and my "order"—up to a certain point; it is another part of those recognised duties to take upon me certain more or less public burdens, to labour in various ways for the improvement of the condition of the "lower orders," and so forth. Roughly, social tradition has assigned the boundaries to both legitimate self-consideration and legitimate benevolence, and it is because most men accept the boundaries so assigned, without troubling about the theoretical consistency of their principles, that, on the whole, the industrious individual finds his own content in the discharge of the duties of his station, and that social contentment is at the same time promoted. It is strictly true that the way to practical success in life is not to consider too closely the theoretical bearings of your conduct, but to accept your duties as defined for you by the convenient system of compromise embodied in the existing code of your "order,"—or of those members of it who take life and its responsibilities with practical earnestness,—and not to trouble about moral philosophy. Without any of the irony which marks a well known passage in Mr. Bradley's *Ethical Studies*, we may apply to our subject the familiar lines of Goethe—

Die hohe Kraft
Der Wissenschaft
Der ganzen Welt verborgen!
Und wer nicht denkt,
Dem wird sie geschenkt.
Er hat sie ohne Sorgen!

Compromise, then, we say, and compromise between diametrically opposed principles, is the very essence of any moral ideal which can be regarded as even remotely practical—the very atmosphere and vital breath of our active life. With more precision we should, I take it, be justified in defining the highest practical moral ideal as that of a system of stable social institutions which secure to each of the individuals living under them the most complete and permanent satisfaction compatible with the enjoyment of similar satisfaction by the rest of the community. It is clear that a full defence of our definition would lead us into the very thick of the controversy about pleasure as the one and only good, and equally clear that we are committed by the principles which have guided us in framing our definition (and have been already explained to some extent in the third chapter) to the adoption, with some obvious and important modifications, of the Hedonist side of the argument. In our next chapter we intend, therefore, to discuss the connection of our view with various forms of Hedonism, and to defend what seems to us the essence of the Hedonist position in ethics against current criticism in some detail. Meanwhile, if any one feels it incumbent on him to give our theory a name, he may, if he pleases, call it a doctrine of Universalistic Ethical Hedonism, taking care of course to recollect what we said in a note to chap. iii. about the difference between Ethical Hedonism and the Psychological Hedonism which we have already rejected.

And though we defer all other discussions about Hedonism, we may just note here that our definition is not liable to one principal objection commonly brought against all forms of Hedonistic ethics. It is frequently urged that Hedonism must be false because of the logical impossibility of ever reaching the end that it sets up. The Hedonistic end is confessedly self-contradictory; therefore, it is said, Hedonism cannot be the ultimate truth. We have, however, admitted all along that a moral end which is practicable must be a mere compromise, and therefore self-contradictory, and may therefore treat the criticism as irrelevant until the general grounds upon which we have based our argument as to the radical inconsistencies involved in all moral action have been

shown to be fallacious. If morality is inevitably a matter of compromise between conflicting tendencies, it must follow that any moral ideal you can formulate will be either impossible or inconsistent with itself. And we have tried in the present chapter to show that this is the case with more than one moral ideal which has found favour with philosophers bent before all things upon reducing things to logical consistency and system.

Our own conviction is that morality, like every other merely partial expression of the facts of life, contains an irrational element that we do not know how to eliminate, and are sure to come upon the moment we begin to investigate seriously the principles which we have in matters of practice to take on trust without examination. We have shown that the one-sided ideals at which we may arrive by exclusive attention to one aspect of practical morality are ultimately quite inconsistent with themselves; we have seen further that such practical social ideals as men can successfully set before them bear on the very face of them the character of compromise. The ideal of "my station and its duties" only looks simple and consistent so long as you are content not to examine it closely. As soon as you look below the surface you find that the duties of your station form an attempt to adjust the claims of two conflicting tendencies, for which no better justification can be offered than that, if the adjustment is not accomplished society cannot hold together, and that it may as well be made along conventional lines. Sound reasons for making the compromise just where the moral conventions of your social order make it are very rarely forthcoming.

The upshot is that only those who do not think, or at least do not think about problems of conduct, can derive lasting satisfaction from the life of "my station and its duties," which is the nearest approach that morality possesses to a coherent ideal. Those who think on these subjects at all are bound to be scandalised by the arbitrariness of the lines along which our customary moral compromises are effected, and are consequently prone to launch out in a career of one-sided devotion to a more logical but less practicable ideal, only to find in the end that what they pursue is not to be obtained.

To be downright in earnest with any practical ideal is in the end to be disappointed, and to learn that this too is vanity and vexation of spirit. Unless, indeed, there should be some other source of content and peace of mind than those accessible to the merely moral man, *i.e.*, to the man who simply sets himself to achieve a certain object and is contented or discontented according as he succeeds or fails. Of this question we shall have to treat at a later stage in the argument, when we come to deal with the characteristics of the "religious" life.

For the present we merely have to urge once more that the nature of our moral ideal. I mean of the ideal really set before themselves, by practical men, is conclusive proof of the empirical character of ethical principles and ethical science. The practical moral ideal, as we have seen, is in its nature a compromise, and a compromise of an indefinable kind. There is no one principle which will serve as an Aristotle's clue to guide you through the labyrinthine maze of moral practice to the final realization of your purposes. You must combine as best you can inconsistent purposes, you must consciously or unconsciously play the hypocrite, if you are to get from the life of moral activity the results for the sake of which you embark upon it. If your object is self-culture, you have to choose between self-mutilation in one direction for the sake of development in another, and mere superficial dilettantism, and neither really answers to your original ideal. If your object is social amelioration, you can only procure it at the expense of inflicting the very wounds which you regard it as your mission in life to heal.

Not such would be the issue if one could lay one's hand upon a moral principle that was finally true for metaphysics. Then, if only you could keep true to your principle, mere thoroughness and consistency would "take you to heaven"—the heaven of finding every purpose fulfilled and every wish gratified. As it is living in bondage to impulses and emotions which contain an essential element of irrationality, we cannot but be distracted through life by conflicting purposes, none of which are powerful to give us what our hearts really long for, and our utmost hope is, that by not looking too closely into the logic of our actions we may in practice contrive some

compromise that will content us—so long as we do not examine it with any care. Heaven, the “vision of fulfilled desire,” is at best only a *vision*, not a reality to us, and—unless we hereafter discover some point of view from which the imperfections and failures of our practical life may be seen to be made good by their connection with a reality which stands outside and above the region of our human struggle and turmoil—a vision it is likely to remain. So long as we are concerned only with the struggle for the realisation of our purposes, and the ideals created by the struggle, we are manifestly dealing with hypotheses of the most provisional kind—hypotheses each of which roughly represents certain aspects of the moral aspirations and sentiments discernible in ourselves and in the society around us, while no combination of them can produce that final coherency of explanation that we have a right to demand from metaphysics. It were scarcely less bold to assert that the English Constitution can be deduced from the principles of ultimate metaphysical science, than to say the same thing of our convenient practical assumptions about self-realisation and self-sacrifice, culture and benevolence.

If we had to wait before acting our part in the affairs of the world for a completely consistent and satisfactory theory of the moral end, we might sit with our hands folded till the sound of the last trumpet. Fortunately, though an intelligent man will always be able to show plausible grounds for his actions after the event, we do not wait for grounds before acting. Impulse and the habits implanted in us by early training set us in motion before we have time to ask whether the “principle” of our conduct be self-contradictory or not. “Self-love” and compassion will have their outlet in spite of all demonstrations that, from the standpoint of pure logic, it might be reasonable always to let well alone; the “will to live” is prompt to assert itself whenever the emotional tension of unsatisfied anticipation rises beyond a certain pitch, and so the work of the world gets done—irrationally perhaps, but yet effectually. Afterwards, let the intellect and the “will to live” debate the reasonableness of the action at their leisure. In the fable of the sinking ship, to which we have already referred, it might be demonstrated beyond reply that

it is mere superstition to believe in the ultimate superiority of any one course of action over any other; but the fact remained that unless certain actions got the preference over others the ship would infallibly go down with all hands. To object to this *dénouement* of the situation may be illogical; to the philosophic eye it may be all one whether I am drowned now or carried off fifty years hence by bronchitis or paralysis, but if I at this moment have a great objection to instant drowning I shall be justified to myself in doing all I can to keep the vessel afloat. It may be irrational to prefer dying of something else later on to dying now by sea water, but so long as I do prefer it, my escape from the present peril is so much gained to me. A time may come when I shall think myself a fool for not having gone down quietly and made an end of my troubles, but by that time the action will be irrevocable.

That one course to the philosophic eye has no advantage over the other is no reason for not showing a preference for the one which promises me, as at present advised, the more satisfaction. For we have not all the philosophic eye, and those of us who have only use it on rare occasions of meditative profundity. So long as I am not philosophising, but thinking the half-thoughts of the average man, I would distinctly rather be alive than not; and when I philosophise, any argument that will prove death as reasonable as life will also prove life as reasonable as death. As Pyrrho said to his critic, the fact that "to the philosophic eye" life and death are as one may be the best argument *against* suicide. You cannot argue from the ultimate unsatisfactoriness of every course of action that a man should not take the course which promises him most satisfaction—so long as he does not trouble himself with questions of ultimate satisfactoriness. The argument that *unless* moral principles can be shown to have final and full metaphysical truth one must become a practical indifferentist would only be the shallow, old fatalistic argument in a new disguise. For practice we always have our convenient if illogical ideal of working for the obtaining of individual satisfactions of a permanent and unconditional kind, so long as they can be secured without a disproportionate cost to ourselves and others, and for the distribution of such satisfactions over as wide a social area as is possible. If we

ask what is a disproportionate cost or what distribution is possible, ethical science can of course furnish us with no certain answer; we must be content to appeal to the unscientific inductions from experience embodied in the accepted moral code of our age and country, or failing that, in our own individual judgment. This concludes what I have to say about moral ideals. I will now devote the rest of this chapter to a series of considerations about the nature of moral progress.

Before going on to deal with specifically ethical progress it will be necessary for us to clear our minds of some mistaken ideas about progress in general. There is in particular one view which has found some favour with thinkers during the last half century which appears to me radically mischievous. Progress is often spoken of as if it were an ultimate reality, not only in human life, but in the economy of the universe. It is frequently asserted as a final philosophical truth, vouched for by the fact of "evolution," that the universe is in a constant state of progress from lower to higher forms of organised existence. Nay, among metaphysicians, we have even heard sometimes of a progressive evolution which is supposed to be going on in the character of the Deity. Schelling has thoughts of this kind, and Renan loved to trifle with them in his characteristic vein of urbane infantile irony.¹ All these ideas, however expressed, seem to us liable to serious misconstruction, and we propose therefore briefly to give our reasons for holding that, from the point of view of the metaphysician, who will be content with nothing less than exact truth about the ultimate constitution of the universe, all progress is an illusion—in other words, that it is a phenomenon which disappears the moment you cease to concentrate your attention on some one subordinate part of the whole world of facts to the neglect of all the rest.

To begin with, it ought to be clear that "progress" is not the same thing with mere "evolution" or "development." Progress and retrogression are both alike processes of development or "evolution." Development or evolution is only to be called progress when the successive stages of the

¹ See the preface to *Les Apôtres*.

development are marked by growing approximation to an ideal which is judged to be good or worthy. Hence it is manifest that all talk of progress in Nature involves a reference to purely human standards of valuation. For instance, when we speak of the course of organic evolution as having been marked by "progress" from lower to higher types of organic life, we are tacitly judging of the value of organic types by their approximation to the human type of organisation. From this point of view any circumstance which might gradually render our planet unfit for habitation by the more complicated organisms would in the course of their operation put an end to "progress," though the gradual degeneration of animal life by the disappearance of the structures which failed to adapt themselves to altered conditions of temperature, etc., would be as truly an "evolution" as the gradual production of them has been.

Now the degeneration here contemplated seems to be regarded by many men of science as the not improbable destiny of life upon our planet, while there are said to be reasonable grounds for believing that it may already have overtaken the organisms—if such there have been—that once existed upon certain of the members of our solar system.¹ All the evidence available seems to point to the conclusion that our solar system is slowly passing into a condition in which all differential motion, and consequently all life and all feeling, must ultimately disappear. Hence it must be admitted that popular declamation about the possibilities of endless progress, by which is meant of course the endless progress of human society towards the realisation of its ideals, is entirely unsupported by the results of sober physical science. "Evolution"—the gradual establishment of harmony between outer and inner relations—can guarantee us absolutely nothing except upon the supposition which men of science seem agreed to discard as erroneous, that our physical "environment" will never become more hostile to the continuance of human life than it is at present. Hence there is every reason to refuse to regard human progress as a perma-

¹ See, e.g. Balfour Stewart's *Conservation of Energy*, p. 153, and Jevons's *Principles of Science*, chap. xxxi.

nent feature of the constitution of the universe, or even of our own small portion of it.

On the other hand, we have absolutely no grounds for denying that the same circumstances which seem destined to make for the extinction of life upon our planet may not, in some way unknown to us, indirectly assist its appearance elsewhere. What from our point of view is sheer loss and retrogression might, if our outlook upon the world were from another quarter, appear as pure gain and progress.¹ But in either case the process only appears as one of progress or the reverse so long as we confine our attention to one limited portion of the universe. If what is our loss is the gain of some other part of the universe, then there is in the universe as a whole neither gain nor loss, but simply compensation.

Even admitting that we have no proof that the disappearance of the "higher" types of organism, and ultimately of all life, from our system might indirectly lead to their reappearance elsewhere, we can easily see that we should have no right to ascribe the loss to the universe as a whole. In our total ignorance of the nature of the psychical life contained in the universe outside the narrow limits of our own immediate surroundings, we should be advancing assertions of a purely groundless kind in making any proposition as to the way in which that life would be affected by the extinction of the human race and the rest of the organic types with which we are acquainted. The sum-total of psychical experience may, for all we know, be as little affected by the disappearance of those finite centres of experience called human souls as the sum-total of the energy of a material system is by the transference of energy from one of its parts to another.

And, whatever we may think upon this last point, it is at least evident that you cannot assert that the universe as a whole either progresses or retrogresses, without violating the most general and indispensable of all methodological principles—the principle that every change has its sufficient reason in the totality of its conditions, or that *ex nihilo nihil fit*. This principle is susceptible of a great variety of different forms of state-

¹ It is natural to think of the hypotheses which have been put forward to explain the presence of life on our planet by supposing it introduced by meteoric fragments of an exploded planet.

Now it is clear that all theories about progress being an ultimate characteristic of the world as a whole come at once into conflict with the methodological principle of sufficient reason. They are all—in whatever form they present themselves, whether enunciated by theosophists or by evolutionary biologists—attempts to get something out of nothing, to find in the event what is not provided for in its conditions. If the principle of sufficient reason be valid, it must be possible to show that all that is included in the event is *in some sense* included in the conditions; the appearance in the event, or “consequent,” as it is not altogether happily called by inductive logicians, of any peculiarity which cannot be in some way connected with the conditions—or “antecedents”—as hitherto ascertained, must be sufficient warrant for the assumption that subsequent investigation will reveal the presence of conditions as yet not suspected. Change can only be understood on the principle involved in all attempts at explanation, by showing that if you take into account the *whole* facts, you will find that the reality is the same at last as at first. This is the real gist of all assertions about the occurrence of change being regulated by unchanging law; the “unchangeability” of the “laws” of Nature means that—rightly viewed in their full relation to one another—the “facts” or “things” have not changed. And if the “facts,” or the *facies totius universi*, as viewed by an experience capable of taking in all the facts “at a gulp,”¹ do not change, then progress is not an ultimate characteristic of reality, or, in other words, would lose all its meaning for us if we could do what we are always trying with very partial success to do—“see life steadily and see it whole.”

In case the foregoing line of argumentation should seem to readers who care little about the abstract logic of scientific method merely formal, I go on to show, by an appeal to more concrete qualities of the processes with which we are familiar in our physical and psychical sciences, that “evolution”—and therefore *a fortiori* progress—loses all meaning as soon as you allow yourself to regard it as characteristic of the whole universe. For “evolution”—however else we may agree to define it—is at any rate universally admitted to be a process

¹ The phrase is Plutarch's; I am sorry to say I cannot at this moment indicate the context.

of the gradual adaptation of "inner" to "outer" relations, or, more specifically, if we adopt the standpoint of biological evolution, of "organism" to "environment." It is assumed then in the very concept of "evolution" that there are two interacting systems concerned in the process, of which one is relatively stable and the other relatively mobile. In the biological world it is the environment which is to all intents and purposes fixed, and the organism which changes from a condition of less to one of greater conformity with the surroundings. In the world of human thought and action, as we have already seen, it becomes more and more the case, as intelligent purposes emerge from the original chaos of instincts and impulses, that the ideals of the organism, remaining themselves relatively fixed, bring about transformations in the environment, which then in turn reacts upon and modifies the social ideals by which it has been itself created. In either case, however, the "evolution" is manifestly a process involving two interacting factors, a more and a less stable. Whatever "evolves" does so under the stress of surroundings which are relatively to itself permanent and fixed; without the pressure of these permanent surroundings there would be nothing to initiate or control the evolutionary process. Now in an imaginary case of an evolution of the "Universe" or "God," one of the two interacting factors—the permanent one—is *ex hypothesi* absent. If "God" or the "Universe" evolved it would be because they were gradually transformed from without by the pressure of external circumstances; which is as much as to say they would not really be "God" or the "Universe"—would not be the whole of reality but only a subordinate part of it.¹

¹ In denying the evolution of God or the Universe I am assuming that those terms are understood as names for the full and final reality, the formal characteristics of which metaphysics seeks to define. A finite "God" limited by some unknown external reality independent of himself, or a "Universe" dependent upon the will of a creator external to itself, might no doubt be said without contradiction to be capable of evolving. But a finite God is not the Deity of any considerable religion, and a "Universe" with a creator outside it would not be the "Universe" of the philosopher. The theistic reader will understand that I am not expressing any opinion here for or against the hypothesis of a creator "external to" the world. I only argue that if there is a God external to the world, the term "Universe" properly includes both God and the world together. In our chapter on "Religion" we shall see that there is most certainly a sense in which "God" is less than the "Absolute" or "Universe," and may therefore be said to "evolve" without inherent absurdity.

The whole, we can now see, cannot, without absurdity, be said to "evolve" at all, nor yet to "progress." If the Universe as a whole changes, the process of change must be one not of "evolution" but of conditionless and inexplicable "absolute becoming." It would be a series of changes taking place under pressure of no external conditions, and therefore no evolution; it would be, on the principle *ex nihilo nihil*, a series of changes in which after all nothing is changed, and therefore no progress. In a word, it would be a process absolutely unintelligible to any of us except those, if there are still any of them left, who believe the succession of Hegelian categories, each produced out of the bowels of its predecessor by an internal necessity, to be in some amazing sense an actual movement on the part of things.¹ Universal progress, the "evolution of God," we may see to be phrases which, whatever their meaning, at any rate do not express an ultimate metaphysical truth.

Progress then is not an ultimate reality; it would have no meaning for an experience at once all-embracing and self-consistent; it is only so long as we are compelled to study the facts of life piecemeal, only so long as we "see in part and prophesy in part," that any series of events appears to us to be characterised by progress or the opposite. Or, in Herbartian phrase, progress is only an "accidental aspect" of the partial and incomplete systems into which the single world-system is broken up by our imperfect and fragmentary apprehension. If we could see the whole where we only see the separate parts we should, to resort to our former illustration, find that the whole world-system has neither gained nor lost by the gains or losses of the partial systems, any more than any great material system gains or loses by the transference of energy from one of its component sub-systems to another. The world-system, whether or not "conservative," in the special sense attached to the word in modern physics, is certainly conservative in the sense that it remains unchanged amid all the manifold apparent changes that bewilder us so long as we attend only to the parts and not to the

¹ As to the impossibility of an "absolute Werden," see further the supplementary note at the end of this chapter. I may also refer to the—in my judgment—unanswerable arguments of Mr. Bradley in *Appearance and Reality*, p. 500 (first edition).

whole. It follows then that "moral progress" cannot, any more than progress in general, be intelligibly asserted of the world-system as a whole, and would have no meaning for a complete or "pure" experience. From the metaphysical point of view, therefore, for which all that does not belong to "pure" experience must be pronounced illusory, moral progress must manifestly be no more than an illusion.

We may, however, still ask whether progress is or is not a final and ultimate fact for ethics and the other sciences which confine their attention to the phenomena of human life without troubling about the relation of those phenomena to the rest of the contents of the universe. In other words, we may ask how far is the common assumption that the history of civilisation is one of continuous progress borne out by an impartial consideration of the facts of ethics and sociology, apart from metaphysical reflection upon them? Judged by purely human standards, has the history of man's career on the earth been on the whole one of continuous and all-round advance? It is not difficult, I think, to see that the answer to this question must be a negative one. Just as we have found that what when regarded in abstraction appeared to be progress was really when considered in relation to the whole world-system unchanging self-maintenance, so, even within lesser systems, such as the history of our planet or of our species, apparent progress will constantly be found on closer examination to be compensated by corresponding loss. The wider the area of fact over which our observations extend, the fewer traces shall we find of anything like loss or gain to the system under examination as a whole; the more narrowly defined the object of our enquiries the greater the appearance of gain and loss without corresponding compensation.

Take, for instance, the apparent progress of the human race. In numbers, in civilisation, in intelligence, the human race has admittedly advanced greatly even within historical times. But the moment we cease to treat humanity as an isolated phenomenon, and view it in relation to the general life of our planet, we see that these gains to the human species are compensated by losses to the wider system of which humanity is a part. If man has increased in numbers he has exterminated, and is steadily exterminating, whole species of his

animal rivals; he has extirpated from the sites of his towns and cities a whole world of vegetable life of different kinds, and he is even now destroying the forest vegetation of the planet at a rate that apparently threatens within a calculable time to affect the general conditions of organic existence. Thus if there is more sentience and intelligence of a high type upon the planet at this moment than at any previous period of its history, there is probably also vastly less sentience and intelligence of a lower type; what has been gained in intensity has been lost in extent.

In the same way we can see that man has purchased his intellectual and moral advance from the condition of the brute at the cost of losing various more or less physical qualities to which a certain value must certainly be ascribed. Without congregating into great cities and following settled and sedentary ways of life, we could not have gone very far in the development of the speculative intellect, but we have had in the course of the process to sacrifice the quick eye and keen scent as well as the hardy vigour of the nomad semi-savage. We have had to sacrifice too his happy insensibility to pain to such an extent that I suppose most of us would faint with extreme pain under operations which the more primitive races seem to sustain without any visible discomfort. It is said, for instance, of the Maoris, that when boots were first seen among them there was a great demand for the new article of self-adornment, and that natives who had ignorantly bought boots which were too small for their feet would quietly amputate as many toes as might be necessary rather than go barefoot!¹ And even amongst ourselves, if medical men may be believed, the difference between the studious and sedentary classes and the robust out-of-door labourers in respect of sensibility to pain is something prodigious.

Look where we will, a close inspection seems to reveal to us compensations alike for the gains and for the losses of civilisation. Nothing in the world is to be had for nothing; the history of the human species and the history of civilisation alike show us how every gain in concentrated intensity of mental life has been paid for by

¹ And what European could endure the agony of the initiatory rites which Australian natives undergo, apparently without wincing?

the sacrifice of something of its original diffused extensivity. That man may have life and have it more abundantly, the animal and vegetable species which cannot be turned into ministers to his necessities or his comforts are being slowly exterminated; that civilised man may exercise the full powers of his intellect, his less advanced brethren in America and Australia are being gradually but surely driven out of existence.¹ And, as we have seen, the life that disappears is not simply replaced by fresh life, including all the old qualities along with new ones; if new psychical qualities emerge in the course of man's movement from savagery to civilisation, the old ones also fall away. It is clear then that neither for man nor for life on our planet can the path of evolution be said to be one of pure and simple gain; the gains must be discounted by the various losses at the price of which they have been won.

Yet when we look back on human history it is manifest that, judging by any conceivable standard, the gains accruing to man from his movement out of savagery to civilisation must be reckoned as greater than the accompanying losses. So long as we confine our attention to mankind only, or rather that part of mankind which has really enjoyed the intellectual and æsthetic life of civilisation, the net result of the whole history appears to be an enormous profit. Judging by the only finally intelligible standard of "worth,"—the standard of lasting and unconditional satisfaction,—which of us would hesitate to admit that the life of the instructed intellect and the cultivated taste is many times more than worth the loss of the physical and mental good qualities of savage life? Which of us, among those who are fortunate enough to have a good roof over our heads and a constant supply of wholesome food, but would allow that, even with respect to its material aspects alone, civilisation is superior to savagery? Whether a more comprehensive view of the facts of civilised life would not modify our first judgment is another question, and one that deserves some consideration.

Can we, it might be asked, honestly say, with a full

¹ The remarkable increase in the native population of South Africa consequent on the abolition of native sovereignties may seem to contradict this statement. But thoughtful men, I believe, agree in regarding this increase as a very serious menace to civilisation in that continent.

knowledge of the life of squalor and grinding penury to which our industrial system condemns a large proportion of those who are employed in ministering to the needs of civilisation, that universally and without qualification a condition of things in which those who have are kept in the enjoyments suitable to their refined tastes by the squalid slavery of those who have not is really an advance upon a ruder condition in which, if there were none of the refinements of civilisation for the few, there was at least plentiful food and fresh air for the many? The more clear-headed and thorough-going among our Socialists are evidently, if one may argue from their undisguised hankering after the village commune, of opinion that the advance has not been real. I know, of course, that the market is flooded with all sorts of quack schemes for retaining the high culture which civilisation has brought to the few without the servitude more or less galling which it has imposed upon the many. But, without launching out into a detailed criticism of these semi-socialistic theories, which would be quite out of place in a work like the present, I think we may fairly say that the various schemes of "municipal socialism," "profit sharing," etc., which stop short of aiming at the complete abolition of a wage-earning class dependent upon its masters for the very necessities of existence, only touch the fringe of the question.

I am far from denying the usefulness of many of these schemes as palliatives of suffering incidental to the progress of civilisation, but I must absolutely deny that any one of them would ever put a final end to that exploitation of the unskilled many by the skilful few on which our modern civilisation is built. While, as for the more thorough-going plans of complete socialism which do propose the abolition of the wage-earning classes and the distribution both of culture and of the labour incidental to it over the whole community indifferently, I need only say here that, even when they are not in open conflict with economic law, they are clearly such as would only succeed in getting rid of the evils of modern civilisation by suppressing its compensations. Under all of them, if want and squalor diminished, so would learning and scientific research and high artistic production. How manifest, for instance, it is that there would

As Plato knew long ago, the attempt to unite two professions commonly ends in the degradation of one or both into mere inefficient dilettanteism. The idyllic Socialists, who evidently expect the abolition of the wage-earning class of professional labourers to lead to the disappearance of such forms of industry as cannot be carried on by the exertions of a small village commune without special training, are clearly on sounder psychological ground than this. It is, I fear, an unquestionable fact, distressing as it must be to the sentimentalist, and for the matter of that to every humane man, sentimentalist or not, that you cannot have the fullest literary artistic and scientific culture residing in the chosen few among the community without paying the price of an industrial organisation which condemns huge multitudes to a condition of unremitting joyless toil, which is virtually slavery, and considerable numbers to ever-increasing penury and actual distress. All that we can hope to do is, by benevolent labours properly organised, to palliate and lessen the burden imposed by civilisation on those whose manual labour supplies the necessary physical basis for the growth of culture. 'Tis a hateful fact, but it is best for us, not only as students of ethical theory, but as practical men, to look it now and then in the face without evasion.

If we are asked, then, has the growth of our civilisation really been a progress, we can only answer Yes and No. Knowledge and art and cultivated enjoyment are things of worth, and the development of civilisation has multiplied many times over the quantity of them in the world; but after all the proportion of persons who are able to profit by them is but a small one. Slavery and want and squalor are bad things, and in so far as civilisation is bound up with an industrial system which entails these consequences, civilisation has not been a pure progress. Once more, the impossibility of giving a single answer to a question about progress indicates the radical duality of the ideals we inconsistently attempt to combine in our standard of valuation. If you judge simply by the standard of increased opportunity for full psychical development, and consequent lasting and rich satisfaction for those who can avail themselves of those opportunities, the world must be said to be the richer for the varied forms of intellectual

life which characterise our civilisation. If you judge by the standard of equal diffusion of opportunities of satisfaction among the members of the community, it is not so clear what your answer to our question will be. From the point of view of social justice the pessimist will, I fear, always be able to make out a better case for himself than it is altogether agreeable to contemplate.

Of course our remarks have necessarily been very abstract, and the optimist would not find it difficult to produce extenuating circumstances on which to base a plea in arrest of judgment. One or two optimist arguments may be disposed of beforehand for the benefit of the reader who might otherwise be perplexed by them. (1) It may be said that civilisation may be shown to be a blessing even to its industrial slaves by the decrease in mortality and the increase in population which accompany it. We answer that it is feeling not mere continuance of existence which is the human end. A man would be happier—would have enjoyed a more continuous life of satisfied feeling—who led with average success the life of a healthy and vigorous savage for thirty years, and then was clubbed and eaten by his enemy, than one who lived to be fifty or sixty, but was all the time being slowly worn away by unremitting toil for the barest modicum of food and raiment upon which life can be supported. It is mere thoughtlessness to suppose that you can measure the worth of a man's life to himself by years and months.

(2) Or it may be urged that all but the lowest classes of wage-earners have, after all, a less hard life than that of a free savage or semi-savage. They are sure of a meal, and they can send for the doctor when they are ill! True, but we all know even a hard life is more enjoyable when you are your own master than one of more creature comforts in which you are some one else's slave. It is not because the slave is not fed and doctored that slaves commonly strike for liberty. And when one reflects on the kind of existence to which civilisation has damned our match-makers and pottery-makers, one scarcely feels inclined to excuse the crime because the sufferers are not more numerous. The Spanish girl's apology for her baby is not in place *here*.

(3) The optimist may plead—and support his plea by figures

—that the wage-earners were worse off eighty or a hundred years ago than they are now. I reply: (a) At least there was less “phossy jaw” and lead-poisoning. (b) Such improvements as have been made have been mainly due not to advance in mere intellectual culture but to the efforts of conscious benevolence, often operating in a way which tends to sacrifice the full culture of the few to the health of the many. Let me take an instance. I suppose we should all consent—if the thing cannot be done otherwise—to safeguard the health of the match-making workers by prohibiting the use of the dangerous yellow phosphorus, even if the cost of matches has to be doubled to the consumer. But a piece of benevolent legislation which compelled the consumer to pay more for the necessities of life would *co ipso* diminish the funds he can afford to devote to the pursuits of the higher culture. The diminution in the case suggested would be trivial, but that does not affect the principle.

Hitherto we have been speaking of human “progress” in the most general sense rather than of what would commonly be called specially “moral” progress. We must now ask what it is that is meant by this latter term, and whether it is a final fact of human life. In a sense, no doubt, all human progress might be said to be “moral” progress, inasmuch as all progress means closer approximation to the full realisation of our ideals and anticipations. But what is meant by moral progress is something more than mere complete realisation of *an* ideal. What we mean by moral progress is progress in *morality*, i.e. a closer approximation to the realisation of *the* ideal of ethics. That ideal is itself, as we have seen, a compromise, and may be roughly described as the attainment, by each member of the community, of as complete and permanent satisfaction as he can enjoy without interfering with the claims of other members of the community to similar satisfaction. In proportion as the type of character produced by a given body of social institutions is such as to make the achievement of this ideal possible, those institutions may be said, in comparison with others less adapted to this end, to exhibit moral progress.

It becomes clear from this statement that moral progress is as much a thing of a double aspect as the moral ideal.

One society may be said to be morally in advance of another, either because the type of existence it accords to its most highly favoured members is richer in lasting and unconditional satisfactions than are possible under the second social system, or because the average standard of lasting content is higher, though the actual attainments of the most favoured individuals may not be so complete. In practice, I suppose, our judgments about moral progress are based upon a more or less inchoate fusion of both these principles, though it is generally upon the equality of distribution rather than upon the highest level of individual attainment that we lay the chief emphasis.

When we speak of our own current moral practice, as we rightly or wrongly often do, as being in advance of that of the ancient civilised societies of Greece and Rome, we mean not so much that under our own system the best individual characters are greater than the best characters among the men of old, as that the general standard of moral practice is higher. If the few do not rise so high, neither do the many, as we congratulate ourselves, sink so low. Christianity, we commonly believe—and I am not here either supporting or attacking the proposition—Christianity has raised the standard both of self-discipline and of self-sacrifice. The mass of mankind have more definite ideals of self-culture before them than of old, they respect themselves more, their lives are more marked by devotion to purposes more rational than the gratification of bodily lusts; they have, as we say, something to live for. And Christianity has also deepened men's sense of their common membership of one great society, and their common claim upon one another's benevolence and compassion. Hence the standard both of self-realisation and of social justice is higher now than at any previous period of man's history. Men's lives are less aimless, and at the same time less selfish. They have learned at once to have a purpose in life, and not to have purposes which demand the ruthless sacrifice of other lives to personal satisfaction. Thus, says the pulpit, when we compare the old with the modern world, we find evidence of moral progress all along the line.

After what we have said about progress in general, it is obvious that we shall be prepared to find that moral progress

is not effected except at a considerable cost in loss of some kind or other. Still a further question remains to be raised. It were at least conceivable that no specifically *moral* qualities have to be sacrificed to the attainment of moral progress; the world, it may be said, grows from age to age more moral, and the qualities which are gradually eliminated from life in this process, are after all only physical. The points in which the fresh unfettered life of the nomad semi-savage has the advantage of the life of our modern centres of thought and industry are not of a moral kind. It is only in physical hardihood, steadiness of hand and nerve, quickness of eye and nose and ear, that the civilised world comes badly out of the comparison. In the moral qualities of self-control, truthfulness, mercy, and the rest, the advantage is on our side. The whole price we have paid for our moral advance has been the loss of qualities that are at best of no moral worth. Hence, it might be argued, though we cannot assert that man's apparent progress has been without its drawbacks, we may say that this apparent *moral* progress has involved no aspect of *moral* retrogression.

Against this view of the case there are, however, the following insuperable objections. (1) It is quite impossible, after the fashion of popular philosophy, to draw a line between qualities that are moral and qualities that are not so. Whatever is felt by men to be *worth* having at all has, *eo ipso*, moral value, or rather, moral value is a tautologous expression, for the morality of a quality simply means its felt value. We have already explained, in our third chapter, that the distinction between moral and physical qualities is simply one of convenience—qualities of temper, taste, and mind generally being called moral qualities, *par excellence*, only because they are more directly and universally of advantage to the community than purely physical qualities. The best proof of the arbitrary nature of the ordinary distinction may be obtained by making the attempt to draw the line in any single case between the merely physical disposition, which is supposed to have no moral value, and its "moral" analogue. When, for instance, does "physical" courage begin to contain an element of moral value? When does physical chastity begin to acquire the worth you suppose to belong only to

moral continence? As Mr. Bradley has well said, if you once deny that such a quality as courage has a moral value in those cases where it appears to be purely "physical," you will find yourself logically driven to deny that it ever has a moral value in any case.¹ Whatever is the object of approbation, has, for us at any rate, moral worth.

(2) And further, we cannot admit that the only or the most important losses of civilisation have been merely physical qualities. Think for a moment impartially of some of the qualities apparently possessed by our semi-civilised forefathers a thousand years ago or more, and now disappearing, one after the other, from our modern civilisation. Some of these qualities you may reasonably say we may suffer to vanish without much lamentation. Compared with ourselves, our ancestors were cruel, hasty, intolerant, selfish. Mercifulness to our enemies, patience with the follies of our friends, tolerance of other men's convictions, regard for their just claims,—all these are among the gains of the English race since the days when it first came over to conquer and plunder in our island. Some of the practices of our fathers, their cuttings of "ernes" upon the bodies of their enemies, their habit of settling a feud by "burning in" a man with all his old folk and womenkind, appear to us now so detestable as to be hardly credible of men from whom we boast ourselves to have derived good part of our best qualities.

Yet our ancestors, at their worst, if we will but recognise it, had the good qualities of their defects. And we, on the other hand, have unmistakably the defects of our good qualities. If they were ruffians, we are fast becoming sentimentalists. Along with the cruelty and turbulence, civilisation threatens to rob us of the courage, the self-reliance, the promptitude in act of the earlier generations. We are less cruel in our enmities, but we make up for the change by a subtler and viler form of cruelty, the mercy that "pardons those that kill." We are less rash in enforcing unreasonable claims; but at the same time we are learning to balance reason against reason, and interest against interest, in a way that in many cases saps the very springs of all resoluteness in act. We are more compassionate, and our

¹ *Appearance and Reality*, p. 437, footnote.

compassion is continually defeating its own objects by expending itself on the scoundrel and the ne'er-do-well. There is a constantly growing and formidable severance among us between the men of action and the men of conscientious principle. Regard for moral principle is more and more tending to degenerate into a scrupulosity that stands aghast at all prompt and vigorous action, and, by a natural reaction, decision and energy, divorced from conscience and principle, are constantly being degraded into a sort of theatrical ruffianism, which makes open mock of all distinctions of right and wrong, honour and dishonour, and thinks every protest against its extravagances amply refuted by a vulgar gibe at the "unctuous rectitude" that shrinks from profitable villainy.

These may sound exaggerated phrases, but I would suggest to any one who objects to them an easy test of their truth. One may, I suppose, gauge the average moral opinion of the community fairly well by a sufficiently extensive examination of the various organs of public opinion on current, social, and political questions. Now I put it to any unbiassed reader, whether it is not the case that the major part of our public press is at this moment so permeated with the dry rot of a silly sentimentalism on the one hand, and the plague of a blatant "Imperialism," that glories in nothing so much as its indifference to every consideration of honour and justice, on the other, that it is all but impossible for a man who is neither a knave nor a fool to sympathise, except by accident, with the utterances of the organs of any of our parties on any social or even political question of moment. These evil qualities, it may be said, are only ephemeral, but even if that be true of the forms of expression they obtain, it is surely not true of the spirit either of sickly sentimentalism or of swaggering anti-sentimentalism.

Take a further instance of the way in which changes wrought in the form of society cause valuable moral qualities to disappear. No one, I imagine,—at least no one who candidly tries to look facts in the face,—can doubt that in many ways it would be a moral advance if the national jealousies and foolish commercial rivalries which at present endanger the peace of the world were to give place to broader sympathies and

rational conception of national interest. In many ways the world would be the better for it, if we could abolish or, at any rate, minimise war. At the same time who can doubt that if reason and humanity ever succeed in making war an impossibility or even a rare contingency, there will disappear along with the need for exposure in the field much of the high heroic fortitude which we now prize as one of the noblest developments of the ethical character?

You say even if there were no wars, there are dangers enough to be faced at home in time of peace,—there is plenty of room in any community where there are firemen and policemen and doctors for the practice of the most heroic fortitude and self-devotion. But benevolent effort is working as hard to diminish the risks of fire and murder and infectious disease as it is to do away with national enmities. Who can doubt that society would gain in moral vigour in some ways by the suppression of crime and disease as well as by the abolition of the follies and jealousies that are the cause of war? Thus the moral improvement of society in one direction would seem to involve as one of its essential conditions the destruction of the conditions which call into being one of our most cherished moral virtues. War and peace have each their own characteristic virtues and their own peculiar vices, and if, as seems the case, the general moral advancement of mankind needs to be furthered by approximation to a continuous state of peace, it is clear that general moral advancement would necessitate the loss of some moral qualities of no slight value.

There is in all this nothing at which we have any reason to be surprised after the results reached in our discussion of the moral ideal. The practicable moral ideal, we said, is essentially a compromise effected for working purposes between two different aspects of the good which are perpetually tending to diverge from one another. We ought therefore to expect that the presence of these imperfectly reconciled tendencies will make itself felt in any account we can frame of moral progress. What, from the point of view of the impartial distribution of satisfactions over the whole social area, is advance, may appear, from the standpoint of highest attainable individual perfection, retrogression and *vice versa*.

As the moral ideal itself is not *eindeutig*,—to use a convenient and scarcely translatable Teutonism,—we can hardly be surprised if the course of moral development should admit of more than one interpretation.

We have reached our present result by a comparison, the lines of which have been barely indicated in what has been written above, between the civilised and the primitive stages of one and the same national history. Similar inferences might have been drawn from a comparison between our own civilisation and those of ancient Greece and Rome. Unequal as are the chances of satisfaction afforded by our modern social institutions to different individuals, they are at any rate less scandalously unequal than was the case under the highest civilisation of the ancient world. The proportion of persons excluded from all chance of participation in the life of culture, high as it is, is at least less among us than in any of the older communities which rested upon an industrial basis of avowed slavery. The very hypocrisy which leads us to deny, until forced into confession, that the thing slavery still exists among us under fairer names, is a sign of our advance, for it shows that we are at least aware of the evil and ashamed of it. If social justice be taken as the basis of a comparison there can be little doubt that we have made, with all our shortcomings, enormous advances upon earlier civilisations.

If the standard of comparison had been rather the completeness and many-sidedness of the fullest individual characters produced by different types of social order, it is not so clear that we could have given judgment in our own favour. With the disappearance of the old societies in which learning and culture had not as yet become professionalised, and in which every man belonging to the upper class or dominant race had lifelong leisure to devote exclusively to intellectual pursuits, there has disappeared irrecoverably something of the grace and charm of that Hellenic culture in which the deepest wisdom was wedded to the utmost felicity of expression and dignity of manner. The works of the wisest and most eloquent of modern sages cannot but appear tainted with the ill-mannered and clumsy professionalism of the sophist when compared with the awful grace of Plato. It is the all but complete absence of all that we understand by this word

"professionalism" from the scientific and the civic life of the better class of Greeks that gives to them as philosophers, as soldiers, and as statesmen, a certain air of combined dignity and frank open-mindedness which we, among whom every considerable pursuit has become for good or bad a *Brodwissen-schaft*, can envy but do not know how to reproduce. I need not labour my point any further; the little that has been said may suggest to the reader a more extended train of reflection which will, I think, convince him that such moral "progress" as we have actually made since the days of Plato and Aristotle has been purchased by the sacrifice of qualities which are in themselves of high moral worth.

What is the upshot of all this argumentation? Are we to assert that there is after all no such thing as moral "progress" in the world, but merely changes which bring us neither nearer to nor further from our ideal? Scarcely; for us the fact that the all but unanimous voice of instructed men who have no desire to pose as apologists or as iconoclasts pronounces that the moral tone of society has risen since the days of the Greeks or of our own fathers, is sufficient proof that the progress has been real. Like other questions of mere ethics, the question whether the world has progressed morally during the last three thousand years is one upon which the *orbis terrarum* must be the only and the final judge. But we say, first, moral progress is not an *ultimate* fact; our moral gains, as we can often see in particular cases, have had to be paid for by losses of one kind and another; and next, moral progress is progress towards the realisation of an ideal built on compromise—an ideal that falls to pieces the moment it is subjected to serious and honest philosophical analysis; and therefore what appears as progress, when judged with special reference to one of the materially conflicting aspects of the ideal, may be looked upon as retrogression when estimated with reference to the other.

Do not let us be misunderstood here. As I have said already more than once, on the whole in making the most of your own life you are also doing the best you can for society. The conflicting aspects of the moral ideal are after all outgrowths from the same psychological root of approbation, and arise by divergent evolution from within, not by the

artificial forcing together from without of independent lines of thought and action. So with all moral progress towards the ideal. We may well admit that, on the whole, such a reorganisation of society as increases the pressure upon each individual of the claims of the rest, also increases the opportunities of the *average* individual for making the most of his own gifts and talents. My point is simply that this average gain has been purchased by the loss of certain elements of value from the few supreme products of our social culture. If the average man has more opportunities for making the most of himself in England to-day than he would have had in the Athens of the fourth century B.C., the few supreme individuals have, as far as I can see, rather less. It is scarcely possible for any man under the changed conditions of existence to realise the ideal of high and perfect self-culture as the Platos and Aristotles could. We may well acquiesce in the general judgment of mankind that the price is worth paying, but we should not blind ourselves to the fact that it has been paid.

Of the general character of the relative progress that we admit to have been made by Christian civilisation there is little need to speak here in any detail. The nature of it might indeed easily be inferred from what has been said of the peculiarities of the practical moral ideal. A moral development which arises from the very struggle of mankind to establish a type of society permanently secure, as far as may be, from attacks from without and from dissolution from within, can take but one direction. It must tend directly or indirectly to the creation of institutions under which the opportunities for the conflict between the claims of self-culture and the claims of social justice are increasingly diminished; in this way and in no other can social stability be ensured. And we said in our last chapter that this *is*, on the whole, the course which has been followed by social—and consequently by moral—evolution.

The great ethical instrument of such social advance we know to have been the growth of a feeling of common interests and sympathies among individuals who stood outside the narrow political limits which were in the main set by ancient practice, and to a less extent by ancient

theory, to moral obligation. The foundation of the world-empires of Alexander and Caesar and the appearance, almost contemporaneously with the empire of the Cæsars, of a Church with a universal mission and a thirst for universal spiritual domination have notoriously been the chief factors in the creation of our modern type of civilisation. Of the two influences that of the universal Church must, on the whole, be regarded as the more abiding and the more potent. Scarcely had the Roman Empire furnished the Church with the necessary machinery for its world-wide task when it began itself to fall to pieces under the pressure of the barbarian inroads from the north and east. Slow as the disintegration of the Imperial system was, it has, one thinks, been by now finally effected. Once more the national has triumphed over the universal and imperialistic ideal of political organisation. If the result has not been the re-establishment of the narrowly national Hellenic conception of moral obligation, we shall not be far wrong in attributing our deliverance from so retrograde a development to the influence of a common Christianity upon peoples who have hardly anything else in common.

Modern humanitarian sentiment is so apt to dwell—and not without reason—upon the bad side of Christian cosmopolitanism, its religious persecutions and wars for a creed, that it is perhaps worth while to point out, what is surely obvious enough, that these hateful phenomena are simply the reverse side of the operation of a beneficial sentiment. Wars between nations of different confessions are, after all, a significant indication of their recognition of interests and ties which are more than merely national. The strife of creeds, with all its abominations, is simply the other side of the humanitarian spirit itself. If there were no wars of religion in the Hellenic world,¹ the cause lay not in any broad spirit of intellectual tolerance, but in the narrowness and exclusiveness of the Greek ethical ideals. It is to the strength of the Christian sentiment of cosmopolitanism that we owe it that the conflict between our patriotic and our humanitarian ideals affords the impartial student of current ethical opinion so striking an illustration of

¹ The "Sacred" wars were, of course, not wars of religion in the modern sense, but wars inspired by local, commercial, and political rivalries.

the internal contradiction and duality which we have found to lie at the very root of morality.¹

Our reflections upon progress thus lead us inevitably to the conclusion we have already reached in our account of the moral ideal. If progress were found to be a process of continuous approximation to a single coherent and all-embracing social ideal, there would be some case for the view that metaphysics can supply us with an account of that ideal. But if progress towards the realisation of some aspects of the ideal is only to be got by neglecting other aspects, then once more we must claim that the ideal is itself full of contradiction and confusion. If it be true that all moral progress is effected by the loss of qualities of confessed moral value, then once more we have shown that the theories and hypotheses of ethics are a necessarily imperfect and self-contradictory attempt to unite in one consistent system refractory and inconsistent aspects of the world of experienced fact. The point of view of a "pure" experience, from which all this confusion and conflict would be seen to be only apparent, has not been, and cannot be, attained so long as we remain within the limits of the science of ethics.

And the moment we make this admission we are also confessing that we cannot, as moralists, say what or how great modifications of our characteristic point of view would be necessary before the standpoint of "pure" experience could be reached. If all the concepts we have as moralists to operate with—"self," "self-culture," "benevolence," "progress," and the rest—involve the presence of an unknown amount of error, arising from our inability to see the whole facts of existence at once, then ethics, however great its value as a provisional description

¹ It is easy, of course, to deny the existence of a conflict by setting up either "My country, right or wrong!" or "Humanity before my country!" as absolute and unquestionable moral principles. But I do not envy the intellectual condition of any one who is content to accept maxims of this kind without serious misgiving. Of course, it is once more true that *on the whole* you serve the cause of humanity by serving your country's interests, but it seems irrational to deny the possibility of a collision. It is at least barely thinkable that under certain circumstances humanity, as a whole, might visibly stand to gain by the destruction of such an institution as the British Empire. What would be duty of an English citizen in such a case? I at least do not see how to answer the question on theoretical grounds. Practically, I suppose, the course approved by the general conscience would be to do all you can to keep your country from acting "wrongly," but, if you fail, to stand by your country when the crisis comes, "right or wrong," through thick and thin. But, like other practically advisable courses, this is a mere unprincipled compromise.

of facts only partially understood, give us no finally satisfactory account of anything. It is not in this mass of convenient assumptions which you must not question, and confusions that you must not attempt to clear up, that the speculative intellect can find permanent satisfaction for its demand for an account of facts which shall be all-inclusive and finally free from internal contradiction.

Ethics, in a word, commits both the faults which our first chapter found to be inseparable from merely provisional descriptions of the world; it mutilates the facts it sets itself to describe, and it contradicts itself in its account of them. Nor can you, we must add, get rid of either vice by devotion to the other. If you mutilate the facts still further by ruling out all that will not come under some one aspect of the ideal, such as self-realisation or social service, the remainder will, as we have found, be no less full of contradiction than before. If you resolve to include them all, careless whether or not your account does not assume contradictory principles, you will still find, so long as you do not widen your view till it takes in *all* the facts of human life, and indeed of the world's history, that there are relevant facts you have neglected. And when you do include *all*, your science has ceased to be ethics. You are in the same dilemma which confronts you whenever you try to treat the propositions of any departmental science as absolute philosophical truth. You cannot get a finally coherent account of *any* facts without giving an account of *all* facts, and a science which took account of all facts, if such a science there were, would not give you those particular working hypotheses about the connection of *special* facts which you require for the purposes of practical life. Every departmental science—ethics among the number—is only of value because it is not the whole truth; for any complete account of reality would, in becoming complete, cease to be a mere science about things and become the direct experience of them. As the Alexandrian Platonists knew, it is not by knowledge or science, but in an intuition that is something more and less than knowledge, and cannot be described in language appropriate to our roundabout conceptual modes of experience, that the absolute whole, if apprehended at all, would have to be apprehended.

And ethics is not even metaphysics. For metaphysics, we found, although like all forms of knowledge incapable of giving us the full and final experience of the absolute whole to which we aspire, at least gives us a consistent and coherent account of its formal characteristics, and the confusions and contradictions of ethical theory do not even do so much as that. It is not even the fullest and final expression of our human and defective experience of the side of life it professes to illustrate, as we shall see in a later chapter, when we come to deal with what is commonly called "religion." From beginning to end, its assumptions are arbitrary and conflicting, and its conclusions only satisfying so long as you do not think too closely about them. In Mr. Bradley's terminology, it presents us only with "appearance," not with "reality." Or, to put the same thing in the alternative phraseology of our first chapter, an experience which can be adequately expressed by the concepts and theories of ethics is no "pure" experience, but one riddled through and distorted with symbolic "untruth." No great religion, as Mr. Bradley very aptly reminds us,¹ has ever treated mere morality as in itself the one thing necessary. The reason is not, as superficial critics are fond of informing us, that religion is at heart a mere outgrowth of immoral superstition, so much as that in mere morality there is nothing that can satisfy for any length of time the aspirations of any human heart. When it does not rise into religion morality sinks into a formal and heartless pedantry of legalism, with just enough vitality about it to make its possessor as miserable as he makes every one else.

But I am anticipating unduly the investigations of a later chapter. Let me close the present discussion with a word or two in recapitulation of some of our results. The moral ideal, so far as it is practicable at all, is essentially a compromise. I do not, of course, mean to fall into the error, attributed by Mr. Bradley to popular ethics, of trying to compound a coherent ethical theory by bringing together two supposedly independent ethical ideals into an artificial conjunction. As our third chapter has shown, we are quite at one with him in holding that self-realisation and self-sacrifice are aspects of a single but radically self-contradictory mental process, and that, in the

¹ *Appearance and Reality*, p. 420.

majority of cases, you realise yourself most fully in forgetting self in the discharge of the duties of your station.

The only points in which the view enunciated in this essay seems to me to differ in its main outlines from that expressed in the chapter on "Goodness" in *Appearance and Reality*—a chapter to which I believe myself to owe, directly or indirectly, whatever in this essay is true—are these two: (1) We have perhaps over-emphasised the possibility and even frequency of collisions between the ideal of self-cultivation and that of beneficent self-sacrifice. Mr. Bradley perhaps tends, on the other hand, to treat such collisions as rarer than they really are. In any case, the question of principle is not affected by so minor a difference. It is, of course, practically impossible to exclude the danger of mistaking what may be due to peculiarities of individual temperament for characteristics of human experience in general.¹ (2) With Mr. Bradley the conflicting aspects of the moral ideal are those of self-realisation and self-sacrifice, which, as he explains it, is not necessarily social, but includes what, in our last chapter, we called self-discipline. I have preferred to regard "justice" or "social service" as the opposite side of the antithesis, on the ground that self-discipline and self-sacrifice, to be morally justifiable, must be shown to issue in the realisation of some approved experience either for myself or for others. Egoistic self-discipline thus seems to me to be properly distinguished in ethics from socially beneficent self-sacrifice. Again, self-discipline, I take it, is always approved for its results in seeming satisfactions to some one else, if not to myself. Hence the ends which from time to time come into conflict in the moral life seem best described as those of self-culture and social justice or benevolence. This, again, is properly a merely minor difference. The *fact* that all self-realisation implies self-denial, and that consequently all self-denial is not directly social in its objects, we have, of course, conceded.

To return to our recapitulation of results. From the

¹ Yet how many of us are there who do not sympathise with the spirit of Faust's half-pitying, half-envying address to the self-complacent Wagner:—

"Du bist dir nur des einen Triebs bewusst;
O lerne nie den anderen kennen!
Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meiner Brust,
Die eine will sich von den anderen trennen," etc.

duality of the moral ideal we found that it follows that morality never quite gives us what we are aiming at, and that the only way to avoid ultimate disappointment, so long as you remain within the categories of the purely ethical consciousness, is to shut your eyes to the inconsistency of your own actions and take special care to see only one side of their results at a time. To live for self-culture in real earnest, we found, is to discover in the end that you have worn yourself out in the pursuit of a chimæra. To devote yourself to disinterested public activity is, if you will look closely, to create suffering as well as to relieve it. To adopt the social code of your class and discharge the duties of your station without questioning is the best way to avoid discontent and failure; but you must, if you resolve on this life of convenient compromise, be prepared to be indifferent to the logical consistency of your conduct.

With these results agreed those of our examination of the nature of moral progress. And the conclusion to be drawn from the whole of the evidence before us is that ethics is a science resting entirely upon a basis of everyday generalisation from experience, that its hypotheses are merely provisional, and that none of its leading concepts will stand the test of thorough metaphysical criticism. Before we go on to complete our argument by a fuller discussion of certain ultimate ethical dilemmas and their disappearance in the religious experience, we shall, in the chapter which immediately follows, turn aside to consider certain minor but not unimportant developments of ethical theory. Chap. vi. will deal with the ethical significance of pleasure and its relation to duty.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE TO CHAPTER FIVE—ON THE PRINCIPLE OF SUFFICIENT REASON

I do not propose, in the following remarks, to write a complete metaphysical essay upon the meaning of causation, but only to make the position adopted in the text a little clearer. For a fuller discussion of the problem I may refer to the chapters on "Motion" and on "Causation" in *Appearance and Reality*, and also to

the sixth chapter of *Psychologie als Erfahrungswissenschaft*, by H. Cornelius, a work to which I have had more than once to confess myself indebted. The object of the account I now subjoin is simply to exhibit my own position by contrast with two opposing errors—the mistake which takes causality for an ultimate metaphysical principle, and that which sets it aside altogether on occasion in the interests of “spontaneity” or “free will.” For convenience’ sake I number the propositions which I desire to advance upon the subject.

(1) Causality, as popularly understood, has no place in any science that understands its business. What seems to be popularly meant by a “cause”? Not a mere “unconditional antecedent.” For popular philosophy has always been inexplicably angry at the suggestion that causation can be resolved into mere succession. The popular idea seems to be that there is a something, vaguely designated as “force” or “activity,” in the cause which “makes” the effect come into being. When we ask for an example of this “activity” popular philosophy sends us to our own kinæsthetic sensations, sometimes asserting that the feeling of “effort” is the activity in question, sometimes merely declaring that we are conscious of activity, without further description of the alleged mode of consciousness. Such an account of causation is, for more reasons than one, worse than useless. For (a) science requires a concept of causal relation which can be applied indiscriminately to the changes in the organic and in the inorganic world. We should have no right to apply to the inanimate world a concept which could only be regarded as valid, if the feeling of effort be supposed also to exist in the inorganic world, and (b), as Hume long ago showed, there is no direct experience of “activity.”¹ In our own voluntary movements, as elsewhere, all that psychological analysis reveals is sequence of kinæsthetic sensations upon previous ideas or perceptions of the special sense. Introspection discovers no tie of the kind popularly meant by a “cause,” connecting ideas with kinæsthetic sensation. As for the feeling of “effort,” it can easily be seen to be not the consciousness of causality, but a conscious effect of attempted voluntary movement under certain special conditions. As scientific reasoners, whose object it is to free our concepts of any unintelligible and superfluous elements to which no experience corresponds, we must therefore purify our theories of causation from all implications of mysterious activity. Like “force” and “energy,” “cause” must mean something which can be stated in terms of experienced succession, or it must mean nothing.

¹ Hume’s contention is not, so far as I can see, refuted by pointing out that the one feature which *does* discriminate the relation of cause and effect from that of mere sequence, its continuousness, is certainly learnt from experience of our own movements.

(2) For science causation means *continuous* change or sequence under definite conditions. Each of the sciences which deal with questions of causation is contented when it has succeeded in assigning a number of definite conditions under which a given change will regularly be found to occur, and without which it will not take place. Of the supposed "mysterious tie" of causality, as believed in by the vulgar and philosophers who write for the vulgar, science knows nothing. Its problem, in the search for cause, is always that formulated by Bacon, to find for each "nature" or peculiar form of happening¹ some condition or set of conditions such that when the conditions are present the given "nature" is also infallibly present, and not otherwise (*Nov. Org.* ii. 4).

In passing, one may remark that these statements are not affected by the supposed Plurality of Causes. Strictly speaking, there can be no such thing as the Plurality of Causes, and the belief in it arises merely from intellectual incompetence or haste. Wherever it is alleged that two events which are precisely alike have had different causes, you will find on examination that part of the events has been tacitly overlooked. It is said, for instance, that death may be caused either by a gunshot or by drowning; but it is forgotten that death *plus* a hole in the body with a bullet at the bottom of it is not brought about by drowning, nor death from asphyxiation accompanied with the filling of the lungs with water by shooting. If men really believed in the so-called "Plurality of Causes" in the case of the event death, they would hardly hold inquests upon bodies found dead, and the considerations which apply in this case apply in all. To believe seriously in the Plurality of Causes would be to believe in differences which make no difference, in conditions which condition nothing.

True, the presence or absence of some circumstance may seem to make no perceptible difference to the particular "effect" we may be studying, but then it must never be forgotten that there are no isolated effects. The complete "effect" or "event" at any moment is the whole condition of the universe. You have only to take a more extensive view of the circumstance to find that no condition or antecedent is merely ornamental or idle; each influences the course of what happens in some direction, if not in the particular direction with which you happen to be concerning yourself. Hence science never feels that her causal explanations are satisfactory so long as they leave open to the inquirer a choice among a "Plurality of Causes" for the event in which he is interested. The aim of all science is, in cases of such apparent "plurality," to discover still more remote conditions which determine when an "effect" is produced in one

¹ This is an ugly-looking word, but it seems the most convenient translation of *véreus* or *Geschehen*, and I therefore occasionally avail myself of it.

and when in another of the various conceivable ways. Until the search for cause has become a search for the "Sufficient Reason" or "Totality of the Conditions" of an event, it is not strictly scientific in character.

(3) The *Sufficient Reason* or *Totality of Conditions* is, however, never to be ultimately found. The ideal of scientific explanation, we can easily see, is at once natural and self-contradictory. The object of "explanation" is to fill up the gaps in our experience by connecting one experience with another by the simplest and most coherent assumptions. The ideal of this process would be the reduction of the whole course of the world-process into a single perfectly coherent system, and it is precisely this reduction of all that happens to system that science attempts in its search for causes or reasons. But the ultimate completion of this search for reasons, if it could be attained, would be self-destructive. For until your "antecedent" and "consequent" are each of them widened to take in the whole contents of the universe you have not got either the *whole* effect or the "Totality of Conditions" demanded by the scientific ideal of explanation.

So long, for instance, as *any* circumstance in the universe is left out of consideration in your statement of the conditions of an event, your enumeration is incomplete, and you cannot with certainty say that any variation in the disregarded or unknown conditions might not affect the event to be explained. In practice, of course, you can appeal to your past success in deducing from your assumptions results according with the observed course of events as a proof that the particular "effects" you are studying are independent of variations in other conditions than those you have already taken into account; but no amount of past successful deduction will warrant you in asserting that your calculations may not at any moment be upset by some change in circumstances hitherto unregarded or undiscovered. You have not really ascertained the true "sufficient" reason or given the true explanation until both "conditions" and "event" are made to include everything in the universe. And when they are thus made all-inclusive the possibility of explanation vanishes.¹ As soon as conditions and event are alike widened to include everything, they become identical. The "conditions" are now the whole contents of the universe, and the resultant event is the same.

¹ Strictly speaking, "totality of conditions" is a doubly contradictory phrase. For (1) as soon as the "conditions" are completely stated, they are the event and are no longer properly conditions at all. And (2) they are not a "totality" of independent realities which you can add together, but a single all-embracing fact. Mill's language about the "sum" of conditions always provokes one to ask—What is *one* condition? But though logically doubly inaccurate the phrase has its practical convenience, and I do not hesitate to use it, subject to the considerations mentioned in this note.

Or, to put the same thing in another way, you regard one event A as the *explanation* of another event B because the general scheme of the universe is, in your opinion, so constructed that A and B are always conjoined. Unless both A and B are equivalent to the whole contents of the universe, the statement, as we have seen, can never be made with full confidence; as soon as A and B get this meaning, the statement becomes a piece of unmeaning tautology. You cannot with any sense assert that the fact that the whole contents of the universe are at one moment A and the next B is *explained* by the general construction of the universe, for the fact and the explanation are clearly identical. Only connection of part with part can be *explained* by exhibiting the common connection of both parts with a wider whole; the behaviour of a whole which has nothing outside it is, from the nature of the case, incapable of explanation.

Two alternatives are thus left to us. We see that explanation is (a) always imperfect, and (b) has its limits. You can never completely explain *anything*, and there is no sense in asking for an explanation of *everything*. With regard to the successive states of the universe *as a whole* we may take one of two lines. (1) We may say that the universe is in a condition of "absolute," *i.e.* of causeless, becoming. It is now A, again B, and yet again C, but there is *no* reason for the succession—it simply happens so. In other words, we may set up *chance* or *fate* (for both are names for the same "absolute" becoming) as the last word about the universe. And to this deification of chance or fate every philosophy which regards change and time as fully real, *i.e.* as characteristics of the whole universe as a whole, must in the end come, however it may disguise the result from itself by talk of spontaneity or freedom or the movement of the notion, or what not. Yet it must surely be manifest that this view, call it by what name you will, is fundamentally self-contradictory. When you say, the whole is in a process of constant becoming in virtue of which it is now A, now B, now C, you seem to be asserting that what is A is the same as B and as C, and yet somehow A, B, C are not the same, but are different. And this seems quite irrational and unintelligible.

It is true that in any partial process of change within the whole we have to make just this assertion, that what seems different, and therefore up to a certain point *is* different, is yet the same. But in the case of any partial process we can justify our statement by explanations the gist of which is always that, if you take the right and scientific point of view, you will find the difference disappearing. *E.g.*, there has been a redistribution of the energy of a material system among its component parts, and this makes it appear different from what it was before; but the total energy of the system and its relation to other systems has not altered, and

hence it is seen to be the *same* system as before, if you take the appropriate point of view. But how to find the point of view from which a whole standing in no relations to anything outside itself can be seen to be the same whole, though it appears now as A, now as B? The problem is insoluble; to solve it would really necessitate the discovery of a second and still wider whole, to which the universe in state B still retained the relations it had enjoyed in state A. And with regard to this second universe the same problem would arise, and so on *ad infinitum*. There is thus no sense in the statement that one and the same all-inclusive whole can now *as a whole* be in one state and again *as a whole* in another.

The logical consequence of belief in the doctrine of the "absolutes Werden" would be the denial of all self-sameness and identity. You would have to say, there is not really a *whole* at all, but only disconnected and utterly disparate successive states which are states of nothing. There is A, and then there is B, and then C, but nothing which is successively Xa, Xb, Xc. And thus with identity, becoming it-self would disappear. The "absolutes Werden" would not even be a "Werden," for there would be nothing to *become*. There would not even, properly speaking, be succession, for if any one of the dispartes A, B, C be supposed to exist over a finite duration, the old problem about change would break out within that period. For if A at the beginning of the period were exactly what it is at the end, it is hard to see what is meant by saying that the beginning of the period differs from the

¹ I suppose that it is just possible that to some minds the problem may appear to be solved by the physical doctrine of the *Conservation of Energy*. The identity between state A and state B of the whole might be said to lie in the fact that the total energy of the system remains unaffected, though its distribution over the component partial systems is different in the two states. We have ourselves invoked this principle to account for the identity, under all appearance of transformation, of a partial system which retains identical relations to others. But it seems inapplicable to the universe considered as a single all-containing system. For the justification of our assertion that the partial system remained the same so long as its total energy was not diminished nor increased was found in the permanence of its relations to other partial systems. But in the case of the *whole* there is nothing to which it stands in permanently identical relations under its various transformations. Is it more reasonable to say that A has *become* B, simply because the energy of the two systems is the same, than it would be to say that a shilling has *become* a mark because the purchasing power of both is equal? Becoming seems unmeaning except where you have a system which, while changing, retains permanent relations to something else.

I do not here raise the question, which would need discussion in a set treatise on metaphysics, whether there is ultimately any meaning in calling the whole universe a conservative material system. If the reader will reflect upon the criticism of Stallo, *Concepts of Modern Physics*, p. 276; Bradley, *Appearance and Reality*, foot-note on p. 331 (ed. 1); and Lotze, *Metaphysic*, p. 209 ff., he will, I think, have little difficulty in coming to his own conclusion on the subject. I need hardly say that I am not to be understood as endorsing all the views expressed in these passages, although the general argument in them all appears to me unanswerable. I do not, for instance, feel sure what is meant by the "actual motion" spoken of by Mr. Bradley, nor how it is supposed to be measured. To bring his statement into agreement with physical science, "actual motion" must be measured by the product of the mass of a body into its velocity with reference to a standard direction. Cf. Stallo, pp. 70-75.

end: succession would be reduced to a difference which is *no* difference. And if A begins, let us say, by being A_1 and ends as A_2 , we have once more to ask how, on your principles, A_1 and A_2 can both be A. Thus the doctrine which begins by assuming that change, succession, and becoming are real characteristics of the whole as it would appear to a "pure" experience, ends by contradicting itself on every one of these points. It says, there is a change without anything that changes, becoming without anything that becomes, succession of indivisible and unextended moments.

We seem thus driven to the view (2) that change and becoming are characteristics not of the whole, but only of its subordinate parts considered in relation to other parts. If we could grasp the full nature of all reality in an individual experience, we should be able to see how, what appears as change when one partial system is compared with another is, when the whole is seen at once, self-identity and self-maintenance, much in the same way as we can even now see that the various internal changes of the subordinate partial systems do not affect their identity, as shown in the permanence of their relations to still partial but wider systems. The doctrine that change and becoming are merely relative is thus seen to be only the logical extension of the process which is going on wherever science of any kind shows us permanency of laws, and the relations expressed by them, in what to the unscientific eye appears constant alteration. According to this, which seems the only intelligible theory, change and becoming would be merely what Herbart would call "partial" or "accidental" aspects of reality—appearances which all growth of scientific insight minimises, and which would vanish altogether if once we could take in the whole contents of reality in a single comprehensive experience.

It is true that on this theory, no less than on the theory of "absolute becoming," we are forced to maintain that time, becoming, and change are mere appearances, or, if you will, illusions; but we can now hold this view, which is after all that of the Christian religion, without having to contradict our own original assumptions. Nor are its intellectual difficulties really as great as they appear. If we will reflect upon the way in which short processes, which can in memory be analysed into an indefinite succession of positions, appear in our direct experience of motion as continuously filling a sensible present,¹ we shall at least be able to imagine an experience to which the whole course of the world's history from first to last may be continuously present as a single self-

¹ On this point I may give a reference to the latest treatment of the problem known to me—that of H. Cornelius in *Psychologie als Erfahrungswissenschaft*, pp. 128-143. Cornelius's instance of the immediate perception of the sound of a short word, in which direct experience detects no succession of the component partial sounds, seems to me singularly happy.

identical whole. To such an experience there would be no more change or succession about the formation and decay of our solar system, than there is to our own immediate experience about the most momentary lightning flash. In this way we may come to see how becoming, change, time, are mere *relia rationis* which only exist for us because the major part of the facts of the universe are not for us matter of direct experience, but have to be reasoned to and inferred.

These views are not in themselves novel, and we have only gone into the matter at such lengths for the sake of one or two applications of them to the problem of moral progress, which we will now proceed to make. Clearly, if all becoming is self-contradictory appearance, and therefore not an ultimate predicate of the metaphysically real, progress of any kind is not an ultimate fact. The universe as a whole, the Absolute, God, or whatever else you prefer to call the ultimate reality with which we come into imperfect contact in our fragmentary experience, cannot develop or progress. And clearly, again, moral progress can form no exception to the general truth that all change only exists for an experience that looks at a part of the whole from a standpoint that does not permit of its full relations with other parts being discerned. Like other change, moral progress is an "accidental aspect" of a reality which, if we could see it steadily and all at once, neither goes backward nor forward.

It is childish to think that by showing that all "explanation" has limits, you can prove the existence of free-will as absolute spontaneity in the moral world. The limits of explicability created by the purely relative nature of change and becoming are the same for all subjects and series of events; at the point where the causal series widens to take in the *whole* conditions or the whole effect, explanation vanishes, or rather, *would* vanish, if the totality of conditions could ever be reached, in direct intuitive experience. But the theory of Free Will—unless you push it to the length of asserting that all the events in the universe are the products of free volition—tries to cut the process of explanation short in a certain special case, while retaining it as valid in all others. It says, You may ask for the conditions of an ordinary event in nature, and again, for the conditions of those conditions, and so on, till you reach the point at which the process of connecting each event with an ever-widening system of events abolishes itself by taking in the whole contents of the universe. But in the special case of human actions you are arbitrarily told to stop short after the first step of the explaining process, and inquire no further. You may ask what are the conditions of the act taking place; but when these conditions have been enumerated, and among them the previous presence

of a "resolution" to act in that particular way, you must not go on to ask what were the conditions of the resolution.

It is clear that this arbitrary way of dealing with one class of happenings cannot be defended by an appeal to the ultimate inexplicability of everything. That doctrine, properly understood, applies to all happenings, and therefore cannot justly be made a basis for the differential treatment of one special class. It asserts that if you go on long enough, and are thorough enough with the principle of explaining everything by reference to its conditions, you will ultimately come to something which cannot be "explained" by reference to conditions; it does not warrant you in refusing to apply the principle to a certain class of facts which stand, so far as the logical principle of sufficient reason is concerned, on precisely the same footing as all others.

Nor will you mend the matter if you take the bull boldly by the horns and declare that *all* the events of the universe are the outcome of spontaneous free will. For (1) your assertion, though of course it cannot be refuted, remains without the shadow of a proof. To show, as we admit that you can, that the ultimately real is uncaused, and that all causation is appearance which philosophic reflection speedily proves to be not ultimate, is by no means the same thing as to prove that all happenings are caused by volition. The real inference from the final unsatisfactoriness of explanation by reference to conditions, is not that free will is the cause of everything, but that all theories, including those about free will, which retain causation as an ultimate category, are metaphysically false. You cannot, if you have any care for coherency in your utterances, assert in one breath that nothing is finally explicable, and in the next, that the explanation of everything is to be sought in the free will of a deity or a number of deities. And (2) the more convincingly you were to prove that everything is brought about by free will, the less rational would it be to make a distinction between the consequences of human volition and other events, with respect to the repeated applicability to them of the principle of sufficient reason. These few remarks may perhaps be useful as indicating with sufficient precision our attitude to the attempts—not without their popularity among us—to rehabilitate the discredited doctrine of Free Will by appeals to Epistemology.

CHAPTER VI

PLEASURE, DUTY, AND THE GOOD

ἔτι οὐκ ἀνάγκη ἕτερόν τι εἶναι βέλτιον τῇ: ἡδονῇ, ὥσπερ ταῦτα φασὶ τὸ τελειότερῃ: γένεσιν: οὐ γὰρ γένεσις εἰσὶν οἷδε μετὰ γένεσιν πάντα, ἀλλ' ἐκτελεῖται καὶ τέλος.

ARISTOTLE.

No account of the phenomena of the moral life would be complete without some discussion of the rival theories which profess to find a simple key to the problems which we have pronounced insoluble in the respective conceptions of pleasure and of duty, or the "good will" as the sole ultimate good. For us those theories have a certain special importance because, if either of them could be shown to be tenable, our main position would have been adroitly turned. The object of all our argumentation has been to show that Mr. Bradley is right in maintaining that there are two distinct types of moral "goodness,"—the type which culminates in complete self-realisation and the type which, on our view, is most definitely seen in social justice. But if either "pleasure" or a "good will" can be shown to be the one and only good, then all our arguments will be refuted by facts, and our labour in supporting them useless. We will, therefore, consider what can be said for or against the view that the morally good and worthy is (*a*) pleasure, or (*b*) a "good will." If I am not mistaken, the result of the inquiry will be to confirm us in our general line of thought, though I hope to show that, with certain modifications, the doctrine that the pleasant is the good may be accepted, in spite of some current objections of considerable weight.

Pleasure and the Good.—I have already called the reader's

attention to the very important distinction between psychological and purely ethical Hedonism, but for completeness' sake I will repeat rather more fully what was hinted in chap. iii. According to the doctrine of psychological Hedonism, which may be regarded as philosophically dead of the wounds it has received from Prof. Green and Mr. Bradley, not to name other antagonists, but still seems to survive, like "Arthur who will never die," in our popular ethics, the only thing you ever do or ever could desire is pleasure, or more definitely "pleasurable emotion." The object of every act is to get the maximum pleasure possible under the circumstances, and the abiding purpose of every life to get the biggest possible sum of pleasure. To refute at length this theory of conduct would be to take up the reader's time unnecessarily with the repetition of arguments which the reader, if he is not yet familiar with them, may find stated at length and with a power to which we can make no pretence in Mr. Bradley's *Ethical Studies*, and even, if the truth must be told, in the *Gorgia* and *Philebus*. We shall therefore take the liberty of assuming that the theory we call "psychological" Hedonism only survives through a misapprehension, and shall refer the reader who is desirous for a full statement of the arguments we believe fatal to it to *Ethical Studies*, Essay III., and the chapter on "Goodness" in *Appearance and Reality*, with a further recommendation to study also the two Platonic dialogues we have already mentioned. We may, however, for the sake of clearing the way for what is to follow, just indicate as briefly as we can the nature of the chief considerations which we regard as fatal to a psychological Hedonism.

These specially conclusive arguments are three in number, and they are these: (1) It is not *pleasure* but some experience which is logically at least distinct from pleasure that we desire. In many cases the experience desired may not even be experience of my own at all. *E.g.*, I may desire certain experiences for my children or for mankind without expecting to share in them. Even the voluptuary seems to desire not the pleasure of drinking or of the table, but the sensation of eating or drinking. It is in the main because he desires the taste, odour, etc. of his glass of wine that it is pleasant to him to drink it. It may be doubted whether the desire of pleasure,

as distinct from the desire of the pleasant experience, is not a psychological impossibility. We might say of it, as Mr. Bradley says of the fear of death, that it only exists incidentally or through an illusion (*Appearance and Reality*, p. 502). At least, it is certain that the only way to get pleasure is not to desire it.

(2) The theory gives no intelligible account of acts of which the purpose is to escape from unpleasant experiences. It is preposterous to say that a starving man desires food for the sake of the pleasure of eating, or a sick man health for the pleasure of convalescence. The desire to escape present uneasiness can by no conceivable juggling with words be made identical with a desire for future pleasure.

(3) And, as far at least as "intensity" of pleasure is supposed to be in itself desirable, the precept to desire pleasure seems to contain a gross psychological impossibility. For, as Plato long ago argued, intense pleasure is scarcely to be had except at the cost of intense pain. To enjoy to the full the pleasure of feeding you must first half starve yourself, to appreciate the pleasure of health you must be ill, and so on. Hence you could not—as the theory seems to imply—desire supremely intense pleasure without indirectly desiring intense pain, and the desire of intense pain seems a strange phenomenon on any theory, most of all on that which begins by asserting that we can desire nothing but pleasure.

Take a concrete example of a rather less elementary kind than those quoted from Plato. When Tristan and Isolde, after drinking the love-drink, fall into each other's arms, they presumably experience a degree of pleasurable emotion scarcely conceivable to persons who live hum-drum lives like our own. But the intensity of the pleasure depends on the fact that it is a recoil from an equally intense state of internal discord and world-weariness. Could we directly desire Tristan's pleasure, with the knowledge of the cost at which it has been purchased, and the inevitable reaction which must follow it when he realises the trick Brangäne has played him? I should be prepared myself, I think, to answer the question of principle in the affirmative. You can, I conceive, desire a particular experience so vehemently as to be willing to purchase it at the cost of a lifetime of

suffering. But I do not see how psychological Hedonism would work the sum by which, on that theory, such a choice must be justified.

Incidentally I may take this opportunity to call attention to some difficulties which are too commonly overlooked by moralists, who talk freely of computing the value of "lots" of pleasure and pain.

(1) Can we assume, as most Hedonists assume without more ado, that pleasure and pain may, for ethical purposes and as determinants of our choice, be regarded as positive and negative degrees on the same scale? *I.e.*, Is a life marked by an alternation of great pleasures and equally great pains obviously on the same level as regards choiceworthiness, as a life of mere absence of emotion of either kind? Most men would, I believe, reject the suggestion without hesitation, though, on the hypothesis of psychological Hedonism, it should only need stating to meet with universal acceptance.

(2) Worse still, on what grounds can we decide between intensity and duration as the basis of our estimate of pleasures? The ordinary Hedonist quietly assumes as self-evident that you can reach the true measure of a pleasure by multiplying its intensity into its duration. But this is, I fear, little better than nonsense. No prolongation or repetition of the ordinary lukewarm pleasures of routine existence will give you the thrill that belongs to the few exceptional moments of glorious and crowded life. How long must I sit over my dinner, or how many dinners must I eat in order to get a "quantity of pleasure" equivalent to that of winning a victory or a great professional or commercial success? Must we not say that the phrase "quantity of pleasure" is at bottom scarcely intelligible? You may arrange pleasures in a rough sort of scale with reference to their intensity, or again with reference to their durability, but there seems to be no way of combining the two calculations so as to get a single result. I regret that I cannot go more thoroughly into this question here.

To these arguments, which, taken together, seem to afford a complete refutation to the theory, we may add the consideration already dwelt upon in chap. iii., that psychological Hedonism seems to owe its very being to the mere blunder

of confusing the present pleasure or pain of an anticipation with the as yet non-existent pleasure or pain with which the realisation of the anticipation will be accompanied. I have enumerated the arguments which seem to me to be the really decisive ones, in order to point out to the reader that they are all of a psychological kind, and are conceived with the question of empirical fact, *What is desired?*

The reader of anti-Hedonist literature, especially of the works of those English philosophers who have been specially influenced by Hegelianism, will no doubt miss from my list certain contentions of a metaphysical nature with regard to the question what is *desirable*, which he has perhaps been in the habit of thinking more conclusive than any arguments from psychological facts. I have, however, omitted these metaphysical contentions purposely; for if our previous conclusions have been established, it should be clear that no theory of the practical ideal of good can be dismissed simply on the ground of its metaphysical unsatisfactoriness. We have seen already that there can be no satisfactory account of the moral ideal, and that no moral ideal is ever fully realised. Hence I cannot regard it as a valid argument against Hedonism that its ideal—"the maximum of pleasurable feeling"—is by definition unattainable, self-contradictory, and a mere *ens rationis*. The same is equally true of every rival theory of the ideal. If you can never really get the "maximum of pleasure," neither can you ever, for instance, consistently and completely realise yourself.¹ If it is true to say of happiness defined in the Hedonist fashion that it is either something you have always got or something you have never got, the same is true of the Anglo-Hegelian ideal of individual perfection. In one sense you always are, in another sense you never will be, the "self" you are told to make real. And when I am told that human desire, because the desire of a "self" is never for mere pleasure, but for "pleasure determined" by reference to the concept of "self" as a permanent "subject to be pleased," I reply that if this means anything more than that it is not mere pleasure, but

¹ Popular moral philosophy of the semi-theological type has even gone so far as to make it one of the chief merits of the "Christian" ideal, as opposed to the Hellenic, that it cannot be realised. We shall have more to say on this topic in chap. vii.

the realisation of an anticipation that satisfies us, it involves the ascription to all human beings of a highly developed egoism which is scarcely to be found outside the small circle of enlightened followers after self-culture, who always form the minority in even the most civilised society.

Nor does the argument that the "greatest sum of pleasure" must be a fiction, because pleasures are momentary and each over before the next begins, seem particularly valuable. For it is really as untrue to speak of pleasure as a mere momentary state as it would be to say the same of sensation. Just as our intellectual life is a continuum, so is our emotional life. It is only in consequence of a false hypostatisation of the results of psychological analysis that either has been taken to be a mosaic built up out of disconnected units of sensation or feeling. The single momentary pleasure is as much a metaphysical fiction as the single momentary sensation. Emotion as actually experienced is always continuous, and each of its phases has a sensible duration. It is only by abstraction from the full facts of life that we come to speak of such a thing as an "isolated" state of feeling discontinuous with what has gone before and will come after.

We have, in fact, in the psychological assumption, which was common to the older Hedonists with their opponents, another example of the same mistake which is constantly committed when an experience is confused with the parts into which it can be analysed by subsequent reflection. It no more follows from the possibility of analysing the emotional continuum into logically distinguishable moments, that pleasures as actually experienced are a succession of fleeting states, each of which is over before the next begins, than it follows from the possibility of representing motion as the successive occupation of an infinity of different positions, that our experience of motion is an experience of a number of discontinuous positions. If the Hedonists had not themselves set the example of making this elementary mistake, they might, as it seems to me, have retorted on their opponents with considerable effect that though pleasures cannot literally be summed, yet the total effect of a life of pleasurable-toned experience is very different from that of a life of painful experiences.

To take a simple instance. The pleasure which a healthy man derives from eating his dinner to-day cannot properly be added to the pleasure he will feel in doing the same thing once again to-morrow, but the two are nevertheless not really discontinuous. The due satisfaction of hunger and regular discharge of the functions of digestion give a continuous pleasurable tone to the organic sensations, and thus affects not mere isolated moments but the whole of experience. The Hedonists were, however, as a body, too intent on the more "violent" pleasures, which cannot be enjoyed except at the cost of emotional reaction, to perceive the force of this rejoinder,¹ which would naturally be made to modern anti-Hedonists by a disciple of Plato. I have called attention to this point because, as we shall see directly, some of these metaphysical objections might be urged against the ethical Hedonism which we have yet to consider, as well as against psychological Hedonism. It is therefore only fair to point out that the reasons which are fatal to psychological Hedonism are of a psychological character, and are not all applicable to merely ethical Hedonism.

By "ethical" Hedonism I understand the doctrine which, without falling into the mistake of regarding pleasure as the object of desire, maintains simply that pleasurable-ness is so essential a characteristic of the morally good or worthy that we may practically take the pleasantness of an action or a course

¹ The principle of this Anti-Hedonist argument is a mathematical one, and pressed to its logical conclusion would apparently abolish the Integral Calculus along with the Hedonist ethics. For the principle is simply that whatever can, for a particular purpose, be represented as the sum of a number of infinitesimals must be itself infinitesimal. All that it really proves is that an integral is not the sum of an infinite series of infinitesimals in the same sense in which it is the sum of a finite series of finite quantities.

I do not deal in the text with the well-known practical objection against Hedonism, that it opens the way for practical disregard of ordinary moral rules, because the objection seems to me to be equally valid against any attempt to translate ethical theory consistently into action. It was urged in *Ethical Studies*, p. 99, (1), that, while the collisions which arise on other moral theories are collisions between different moral ends, those provoked by Hedonism are conflicts between "diverse reflective calculations as to the means to a given moral end;" and (2) that Hedonism—as distinguished from other theories—provokes these collisions, "on well-nigh every point of conduct, and this not merely theoretically, but with a view to one's own immediate practice." But I am not sure that collisions, "with a view to immediate practice" would not be equally common, on any other one-sided theory of the "good," if you really tried to carry it out regardless of the consequences. The worst that can fairly be said against Hedonism on this score would be that, more than other theories, it has a delusive appearance of being capable of direct translation into action.

And I am not quite clear as to the accuracy of the other statement. Do not

of life as a test of its goodness. According to this view, you do not indeed desire pleasure as such, but you do always desire pleasant experiences. For, it is said, it is only because certain types of experience have been found pleasant that we have come to desire them,—only because others have been found painful that we have come to avoid them. If, on the whole, we desire the type of life which exhibits the moral virtues, it is because that type of life is certified by experience to be the pleasantest, and if, on the whole, we disapprove of vice it is because vice is in the end unpleasant. Frequently this line of argument is reinforced by appeals to biology. In any species which is to maintain itself permanently in existence, we are told, the acts which are favourable to the continuance of life must be pleasant, and those which are unfavourable painful. In desiring the pleasant we are desiring to have life and to have it more abundantly; to desire anything else would be to desire death and the disappearance—as far as we are concerned—of the species.

Hence, if moral institutions make, as the history of mankind testifies that they do, for the increase of vital efficiency in the community, morality must clearly, because life-giving, be pleasant. And conversely, what is pleasant must be salutary and life-giving, and therefore morally good. What is painful must coincide with the unwholesome and hostile to

conflicts between "diverse reflective calculations as to the means to a given moral end" occur, for instance, on the theory that the end is self-realisation or the promotion of a certain type of social organisation, if only you take your theory in earnest? The disadvantage of Hedonism seems to me to be simply that it is less obviously a matter of theory than self-realisation or altruism. Any one can see that you would speedily get into inextricable confusions in practice if you insisted on going back to the principle of self-realisation and working out deductions from it instead of taking the social order as an established fact, but it is not so easy to see that the same is true of the Hedonist principle. If the self-realiser were as anxious as he supposes the Hedonist to be to make his practice conform to his theory, would he not find himself involved in just the same difficulties? Though, no doubt, when Hedonism pretends to afford a basis for *exact mathematical calculation* of the relative pleasurable-ness of different courses of action, it does lay itself open to this charge of raising insoluble questions and provoking unceasing collisions between the various means to its own ends. But I do not see that a sober ethical Hedonism is called upon to make any such pretence to an impossible exactitude.

I may add that the real defect of Hedonist theories, which Professor Green and his followers appear to be inaccurately describing when they dwell on the impossibility of adding pleasures together, seems to me to lie in the failure to distinguish between progressive and non-progressive satisfaction of desire. It is not a mere succession of satisfactions, but a succession of satisfactions in which a permanent want finds an ever-widening realisation along the same lines, that we really need to make us contented. A mere series of satisfactions bound together by no unity of aim and marked by no progress would hardly be finally satisfactory to any one.

life, and must therefore be morally bad. Pleasure can only be bad incidentally when it arises during the earlier stages of a process which in its later stages turns out to be hostile to life, and therefore painful; pain can only be good incidentally when, by acting as a warning from some unwholesome course of action, it diverts our energies into a salutary and therefore pleasant channel. Bearing in mind then that, on these grounds, a lesser degree of pain may be justifiably incurred for the sake of a greater pleasure, and a slight pleasure avoided because it cannot be had without the subsequent experience of a greater pain, the pleasantness of anything may be taken as a sign of its goodness; and although we may not say "the good is pleasure," we may and must say "the good is the pleasant" and "the pleasant is the good." In one shape or another this doctrine is widely held, especially by those who approach morality from the side of biology, and we therefore propose to discuss its merits and defects in some little detail.

We remark, to begin with, that in its complete form it involves the making of two assertions, one of which is the simple converse of the other. If pleasantness may be taken as a test of moral goodness we must be able to say not only "the good is always pleasant," but also, "the pleasant is always good." Now it is at least conceivable that one of these propositions might be true while the other was false. We must therefore examine each on its own merits, and we will begin with that which it seems easiest to dispose of. Is it true that whatever is pleasant is morally good? We have already, by implication, answered this question in the negative when in chap. iii. we made the essence of the "good" to be the fulfilment of a pleasurable anticipation. According to the view there taken, "this is good," the judgment of approbation, regularly implies the realisation of a previously entertained idea in experiences of a sensational and perceptive type. We are therefore constrained to say that when a pleasurable experience occurs without the previous existence of ideas or anticipation which it in some ways realises or fulfils, the pleasant experience cannot properly be called good. It becomes "good" for us only because it is in some sense or other the passage into fact of a pleasurable-toned anticipation. As we have already said, where there are no "ideas" and anticipa-

tions to be realised, it is only improperly that we can speak of experiences as having varying "values." I do not, of course, mean that an experience is not "good" or "valuable" unless it corresponds exactly to a previous anticipation, but I do mean that neither worth nor goodness can properly be ascribed to it unless it is felt to be the realisation, in however unexpected a way, of some previously formed idea, the satisfaction of some previously experienced craving.¹

On this point, then, we are entirely in accord with the weighty words of Mr. Bradley in *Appearance and Reality*. Pleasant experiences which do not owe their pleasantness to their relation to a previous anticipation are not, properly speaking, good or worthy, and their frequency in a given life is no measure of its moral excellence. A man is not morally good because his career has been marked by extraordinary instances of unexpected good luck, nor is the life of one of the lower animals to be reckoned morally good because it may contain a vast number of pleasant moments. It is by "satisfactions," and not by mere "pleasures," that the most determined Hedonist must compute the goodness of a life, if the results of his calculations are to bear any relation to the facts of the unsophisticated moral judgment. There are thus clearly numerous pleasant experiences which must not be called "good," and if we are to estimate the goodness or moral excellence of life by its pleasantness, these experiences must first be allowed for and deducted. The proposition, "the pleasant is the good," cannot then be accepted as it stands. Only when the pleasant experience includes in itself the realisation of an idea is it truly good.

With this proviso, no doubt the pleasant is so far good as not to be utterly bad. Whatever satisfies, were it even for a time, and at the cost of ultimate dissatisfaction, is clearly up to a certain point good, and merits a certain degree of approbation. Absolute badness or moral worthlessness could be

¹ To revert to a previous illustration, Tristan and Isolde presumably did not anticipate the consequences of their drinking the love drink, but those consequences can only be called "good" on the assumption that, when they have arrived, the hero and heroine feel "this is what we really wanted all the time, if we had only known it." A pleasure so novel in character as to correspond to no previous desire or anticipation only becomes "good," I take it, in so far as the felt pleasantness of its earlier stages leads to a desire for its continuance, of which its later stages are then felt to be a gratification.

ascribed to nothing except to a life of drudgery, hateful to the drudge and productive of no satisfaction to any one else. Even the self-inflicted bodily and spiritual mutilations of the ascetic, hateful as they are, may be said to have an element of "goodness" in so far as they do to some extent satisfy their author by producing in him the type of experience at which he aims. We should have the right in any case to condemn them for unfitting him for life in society and social service, but our condemnation would be far less unmeasured than it is if we did not know that these inflictions commonly fail to give the devotee himself the experience for the sake of which they are undertaken.¹

The further discussion of the relation between the pleasant and the good is best raised by turning to the other question spoken of on the last page. We have to ask—seeing that the pleasant as such is not necessarily good—Is the good as such always pleasant? It would be impossible to give a single answer to this question without defining our terms much more exactly than has yet been done. We shall therefore go at some length into the arguments which may be urged on either side before presenting our conclusion in a compendious form.

(1) It is clear that the good, wherever found, must in some way possess the quality of pleasantness, for the good, as we have seen, is what realises our anticipations—what "satisfies" our cravings, and all "satisfaction" is in itself pleasant. Even an experience which has on all previous occasions been attended with pain may, if its occurrence translates an idea into sensible fact, acquire from its relation to the idea the character of pleasantness. Hence to say the good is pleasant may amount to nothing more than saying, "the satisfying is what satisfies"—a statement which is at once true and tautologous. We may even go a step further and say that whatever line of conduct is approved as "good," ought on examination to be found to

¹ And the "pleasures of sin" are so far forth at least good as they do for a time and to a certain extent give the sinner a kind of experience which satisfies his anticipations, and which could not be obtained in any other way. Ascetic self-torture practised for its own sake is probably the only kind of life which we have the right to condemn without considerable qualifications. Hence Epicurus had reason on his side in his declaration that "if the pleasures of dissipation could remove the mental uneasiness which arises from fear of celestial portents, of death, and of suffering, and could teach us to limit our desires, we should have no reason to condemn them." (Diogenes Laertius, x. 142.)

add to the totality of pleasantly-toned experience for an individual or a larger social whole. This clearly follows from the recognition of the truth already dwelt upon, that nothing is good that does not "satisfy," and consequently bring pleasure to some one. It is a natural extension of this doctrine that in proportion as any act or course of action is morally "good" it must be productive of lasting and unconditional satisfaction to some person or persons.

From the now familiar duality of the moral ideal it will follow that in theory at least the goodness of the act might be measured by two not necessarily according standards—the standard of the degree of lasting satisfaction it secures for the individual, and the standard of the extent of the social circle which in some way derives an increase of satisfaction from it. In practice our standard of happiness, like our moral ideal, is a compromise. We should probably all be agreed that the normal "good" action, as satisfying a want, is productive of pleasure both to the individual and to the community, though the relative prominence of the individual's and the community's share in the resultant pleasure may be very different in different cases. No one, I think, who understands the elements of the problem would assert that an act is good which brings no pleasure at all to any one, neither directly nor indirectly. Even the ascetic self-tormentor, if he is to justify his austerities, must suppose that inflictions which bring no pleasure to himself or his fellows are "well-pleasing" in the eyes of God.¹

But though we should all agree that an act which is productive of no pleasure is without moral worth, we should probably disagree among ourselves as to the extent to which the pleasure produced by the good act is pleasure for the agent or for others. Except in the interests of a preconceived psychological theory, no one would think of denying that an act may be one of heroic virtue and yet be unproductive of pleasure, or even productive of pain, to the agent who purchases the increase to the pleasure of society by his own self-sacrifice. And we at least, who have been driven to regard self-culture

¹ As a rule, the ascetic also expects his austerities to be "made up to him" by a liberal allowance of pleasures in the next life. Hence we might say the ascetic is not only at heart the most selfish of men, but also the most hypocritical. It is his ineradicable dishonesty which makes him morally so much worse than the vulgar sinner. It is, after all, only an eccentric form of self-seeking to mortify the flesh for the sake of some day sitting on thrones and judging the tribes of Israel.

as equally a virtue with justice, cannot doubt that some acts which we call "good" enhance the pleasure of the agent without enhancing, perhaps at the cost of diminishing, the pleasure of others. In practice, the average conscientious man would probably hold that an act which brings pleasure to himself may be "good," even though it lessens the pleasure of some one else, provided the disproportion between the pleasure gained and the pleasure lost is not too great. But what disproportion is too great he would find himself at a loss to say.

I pass on to a point of much greater theoretic interest. Surely it may be said, when you speak of increasing the sum of pleasure you are forgetting what has been over and over again proved by anti-Hedonist philosophers as to the impossibility of effecting the summation. You cannot intelligibly add together the successive pleasures of an individual life, much less can you add to one another those experienced by different members of the community. Your imaginary Hedonist standard, whether individual or universalistic, is therefore quite untranslatable into fact. If this only meant that the Hedonistic calculus would be a very uncertain rule to go by in deciding what is your duty in practice, I should quite concur in this criticism; indeed, I shall be found repeating it in my own language in the subsequent course of the present discussion. But if it means that you cannot intelligibly say *ex post facto* that a certain course of action has added to the pleasure of the individual or the community, I am bound to dissent from it in the strongest way. You cannot, indeed, as we have already admitted, properly speaking add pleasures together—and so far as we are not concerned to defend the scientific accuracy of some common and convenient Hedonistic expressions; but for all that it remains the fact that the total hedonic effect of a life of continuous and progressive attainment of the satisfaction of one's cravings is very different from that of a life of continual disappointment. It is a perfectly intelligible expression to say that the one life is more pleasurable than the other, in the sense that its experiences are more constantly and habitually marked by the pleasant tone of feeling.

Consequently in the same degree in which it is true

that the "moral" life gives a man what he wants, it is true that the moral life is one of continuous pleasure. If the Hedonists have, as a rule, failed to establish this correspondence, it is because they have without exception committed the mistake of treating "individual" pleasures as finite and literally addible quantities, and have thus come to attach more importance to the "intensity" than to the "purity" of pleasurable feeling. Had they followed the lead which Plato, who may fairly be called, in virtue of well-known passages in the *Protagoras* and *Republic*, an ethical Hedonist, gave them and recognised that it is not merely momentary intensity but abiding continuousness of pleasant emotion by which the good and contented is distinguished from the bad and discontented life, their doctrine would not have assumed that shallow and soulless character which it derives from the special importance it attaches to the "inferior," *i.e.* to the appetitive enjoyments, and we should have been spared such absurdities as the paradox of Bentham that, "quantity of pleasure being equal, push-pin is as good as poetry."¹

And with respect to the "increase in the pleasure of the community," of which we have spoken, it should be clear that the phrase has at least a perfectly intelligible meaning. Any act may be said to increase the general pleasure which enriches the lives of the majority of the community with new opportunities of securing lasting and unconditional satisfactions. That such an enlargement of the sources of satisfaction open to the average member of the community is not impossible is assumed in every attempt to compare our social condition with that of our predecessors, and, as we have said in the last chapter, you cannot assert that the history of the species or any part of it exhibits moral progress unless you believe that the progressive

¹ The aphorism seems as true or false as, "quantity of light being equal, night is as bright as day," or "quantity of heat being equal, winter is as warm as summer." Plato would have retorted on Bentham, I think correctly, that "quantity of pleasure" is not and cannot be equal, because the man who has experienced the delights of both poetry and push-pin finds in the former a possibility of ever-widening and progressive satisfaction which the latter cannot yield. One can live happily with one's books if one has a taste for literature, but it is hard to believe that the most enthusiastic player of push-pin would not sicken of his game if he were allowed to attend to nothing else for a single week. In fact you might, in the spirit of Plato, say that if you want to get the greatest enjoyment you can out of "push-pin" you must make something else the main business of life. It would not be equally true to say this of "poetry."

enlargement of the sources of satisfaction open to the average man has been a fact. Though you cannot add one man's pleasures to another man's in order to estimate the total pleasures of the community, you can roughly gauge the amount and distribution of satisfaction over a given social area by considering to what extent the members of the society lead lives of permanent content. There seems to be no absurdity in declaring that the amount of pleasure is greater, as well as its distribution more equitable, in a society of which the vast majority of members lead lives of a high degree of contentment than in one where a few chosen individuals have every contentment that the heart can wish, while the rest of the community drag out discontented existence as mere ministers to the enjoyment of the few. If you take the proportion of contented lives as the measure of the general pleasure, there seems to be meaning enough in the assertion that a given course of conduct tends to increase or lessen the pleasure not only of the agent but of the community to which he belongs.

The difficulties which have been raised as to the concept of the "general pleasure," like the difficulties about the summation of the individual's pleasures, seem in the main due to the way in which the Hedonists have stood in their own light by treating the emotional life as made up of a number of isolated moments of intense feeling. I for one find it impossible to deny that there is to-day "more pleasure," i.e. more contented existence concentrated within the bounds of a civilised community, than in the old days of the Hellenic cultivation, which rested on a basis of all but universal slavery. If we have not abolished slavery, except in name,—if we have in some respects added to its horrors,¹—we have at least diminished the proportion of slaves to the rest of the community. If no one perhaps gets his heart's desire quite so completely as the specially favoured few at Athens or at Syracuse, few of us fail of it so utterly as the vast majority of the inhabitants of these old *Kulturstaaten* must have done. Remembering our description of the practical moral ideal as the attainment of the fullest and richest self-culture compatible with the recognition of the rights of others to such self-culture as they are capable of, we might say that the good and the

¹ Let the reader think of "phossy jaw" and "lead poisoning" and syphilis.

pleasant ultimately coincide so far that the society in which the practical moral ideal is most nearly realised will also be the society in which the average pleasantness of the individual's life is greatest. But just as we found the practical ideal to be a matter of half-hearted compromise, so we shall find that this general coincidence of good and pleasure is compatible with a vast amount of divergence in individual cases.¹

(2) This leads me to a second point of extreme importance. If you are to maintain with any success the doctrine that goodness and pleasure are on the whole coincident, you must look for the coincidence not in the individual life but in the life of organised society as a whole. Your Hedonism must be not individualistic but universalistic. This follows in fact from our previous recognition of self-sacrifice as an irreducible factor in the ethical life. Clearly, if there are moral duties which demand from the individual sacrifices of his own personal culture and satisfaction which are never made good to him, it becomes impossible to maintain that, for the individual as such, the path of virtue will always be the path of pleasure. With the recognition of the reality of self-sacrifice goes the admission that there may be, in the most ethically organised societies, individuals and even classes who are called upon to give to society more than they ever receive back from it,—individuals or classes for whom the path of right and duty may be one long career of self-denial and consequent pain and suffering.

Every attempt in the interests of Hedonism or of the doctrine of self-realisation, which, unknown to itself, is really a subtler form of Hedonism, to show that the moral and conscientious man is never a loser by his devotion to altruistic ends must involve a vast amount of sophistical misstatement before it can be made even tolerably plausible.

¹ I purposely defer the consideration of the way in which the problem of happiness is affected by the transition from the merely ethical to the religious life. Here, as in previous chapters, I am considering a merely *ethical* community, i.e. a community of beings whose happiness is bound up with demonstrable success in the realisation by themselves of their anticipations and cravings. In chap. viii. we shall deal with the modifications of feeling which arise when the life of humanity comes to be regarded simply as one element in an order which is fulfilled as much in our failures as in our successes. For *mere* morality this concept of a more than human order has no meaning: its range of vision is bounded by human effort, human success, and human failure. Strictly speaking, the results of all previous chapters, from chap. iii onwards, are to be regarded as merely provisional until chap. viii. has been studied.

It is indeed hard to speak with patience of the methods of argumentation to which it is necessary to resort in order to show that the citizen who, as soldier or statesman, gives his life for his country, and the martyr who gives his life for his faith, really receive an adequate return for their sacrifice in the shape of pleasure or conscious self-realisation. It is all very well to say that the dying soldier reaps in his knowledge that the enemy have been routed an enjoyment which far outweighs the pain of wounds and death, or that the martyr's contentment in the sense of having pleased his God surges up the pain of the fire. These things are sometimes so; but for one soldier who is able with Wolfe to enjoy in his last moments the news that the enemy are running, there must be a countless number who are conscious of nothing, or of nothing but the intolerable agony of wounds and thirst. And martyrs—even when the physical suffering of martyrdom leaves them at liberty to think about anything else—have a way of dying with the complaint, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Nor can you defend the ordinary Hedonistic view by falling back on the argument that painful as death in battle or at the stake may be, cowardice and apostasy would, to the hero or the martyr, be still more painful. For the point you have to establish is that the hero's or martyr's experience is a pleasant one, and it is only by something very much like self-deception that pain can be made out to be pleasure because there are worse pains still. Indeed on this principle every one ought to be always perfectly happy, since there is no pain so great but might conceivably be worse. And, even leaving the extreme cases of the martyrs and heroes on one side, it is surely with a real insight into human nature that Plato insists so strongly that the really gifted statesman will feel the call to public office as a demand for unrequited self-sacrifice, and would prefer, if his conscience left him free to consider his own personal happiness, to be free to pursue his ideals of intellectual and æsthetic culture.

On the whole, then, we seem driven to maintain that if pleasure can be taken as a test of the moral goodness of conduct, it must be the pleasure of all, and not the pleasure of the agent. The only consistent ethical Hedonism would be

universalistic. We have to ask, then, Is an universalistic Hedonism possible? It is frequently maintained by writers on ethics, that all Hedonism, if consistent, must be purely individualistic: desire for some one else's pleasure, it is said, is not desire for pleasure. The argument is, of course, directed more particularly against the psychological Hedonism which we have already seen reason to reject, yet, in virtue of its frequency in anti-Hedonist polemics, it seems to call for some remarks from us. As I have already said in chap. iii., I cannot but regard the proposition, "desire for the pleasure of another is not desire for pleasure," as fallacious. There is, no doubt, a sense in which it is true; but it is not the sense which the anti-Hedonist puts upon it. It is true that the desire for the pleasure of another is not a desire for my own pleasure; it is also perhaps true that no desire is desire for pleasure *as such*. But it is not true that a desire for pleasant experiences is necessarily a desire for pleasant experiences *for myself*. Psychologically, pleasure, pain, and desire are all phenomena which make their appearance before the mental life has reached the stage at which self is definitely distinguished off from other selves, and, we may add, they are phenomena which aid in creating the distinction.

The clear and definite discrimination between my "self" and all the rest of the objects I discover in my experience is, as has been shown in another connection, the result of a very elaborate intellectual development—a development in which our experiences of the connection of experiences of pleasure and pain, with certain changes in the appearance of that sense-complex which we ultimately get to know as our body play a very important part. It requires a much greater and more complex development of the "ideal" forms of mental life to form the concept of "myself" as a permanent subject capable of being pleased and pained than it does simply to anticipate with pleasure or with pain the translation into sensible fact of a particular "ideal" suggestion. It is by repeated experience of such transitions, and the consequent formation of elaborate systems of ideal complexes that the concept of my "self" as the uniform subject of my experiences throughout life has been formed. Consequently we should on psychological grounds expect to find evidence of the existence

of those very simple forms of ideal experience, memories and anticipations, long before we can recognise the presence of a true consciousness of "self."

We have already tried to show that the careful observation of facts confirms the views suggested by the consideration of general psychological principles. That any of the lower animals possess the consciousness of self is at least highly unlikely, but there seems to be, *prima facie*, evidence that some of them have at least rudimentary memories and anticipations, and can be pleasurably or painfully affected by the prospect of good or bad treatment for their mates and their young as well as for themselves. And the child, to refer once more to an old illustration, who testifies his unmeasured delight at the prospect of a satisfactory ending to the tale you are telling him, seems to be directly moved to pleasure by the prospect of enjoyments which are not for himself.

What else, indeed, could one expect? What is more natural than that the suggested idea of certain experiences, which have in the past been found agreeable, should itself be pleasant even before the animal or child has learned to reflect "this is or this is not for me?" Must we suppose that anticipations are neither pleasant nor painful until the subject of them has advanced so far in the construction of complex ideal products as to classify the contents of his experience habitually as "myself and other things," and to discriminate between the anticipations which concern myself and those which do not? As far as I can see, neither general psychological principle nor the facts gleaned from direct observation warrant so improbable a conclusion. And unless we, in the face of all psychological probability, insist on this conclusion, we cannot deny that it is possible to desire directly and immediately pleasant experiences which are not my own.

In other words, the experiences in which a pleasurable anticipation is turned into fact are always of moral worth, whether they fall within "my own" experience or not. The popularity of the assumption that only my own pleasure can be directly "desired" is due to the widespread confusion between the felt pleasure of the anticipation and the future pleasantness of its realisation. Because it is *I* who in every case have the pleasure of the anticipation, it is assumed that it must

also be *I* who am to experience the realisation of the anticipation. But there is really no logical connection whatever between premises and conclusion of this inference. It is really no more paradoxical that I should anticipate with pleasure some event not to form part of my own direct sensible experience than it is that I should find pleasure in the anticipation of anything that as future is as yet unreal and non-existent.

The principles upon which it is asserted that all desire for pleasure must be primarily desire for my own pleasure ought, if pressed, to lead to the conclusion that there can be no such thing as desire. There is really nothing more wonderful in the fact that I can take a direct interest in some one else than in the fact that I can be directly interested in my "own" future, which lies as completely outside the limits of my now existing "self" as do the joys and sorrows of my neighbours. Any argument which would prove that I cannot be directly interested in these latter because they are not "myself," would prove the same conclusion for my own as yet non-existent future. Indeed it requires greater ideal development to feel at twenty an interest in "myself" as I expect to be at eighty than it does to sympathise with the pleasures and pains of relatives and friends whose present sensible existence I am being hourly reminded of. Improvident benevolence, which ought on the principle of egoistic Hedonism to be one of the rarest, is actually one of the commonest of human failings.

I may, in concluding what I have to say upon this head, quote the passage from a recent writer on psychology to which I have already referred in chap. iii.: "Whether we judge our experience as our own or another's may be left entirely out of consideration as far as the definition we have given of the feeling of craving is concerned. . . . As we have already seen, the distinction between contents of consciousness which are represented as our own and as another's by no means arises spontaneously; such a distinction is only made upon special occasions, and when it appears is no more than a secondary process which can cause no modification in the character of the experience of craving itself."¹

¹ Cornelius, *Psychologie als Erfahrungswissenschaft*, pp. 374, 375.

The general inference from all that has been said is that a universal Hedonism is as psychologically possible as it is ethically necessary, if we are, without violence to the facts of life, to maintain the existence of a correspondence between the good and the pleasant. We have no warrant that our own lives will be pleasant in proportion to their moral worth, but then, as we have just seen, it is not exclusively for ourselves that we desire pleasant experience. That directly or indirectly the experiences we desire are experiences of *pleasure* cannot really be denied. If the net result of our moral strivings and struggles is not to diminish the quantity of painful, and to increase the quantity of pleasurable experience, then all of us who are not committed beforehand to the support of an ethical theory through thick and thin will admit that human life fails of its object, and human morality is mere vanity. Even the convinced pessimist, who holds that all our efforts fail to increase the amount of human pleasure, or even only succeed in increasing the sum of human pain, is so far at one with an enlightened ethical Hedonism that he finds life a cheat and an illusion on the strength of this failure of morality to produce pleasure. But, as we can now see, the failure of virtue to bring pleasure into our own individual life need not force us into the pessimist camp; for it is only by a psychological mistake that we at times persuade ourselves that the only pleasure we desire is our own. If we could answer the question how far the ways of virtue are at the same time ways of pleasantness, it is not to our own private experiences but to the life of the whole community that we must look. We are surely all of us so far ethical Hedonists that we should feel morality condemned if we saw reason to believe that the satisfaction and content of the average member of society were not raised by moral and social progress.

How far then should we be justified in asserting that, when viewed in relation to society at large, the moral act is productive of pleasant and the immoral of painful experience? The correspondence clearly cannot be taken to be at any given stage in social development absolute. It is at least conceivable that the majority of a community might, for a time, find pleasure in acts which tend directly to the dissolution or

extinction of society, and are therefore naturally disapproved by a moral judgment which has been formed under the pressure of social necessity. This state of things is well illustrated by the curious perversions of sexual feeling which seem at times to affect a given society through a succession of generations. It is clear that a society would soon die out unless the judgment of its members on the whole approved such forms of sexual feeling as are most compatible, and disapproved such as are incompatible with the successful perpetuation of the stock. At the same time it is perfectly possible that, for a long continued period, a number or even the greater number of the members of the society might find the traditional moral judgments on such matters in opposition to their personal tastes. So long as this opposition lasts, there would be a standing divergence between the dictates of recognised morality and the path of pleasure, and the virtuous man might feel himself obliged to say to the majority of his countrymen, with Sir. J. Stephen, "If I wanted to make you happy—which I do not—I should have to pamper your vices, which I will not." The history of civilisation is by no means devoid of striking illustrations of this conflict between the moral judgments of the best minds of the community and the tastes of the majority. In Athens, for instance, philosophy found itself in sharp opposition to the popular sentiment about *παιδεαστία*, and all readers of modern French philosophical literature are aware that there is, at this moment, an equally sharp antagonism between the views of the moralists and the practice of a large section of the population with respect to the artificial limitation of the family.¹

Where such a conflict of sentiment exists, the necessities of permanent social existence as expressed in the moral judgment pointing in one direction, and the current tastes of a generation or series of generations in another, it is clear that for the time the moral and the pleasure-giving act do not coincide. The life of society, as a whole, is made more contented and pleasanter by violation of the moral judgment than by compliance with it. But it is also clear that, on the whole, so sharp an antagonism between the most fundamental

¹ See, for instance, the striking discussion in Guyau's *Non-Religion of the Future*. English translation, pp. 315-349.

suicide which von Hartmann recommends might one day really come about, not by a formal resolve, but by the gradual transference of moral approbation to forms of conduct which tend towards the painless extinction of the species. Already the more intelligent minds of France are beginning to regard a national suicide of this kind as a possible danger, and advocate administrative measures for its prevention, and there seems to be no sound logical reason for denying that the sentiments which seem to be threatening the extinction of a great nation might, under altered conditions of existence, be one day shared by the general mass of mankind.¹

For these reasons it seems impossible to admit the force of the familiar argument that morality must be pleasant because it is conducive to life. There is a morality of life, and it has necessarily been the first morality man has learned, but I see no reason why, now that man has found out the way to cheat Nature and to get the pleasure connected with acts conducive to life, under conditions which baffle her purposes, there should not some day be a morality of death. In that case the act destructive to life would be satisfactory and pleasant, the act conducive to life unpleasant by comparison. A man would, for instance, then have the same feeling of being ill-used and cheated by Nature at the birth of a child as he now has when his marriage remains permanently sterile. The conversion of the whole world to such a morality of death is no doubt in the highest degree unlikely, but that is not sufficient reason for treating it as impossible.

Incidentally these reflections may serve to confirm us in the view which we took in our chapter on the "Roots of Ethics," that the simplest phenomena to which the moralist can reduce the elements of his science are still psychological and not merely biological. For the present, my interest in these considerations is simply to point out that even if you grant the possible divorce of morality from the conservation and propagation of life, you need not reject the modified Hedonist position. It would be only during the first throes

¹ I do not, of course, regard this result as in any way likely, and, if one is to take account only of contingencies which have a finite degree of probability, I should agree that it may be dismissed from consideration. But I can see nothing psychologically impossible in the idea.

of the transition from a life-giving to a death-giving morality, before the altered tastes of mankind had had time to affect their traditional judgments of approbation, that there would be a divergence between the ethical and the pleasant line of conduct. Ultimately, when the ethical sentiments had been transformed by the new tastes of the race, the death-giving but not physically agonising act would be that which was anticipated with pleasure, and, when realised, accompanied with the sense of satisfaction; the pleasant but life-giving act, *e.g.* the exercise of the sexual function without steps to prevent impregnation, would be regarded exactly as indulgence which though pleasant are condemned, are regarded now. With conscientious persons, the unpleasant feeling arising from the knowledge of the view taken of the act by society, or from the consciousness that it tended to frustrate the realisation of one's most imperative cravings, would outweigh the pleasure inseparable from its performance. Except in periods of transition, during which men's tastes and their moral ideals are temporarily out of harmony, the normal state of things is for the act which is morally approved to be attended with an increase of satisfaction, either to the agent, or to those around him, or to both, and the act which is morally disapproved with pain.

We may, then, so far accept an universalistic ethical Hedonism as to admit that the normal results of the moral act are pleasurable, when its effect upon the whole social circle influenced by it are taken into account. This statement, however, it must be remembered, is liable to considerable incidental modification. Wherever, from any reason, the tastes and inclinations of a given larger or smaller social circle are out of harmony with the traditional moral sentiments prevalent among them, the coincidence between the moral and the pleasure-giving suffers disturbance. As the conditions of existence, and with them the tastes of various sections of the community, are on the whole more easily modified than the traditional moral code of society, this disturbance must constantly be taking place on a small scale, and it would only be in a perfect society, *i.e.* in a society with stable social institutions and a corresponding stability of sectional tastes and habits, that the coincidence of goodness and pleasure could be

completely realised. In every imperfect society—that is, in every society which has not succeeded in establishing a system so permanently suited to the character of those who have to live under it, and so adequate to the needs of all classes of the community as to be equally secure from revolution from within and transformation from without—the normal relation between the morally satisfying and the pleasurable must be liable to an incalculable amount of disturbance. Though it remains generally true that the average pleasantness of life is increased by the moral progress of society, it would be impossible anywhere but in the New Jerusalem to assert with confidence that every individual moral act is productive of pleasure.

Thus we can see that the Hedonist assumption, however generally true, is not without considerable exceptions, and consequently that Hedonism would be one of the worst possible guides to immediate moral practice. For, in the present imperfect state of society, the hedonic consequences of an action are not necessarily a measure of its morality. Just as you would be constantly going grievously wrong if you took the immediate pleasantness of an action as a measure of the degree in which it promotes personal self-culture, so you would be continually falling into mistakes if you treated the hedonic effects of an act which are traceable as a measure of its influence upon the self-culture of society. In order to make the hedonic effects of your act a true measure of its beneficial tendencies you would need to know not only how your immediate circle, but how society in general, and even how the remotest posterity, will be affected by your conduct. Conduct which, for the present, seems as unpleasant in its effects upon others as it is unpleasant to yourself may nevertheless ultimately make for the multiplication of the sources of satisfaction open to future generations; conduct which affords pleasure both to yourself and the society in which you live may do so only at the cost of impoverishing the life of the community in the future. For this reason it would be useless to attempt to guide yourself in practice by a “hedonic calculus.” To make your calculus a certain guide to morality you would need to know the full consequences of every one of your contemplated actions upon all your successors as well as

had sufficient experience to know my own mind, to be a better judge than society, and should therefore, if my own pleasure were the only thing that had to be taken into account, be under no obligation to attach any importance to the recommendation of society. But when it comes to pronouncing upon the effects of my behaviour on the pleasures or pains of an indefinite number of human beings, I may reasonably be asked to admit that the gathered wisdom of centuries is a better guide than my own private judgment. It is indeed only this admission which prevents the practical violation of moral rules from becoming common, upon any but a purely formal ethical theory like that of Kant. Once admit that the material circumstances of the particular act affect its moral goodness or badness, and the only plea by which you can justify your refusal to break a recognised moral law when the circumstances of the case, be they what they may, seem to require it, is the plea that the law probably represents a wider experience of such cases than the limits of your individual history have permitted to you.¹

I conclude, then, that universalistic Hedonism is in the main a true doctrine, though it would only be absolutely true in a morally perfect society, but that it is useless as a guide to actual moral practice. A more serious objection to it as a speculative theory is what I may call its exceeding superficiality. If you ask what is the moral good, Hedonism replies it is the pleasant, or it is that which is on the whole productive of pleasure. But, as we have seen already, not all that

¹ Of course, in deciding whether to break a recognised moral law, you are bound also to consider how far that law does fairly represent the "gathered wisdom of ages," and how far, on the other hand, it has been impressed on society in the first instance by some single man of commanding ethical or religious genius, and accepted ever since without adequate examination on mere authority, or how far again it is a mere survival of an earlier state of things against which the experience of the community, as reflected in the lives of its great men, has so far protested only in vain. A discussion, for instance, of questions connected with our own law of marriage and divorce would illustrate both these points. Before you could affirm that the collective experience of mankind has decided irrevocably against divorce for other reasons than adultery, you would have to satisfy yourself (a) that the present consensus against the liberty of divorce is really the outcome of experience and not of a reverent and uncritical acquiescence in the ruling of the gospels, and (b) that there is no counter-consensus of any weight among the "enlightened few" who know better than the majority in any generation how to read the lessons of experience aright. I make this remark simply in order to guard against being mistaken for a mere blind conservative in questions of morals; it is, of course, no part of my object or of my business in this Essay to express an opinion, one way or the other, on the merits of any particular rule of established ethics.

is pleasant has moral value, and hence Hedonism is superficial in taking pleasure instead of *satisfaction* (i.e. the pleasure attendant upon the realisation of an idea) as its equivalent for goodness or worth. But even if we amend the formula and make it run, "the good is that which gives satisfaction," the superficiality of Hedonism is not done away with. For we have a right to expect from any moral theory that it should attempt to go a step further and define some of the leading characteristics of the concrete types of life in which humanity finds its satisfactions. And the moment you take this task of defining the "satisfactory" seriously you begin to find yourself in the presence of that conflict between two great rival types of goodness or satisfaction of which we have spoken so frequently in previous chapters.

Any ethical theory which offers us as its account of the "good" some statement in which this conflict is left unnoticed stands *ipso facto* convicted of having never really got beyond the outside fringe of the subject. There is a story of a schoolboy who described poetry as "what you get when the lines all begin with a capital letter and are not of the same length." The description is accurate enough so far as it goes, but it has only fixed certain of the external peculiarities of poetry to the entire neglect of its really essential characteristics. The definition of the good as the "pleasant" has always struck me as being remarkably like this schoolboy's account of poetry. What I complain of in it is not that it is not, with the modifications I have indicated, true, but that it affords no clue whatever to the leading concrete characteristics of the type of existence which the experience of mankind has pronounced to be at once the "good" and the "pleasant" life.

It is on this account principally that the ethics of "self-realisation," with all their speculative imperfections, must be pronounced a great advance upon the ethics of mere pleasure. The definition of the good as "self-realisation" at least leads directly to a psychological and sociological inquiry into the constitution of the self which you are told to realise, and thus opens up the way for a working theory as to the relative importance in the scheme of life of various aspects of the self and various directions in which self-realisation may be sought.

The Hedonistic theories, from the very nature of the case, are precluded from raising this question, which is after all the fundamental question for a science of conduct. The various courses of action which agree in being pleasurable are so numerous and so heterogeneous in other respects that it would be impossible on a purely Hedonistic basis to arrive at any intelligible classification of them, or any systematic distinction between the more and the less important.

Thus, while "self-realisation" may be successfully used as a convenient working theory for the purpose of establishing a subordination of less to more valuable sources of satisfaction, Hedonism can only achieve the same object at the cost of making distinctions between "higher" and "lower" forms of pleasure, which are absolutely inconsistent with what professes to be its fundamental proposition. "Self-realisation" thus can be made, without undue violence to its own principles, to yield some sort of outline description of the concrete features of the satisfactory life, while Hedonism, uncontaminated by foreign accretions, can get no further than the enunciation of an abstract general proposition which, though as we have seen true enough when you have explained its proper meaning and necessary limitations, affords no answer at all to the real problems of ethical inquiry. Instead of attempting, however imperfectly, to answer the question, 'What in its general features is the satisfactory life?' Hedonism contents itself with the true but tautologous reflection that the satisfactory life is on the whole a pleasant one. Further than this a theory which starts by confusing "satisfaction" with mere "pleasure" cannot go; the first condition of any successful account of the satisfactory life is the execution of just that sociological and psychological analysis of the "satisfactory" from which Hedonism, by its initial confusion, excuses itself.

Hence Hedonism has really no theory of the relative "worth" of different types of experience, and cannot therefore in strictness be regarded as an "ethical doctrine" at all. In its psychological form it is, as we have seen, a mass of singularly baseless assumptions, while in what we have called its ethical shape it is no more than the enunciation of a general proposition which might, so far as it is true at all, be affirmed in connection with almost any theory of the a-

mental peculiarities of the moral experience. Even a Kantist, for instance, might without doing any violence to his doctrine of the categorical imperative, be an ethical Hedonist if he were prepared to admit that, when you take a sufficiently wide range of experience into account, you will find that the general diffusion of pleasurable-toned emotion is greatest where the dictates of the practical reason are most universally and most unhesitatingly obeyed. But a Hedonism which is thus capable of reconciliation with any and every doctrine of the concrete characteristics of the moral ideal has been for good or bad emptied of all its special content and deprived of all speculative importance. The Hedonism which, as we have satisfied ourselves, can be successfully defended against hostile criticism is a doctrine which need only be controverted by a fanatic who should deny the existence of *any* connection or correspondence between the path of duty and the path of happiness.

Regarded as an attempt to bridge over the dualism which we have seen to be inherent in the moral ideal, and to exhibit the ethical life as the consistent outgrowth of a single psychological principle, Hedonism must, for reasons given in the previous pages, be pronounced a complete failure. For the only Hedonism which can be intelligibly maintained must, as we have said, take into account the happiness of the various wider wholes to which the individual belongs, as well as his own, and must thus, like every other theory, make room for the constant collision of the narrower and the wider, the self-regarding and the social ideals. Hedonism is no more successful than any other theory in reconciling the claims of a narrow but intense individuality with those of a widely diffused benevolent activity. And like other moral theories, it only appears to the unreflecting to have got over these difficulties because it habitually ignores their existence. This is all that need, for the special purposes of the present Essay, be said of the various ethical systems which explicitly or implicitly identify the good with pleasure.¹

¹ The purely ethical object of the foregoing discussion has prevented me from devoting any part of the text to discussing the *psycho-physical* fallacy which appears to vitiate every form of Hedonistic theory. The point is, however, sufficiently important to demand mention at least in a footnote. The fundamental error of Hedonism, then, to my mind, is that it regards our pleasure and pain feelings as the *creators*, whereas they are only in point of fact the modifiers, of our motor responses to stimuli. Hedonism is, in this respect, the exact ethical counterpart of the Lockian

The Ethics of Duty.—I turn now from the ethics of Pleasure to the ethics of Duty. "Duty for duty's sake" is a formula which linguistic custom has connected in a special way with the Kantian doctrine of the purely formal imperative. I do not, however, propose here to devote any space to the consideration of the peculiar features of the system expounded in the Critique of Practical Reason. The inherent absurdity of the theory that moral obligation can be reduced to the obligation of acting with mere formal self-consistency, has been so well and so often exposed already that I could on this topic only say in my own way what better men have said much more forcibly before me. But, apart from the special peculiarities of the moral theory of Kant, it is possible to hold, and it is widely held, that the contents of the ethical consciousness may be successfully represented as a single coherent system of obligations. These obligations need not be treated as springing from a single and purely formal obligation to avoid contradiction; indeed, for the purposes of ethics, it might be argued, no question as to their origin need arise. It is sufficient that we are aware of them and that they can be combined into some sort of system.

"Your difficulties, as set forth in previous chapters," the Intuitionist might tell us, "have been created by your perverse way of raising the moral problem. Instead of starting with the notion of a *good* or *end* of conduct you should have begun with the concept of duty or obligation. You should have asked not what if I could get it would give me final satisfaction, but what line of conduct do I feel it incumbent on me to follow? You would then find that in

doctrine that the mind, until stored with memories resulting from experience, is "a sheet of white paper" or an "empty cabinet." *I.e.* it assumes that there are no preformed types of motor response to stimulus so deeply ingrained in our inherited psycho-physical constitution as to resist modification or transformation by experiences of their painful consequences. This assumption seems strangely at variance with what is actually known of the instincts of the lower animals as well as of the passions of mankind. The sexual instinct of the male spider, for instance, does not seem to be diminished in intensity by the fact that it cannot be gratified without serious risk of being devoured by the female (see for the facts Romanes' *Animal Intelligence*, pp. 204, 205). Nor does the appearance in historic times of syphilis seem likely to create any wide-spread or permanent modification of the sexual passion in man. Human intelligence, enlightened by painful experience of the consequences of sexual irregularities, turns rather to the attempt to suppress venereal disease than to the more audacious attempt to suppress the sexual instinct.

any society there are a certain number of convictions upon this subject which are in theory at least shared by the normal individuals. There is a general consensus among the members of any society as to the acts which they feel obliged to perform or to shun, and this consensus may be expressed in a number of separate but not inconsistent moral imperatives. The unity of the moral life which you have failed to find in your examination of the ends of action really consists in the mutual coherency of these moral imperatives. That coherency will vary in degree with the intelligence and civilisation of the community, but the fact remains that in civilised societies the various individuals have in common a number of convictions as to what they must and must not do.

"Thus the unity of virtue means no more than this, that the ethical convictions of a society will, in proportion to its intelligence, take the form of commands which are (1) not mutually self-contradictory, and (2) are recognised as universally binding on all members of the community alike. Virtue is one only in the sense that one moral rule does not contradict another, and that every moral rule is equally a rule for every member of the society. All your difficulties have arisen from the attempt to substitute for this real universality and mutual consistency of moral rules an imaginary unity of moral ends."

This is, I think, the attitude which might be adopted by an intelligent Intuitionist towards our previous discussion, and in passing these criticisms he would, I apprehend, express the feeling of many reflective persons who, without being exactly philosophers, take an interest in ethical problems. The suggested criticism is, moreover, in itself so plausible that it will be well worth our while to examine it in some detail, and to point out its strength as well as its weakness.

And first, as to the strength of a chastened Intuitionism, we may at least say that—if you consent to waive all questions of the whence and the whither of the ethical judgments—this doctrine does provide a fair working theory which is, on the whole, true to the facts of the moral consciousness as they appear in the average adult member of a civilised community. The moral convictions of such a man do, for his own eye, take the form of a number of imperatives which he is

content to obey without asking too curiously after their origin or credentials. Hence, in virtue of its close affinity with the facts of the moral consciousness as they appear at a certain low level of reflection, Intuitionism of this reasonable sort has always proved a better guide in matters of practice than Hedonism, which, as soon it ceases to be an immoral paradox, seems fated to sink into a piece of empty tautology.

It is clear again that so long as we are concerned only with ethics apart from a theory of ultimate philosophy, Intuitionism has a marked advantage over any such doctrine of the formal Imperative as Kant's. Kant has been, in my judgment, unanswerably criticised both for making his imperatives categorical and for basing them on a purely formal principle, but it is against the latter point that the brunt of hostile criticism has always been directed. It would be possible, though after what we have said in earlier chapters it will be manifest that we do not think it would be reasonable, to maintain that the various moral "laws" which embody the conscientious convictions of civilised society admit of no exception, and that in every case where duty seems to demand the violation of them reflection would show that what seemed to be duty was really mere inclination in one of its numerous disguises. But it is not possible, except by playing with words or by tacitly taking into account the very material circumstances which you have professedly excluded, to evolve a whole system of concrete morality from a command not to behave inconsistently. To make the theory work, to bridge over the enormous gulf between formal inconsistency and wrong-doing, you must at least mentally interpret "inconsistency" to mean inconsistency with the general conditions imposed on human action by the particulars of our physical and social environment. If mere formal consistency with self be your moral ideal, any principle which cannot be expressed in the form of a merely identical judgment, $A = A$, violates the demand for consistency, and your only way to avoid sinning every time you act would be to do nothing at all. This point has been made so abundantly clear by the critics of Kant, from Hegel downwards, that we may fairly take it as finally established; were it not for a certain tendency to edification that it possesses, Kant's doctrine of the purely formal imperative would long ere this

which in all moral action we are more or less successfully striving to realise. Thus it is not from any perverse determination to make ethics fit at all costs into a preconceived metaphysical scheme, but by practical necessities which would have to be faced by the least metaphysical of moralists, that we are led to raise the question, which Intuitionism has always shirked, of the ultimate character of the moral ideal. Unless it can be shown that the apparent collision of duties and conflict of obligations of which we have spoken so much in earlier chapters is not real, but will be found in every case to vanish before close study and intelligent insight, Intuitionism must be admitted to be no more than what, according to our contention in chap. iv., all practical codes of ethics are—a convenient but unprincipled and ultimately unintelligible compromise between irreconcilable ideals. I have, however, devoted so much space in earlier chapters to this question of the reality of the collision of duties, that the reader would hardly thank me for repeating once more the arguments on which I have already rested my case.

The point which I would emphasise in the present connection is a slightly different one, but a full consideration of it is, I am convinced, no less fatal to the claims of Intuitionism to be anything more than a practically convenient but speculatively false account of the moral experience. Previous chapters have convinced us that, within one and the same individual, there are conflicting moral ideals which from time to time give rise to an insoluble conflict of obligations, and that the comparative rarity of such conflicts in our moral experience is due simply to the fact that the necessity of prompt action usually compels us to acquiesce in compromises for which there is often from the theoretical point of view very little to be said. This is in itself a sufficient refutation of ethical Intuitionism; but worse yet remains behind. Even if the Intuitionist could succeed in explaining away all cases of apparent conflict of obligations within the individual, we should still have to maintain that it is impossible, without violence to the facts of the moral experience, to construct a system of duties which shall be equally obligatory on all the individuals. The assumption common to the various Intuitionist theories, that an imperative which holds good for one member

the reader of a few of the leading results of our psychological analysis of the moral judgment. We found in chap. iii. that the real psychological facts expressed by the judgment, "I ought to do this," are the approval of the idea of the suggested action, together with the recognition that the action is expected of me. It may, as we saw, be expected by public opinion, by the God of my tribe or nation, or finally, at a high level of reflective self-consciousness, by myself. Similarly, a system of obligations means, when translated into psychological fact, a scheme of life which meets with my fixed and deliberate approval, and to which I am expected to conform, whether by my countrymen, my God, or my own clear and calm judgment.

Thus, ultimately, "I ought to do this" means, "the leaving of this undone would conflict with my deliberate judgment as to the type of life of which I approve and which I expect from myself," and "I ought not to do this" means, "though I should enjoy doing it, I should, by doing it, introduce confusion and failure into my endeavours after the type of life of which I approve." And I suppose we may safely follow Mr. Bosanquet in saying that a man of intelligence and experience becomes by the time he has reached mid-life practically infallible for himself—that is, the general scheme of life of which his deliberate judgment approves becomes substantially fixed and ~~more~~ against serious disturbance, either from changes in his ~~social~~ environment or from the sudden development of unexpected psychological peculiarities within himself.¹

that not to act in that way will involve disloyalty to the plan of life I consider rational and worthy, a further obligation to frame my convictions as to the rational type of life so as to harmonise with those of others! Can we ever say with complete confidence to another man, "You ought to approve what I approve, and if you do not, so much the worse for you"?

Two answers have at various times been given to this question, neither of which seems able to stand the test of thorough and impartial criticism. According to the extreme subjective view of the case,—a view which, though not represented by any name of note in philosophy, is not unknown in general literature,—my ethical convictions can never express more than my own personal preference¹ for one form of experience over another. If this were the case the *maxim de gustibus non est disputandum* would have to be extended from the region of aesthetic appreciations to that of the moral and practical judgment. In proportion as I have learned to know my own mind my system of preferences would indeed acquire a sort of obligatoriness for myself; it would, to say the least of it, be very ill-advised on my part for the sake of some momentary pleasure or advantage to jeopardise the realisation of those objects with which, as I have learned from painful experiences in the past, my lasting happiness is bound up, and hence even a moral judgment that expressed no more than a personal preference might reasonably exercise a strong compulsive influence upon the conduct of the person whose preference it recorded. But—upon the view we are contemplating—you would never be entitled to expect from another man more agreement with your ethical preferences than with your aesthetic appreciations. You would, in fact, have no more right to expect your neighbour to share your ideals of conduct than to share your opinion as to the relative merits of classical and Wagnerian music, your choice among liqueurs, or your preferences in cigars.

¹ Throughout the present argument I assume that the judgment expressing the preference is one of approbation (i.e. that it involves the ideal elements of memory and anticipation, and the sense of the difference between actual and possible experience), and not one of mere liking (i.e. not one which merely records the felt pleasantness of present sense-experience). Prof. Sidgwick's argument against reducing the ethical judgment to one of approbation (*Methods of Ethics*, bk. i. chap. iii.) appears to me to confound these two very different things. But English psychology is only just beginning to see that ideas are something more than "revived" sensations.

Indeed we might go even further. Not only would you not be justified in expecting the rest of the world to share your ideals, but you would not even be entitled to construct for your own satisfaction a standard by which to judge of the relative worth of different ideals or different men. You could not even say, "Though I do not demand that you shall have the same ethical preferences and ideals as myself, I do regard you as an inferior being because you do not have them." Every set of preferences which a man honestly feels, every ideal which fairly represents the type of existence which would give any human being lasting satisfaction, would have just as much claim to existence and to respect as any other. Though you could intelligibly say of yourself, "I shall be a worse man if I play false to my deliberately chosen ideal," you could not say of one man as compared with another—if only both were equally honest in knowing their own minds—that he was better or worse, but only that he was different.

A theory of this kind has obviously the merit of candour and simplicity, but it is not hard to see that it could hardly be maintained in its native simplicity without leading to serious difficulties and contradictions. On at least two points of cardinal importance its fundamental assumption is open to grave and, as it seems to me, fatal criticism. Your theory of the absolute subjectivity of all ethical preferences, we may say, is neither more nor less than the thorough-going working out of the old doctrine that "there is no disputing about tastes"; with the entire truth of this proposition the ethical deductions you draw from it must stand or fall. But the principle itself, like most pieces of proverbial wisdom, contains at least as much error as truth. It is not true that there can be "no disputing about tastes" in the sense in which your application of the adage requires.

For, (1) even if we consider only those simple and elementary experiences which were apparently originally meant by the "tastes" of the proverb, and to which it is most applicable, the statement is only very partially true. You may indeed argue that so long as a "taste" is taken to mean no more than the degree of pleasurable emotion aroused by a single sensible quality, it is no more reasonable to have one taste than to have another. A man, you may say, cannot be called un-

reasonable because he dislikes tomatoes or cigars or whiskey, nor reasonable because he likes them. If I happen to like a colour or a musical effect¹ which you dislike, my preference in the matter is just as good for me as yours is for you, and neither of us is justified in assuming the superiority of his own taste.

An argument of this kind, however, overlooks two obvious considerations. (a) There are *some* tastes which are, to begin with, of such a kind that the permanent enjoyment of them is, under the general conditions of human life, difficult or impossible. It does not, after all, come to the same thing whether you like wholesome food and dislike poison, or whether you like poison and dislike food. The relish for wholesome and necessary food is an almost indispensable condition of a life of lasting and steady contentment; the taste for poisons, if indulged, must lead directly to suffering and death. The one taste not only may be, but must be, present and must be gratified if you are to enjoy life at all; the other cannot be enjoyed except at rare intervals, and at the cost of ultimate misery.

And (b) even in the case of those "tastes" of which the presence or absence has no appreciable effect upon the duration and efficiency of life, the man who possesses the "innocent" taste has at least the advantage over others of possessing one means the more towards a life of full and rich satisfaction. This is true even of so insignificant a taste as the liking for some cheap and abundant addition to the fare which is necessary for the support of life. Consider, for instance, the case of the man who happens to "like" tomatoes or artichokes. As against the man who is without these or similar tastes, he has all the advantage of being able, without expense or difficulty, to introduce increased variety into his daily fare. When one reflects upon the extent to which the permanent and efficient discharge of the duties and functions of life depends upon a relish for one's food, which in turn depends to some extent upon the power to give to one's diet the charm of variety, and to avoid the indifference which comes from the everlasting consumption of the same articles, it seems only reasonable to admit that the possession of the taste for

¹ Here, however, we are already passing out of the region of "simple" tastes.

tomatoes and other such harmless preferences may well assist to make life, on the whole, richer in steady and permanent satisfaction.

And when we pass to preferences of a more ideal kind, such as the "taste" for music or pictures, it becomes even more apparent that every additional preference of this kind affords added opportunities for a contented and efficient existence. As against the man who is simply devoid of any preferences except those which are absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the physical organism, the man of many and varied "tastes" may justly claim that his life—even if neither longer nor physically healthier by reason of his "tastes"—is far the richer and fuller in sources of permanent satisfaction, and therefore, from the point of view of individual completeness, the worthier existence of the two. Unless we are prepared to deny the effect of paucity of interest and monotony of existence upon the general emotional tone of the vital series, we must assert that *de gustibus est disputandum*.

Again, (2) after all, the majority of cases where men differ in their preferences are not so simple as those we have been considering. A difference in artistic taste commonly means not so much a disagreement as to the pleasure-pain value of simple elementary sensation as a dispute about the degree of vigour, sincerity, and consistency with which certain principles as to which there is no essential difference have been carried out. If I cannot be told "you ought to prefer this simple tint to that," I cannot unreasonably be told "you ought to admire strong, sincere, and elevated work; you ought to turn unsatisfied away from tawdry colouring, bad drawing, vulgar sentimentalism, shallow theatricality." Here the "ought" seems to mean "you are logically bound, in consequence of principles the validity of which you do not and cannot deny, to prefer the work in which these principles find adequate and consistent expression to that which is constantly setting them at nought through ignorance, or through cheap straining after effect." Just as the more comprehensive experience of the man of many tastes must be pronounced—in virtue of its comprehensiveness—worthier than that of the man of few, so the experience which reveals itself in a system of connected and coherent preferences must—even from the most subjective

point of view--be pronounced worthier, in virtue of its very consistency and coherency, than that which is perpetually perplexed, hesitating, and self-contradictory.¹

These considerations lose none of their force when the "tastes" in question are supposed to be concerned with matters of practice, and to be expressed in a system of ethical preferences. That system of moral preferences which indicates a more comprehensive or a more harmonious and ordered experience is so far worthier than that which springs from narrowness of intellectual range or confusion and contradiction of thought. The fact that some types of life are much more comprehensive than others, and the companion fact that some lives are such that it is impossible to live them out without either catastrophe or hypocrisy, of themselves dispose of the doctrine which forbids us ever to make statements about the relative moral worth of different men.

On the other hand, the familiar Intuitionist views seem to err as much in the direction of exaggerating as the view just rejected does in that of depreciating the objective value of my system of ethical preferences. According to the Intuitionist view, I ought always to be able to generalise "I ought" into "you and he ought." But if we were right just now in contending that "I ought" ultimately means "I must, unless I am prepared to be false to my plan of life," it will at once appear that I cannot pass without further justification from "I ought" to "you ought." I ought to do this because it is a part of a general plan of life which, if realised, will provide due scope for my various energies, and thus give me the general satisfaction of my most persistent cravings and most eager anticipations. But what if there is no such relation between the act in question and the type of life which would in like manner employ your abilities and satisfy your needs? If, as we have said, obligation is primarily a *psychological* fact, what is meant by asserting the

¹ I may seem to have overlooked the not uncommon case of the consistent preference of vulgar and inferior work. This is, however, probably met by what has been said about the superior worthiness of the more comprehensive experience. That a man regularly and steadily expresses admiration of vulgar work in any branch of art means that he has not the "tastes" which give really fine work its meaning. The true work of art is in fact to him simply unmeaning. He has not that "experience of both pleasures" on which Plato lays such stress. To have experience of both would infallibly be to prefer the one and condemn the other.

existence of the fact when the psychological conditions by which it is created are absent?

To take a concrete case: a certain concession to appetite may for me be an act of treason against the objects to which my life has been devoted; in you the same indulgence may leave the attainment of the objects for which you are living untouched, or may even—conceivably—further them.¹ In that case can I say that “you ought” to abstain from the indulgence in the same sense of the words in which I say that “I ought”? Is it not the more logical as well as the more moral attitude to say, “This would be exceedingly wrong in me, but I cannot pronounce upon its rightness or wrongness for you”? If we are to go beyond such a statement with any confidence we must, I think, do so on the ground of special personal knowledge of the character and aims of the person with whom we are dealing, and not on the strength of the mere “universality” of moral judgments. I can see no way from the conclusion that the ethical judgment is primarily the expression of a subjective preference, and that the “universe” within which it is “universally” valid is primarily that of the experiences of a single individual.²

It must be carefully observed that the limitation thus placed upon the universality of the moral judgment in no way weakens its imperative force within the sphere where it is directly and properly applicable. If a certain act would amount for me to treason against everything for which I count it worth while to live, it is none the less imperatively forbidden to me because I may doubt how far it would involve similar disloyalty on the part of others. Nor does our doctrine, when rightly understood, assert without qualification that obligation ceases along with the consciousness of obligation, or that there is not some secondary sense in which I can intelligibly maintain that another man “ought” to recognise a duty which he actually ignores.

¹ *E.g.* You may make the indulgence of your lusts a stepping-stone to the realisation of your ambition, as Cleopatra perhaps did.

² It would be no answer to this contention to appeal to the influence, which we all admit, of social opinion in forming the individual's preference. For we are not now speaking of the origin but of the validity or scope of reference of the ethical judgment.

There are clearly two different sources in either of which I can say that you ought to admit an obligation which you profess not to recognise. You may, when formulating your system of approbations, overlook or even deny the existence in yourself of judgments of approval to which nevertheless your actions bear unmistakable witness; then I can at once say, "you ought to admit this obligation" in the sense that until you do so your statement of your own principles does not adequately correspond with the facts of your life. In this case "you ought" means "you must, if your theory is to correspond with your practice." Or again, I may be speaking of some judgment of approval which you neither recognise in theory nor conform with in practice, and I may mean to say that the conditions of a satisfactory life in general, or of the kind of life that would satisfy you in particular, are such as logically involve the approbation in question. Then I mean by "you ought," "you must unless you are prepared to play false to your own scheme of life."

Only in this case it is clear that my contention needs to be borne out by knowledge both of the general social environment and of the psychological peculiarities of the person I am addressing. Where there is a marked difference between us in racial characteristics, heredity, surroundings, or personal temperament, it becomes a matter of the greatest difficulty to infer from my own case what would or would not be moral treason to principle in some one else. I can with some confidence argue from my own duties to those of Englishmen of my own calling and social status; with less confidence and in fairly simple cases I may argue to those of Englishmen of a different class and profession; with still less confidence and in terms of still more generality I may reach some conclusions about the duties of other Europeans, but it would certainly be very difficult for me to make any but the most vague and general assertions as to what "ought to be" the ethical preferences of a Malay or a Chinaman. Their fundamental racial characteristics, the social organisation of which they are members, are so unlike anything that I know of myself and my fellow-countrymen that it would be the height of presumption in me to dogmatise about the type of life which

would on the whole afford them lasting satisfaction, and would find its expression in their system of ethical preferences.

In cases where such enormous differences between the fundamental psychological characteristics of individuals or races come into play, the assertion "you ought to choose as I do" takes on, as it seems to me, an entirely different meaning. It ceases to reflect a supposed psychological fact and becomes virtually a command. From one member of a social organisation to another "you ought" may reasonably be held to mean "I am sure you would find your account in this"; where it is addressed to individuals or classes standing upon an entirely different level of civilisation, or belonging to widely different types of civilisation, it can only be taken to mean, "adopt my system of preferences, or disappear." It is, in fact, simply the expression of my determination that my system of preferences and not yours shall prevail in the ceaseless competition for survival among moral ideals. If you are a Malay or a Chinaman I am no longer justified in arguing that a code of preferences which would be impossible for me may not be forced on you in virtue of your most fundamental psychological characteristics, or that the system which does correspond to my deepest needs would be so much as tolerable for you. So far, then, I cannot intelligibly assert that what is obligatory—in the strict psychological sense—for me is or could be obligatory for you. But I can, and if I am sufficiently imbued with the temper of a dominant race, very probably shall, resolve that I will *make* my system of preferences obligatory upon you by forcing you to choose between conformity to them and extermination.

This is, as it seems to me, the only intelligible sense in which it is possible to maintain the universality of all ethical imperatives as such. The imperatives in which my deepest convictions as to the kind of life which is satisfactory, and therefore rational, are expressed, are binding on me in the special sense that violation of them is treason to my deliberately adopted plan of life; I may fairly conclude that they are binding upon others in the same sense just in so far as others resemble me in psychological constitution and social environment. Outside these narrow limits the "universality" of the imperatives in which my preferences are expressed is in the

strictest sense of the word a "postulate" and not a psychological fact. It means neither more nor less than my determination to give to my preferences the "universality" which they do not at present possess, by confronting individuals and societies which do not share them with the choice between submission and extinction.

"The Koran or the sword" is only an epigrammatic way of describing the situation which arises whenever competing systems of preferences are brought into close quarters with one another. The wider the gulf between the two systems the less possible is it to make converts from the one to the other—as is abundantly illustrated by the history of the various missionary religions of the world. Where the difference between the systems of preferences is but slight, one of them may prevail by the speedy method of wholesale conversion; this has frequently been the case with Islam. It is precisely because the gulf between the moral and religious ideals of Islam and those of the tribes—African or Asiatic—which have embraced it is comparatively trifling that Islam more than any other religious system has been able to extend itself permanently by means of huge national conversions. Western Christianity, on the other hand, precisely because it has come in the course of centuries of elaboration to be a profound reflection of the fundamental needs of the Western peoples, is so alien to the basal psychological characteristics of Oriental peoples that its direct conversions are extraordinarily few, and its hopes lie, as would now be generally admitted by its most convinced champions, not in the conversion of the existing generation, but in the slow modification, by the all-permeating influence of education, of the racial character of peoples and the gradual evolution of generations with a new psychical constitution and new needs.

For the same reason it would be at least presumptuous to anticipate, on any grounds of reason as distinct from faith in a supernatural revelation, that the influence of Christianity, if it should ever be nominally embraced by an Oriental people, could be as profound or as permanent as that of systems which appear to us ethically inferior, but have the advantage of having developed entirely on Oriental soil, and thus of expressing without foreign accretions the fundamental peculiarities

of the Oriental character. If the whole world is ever to be converted to Christianity, one may conjecture that it will be by the gradual extinction of the vast majority of the existing races of mankind, and the reduction of all the present variety of psychological constitution to one or two types—such, for instance, as the Russian or the Anglo-Saxon. It is for a polemical purpose and as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Erastianism of Hobbes that Locke contrasts the propositions “you ought to do this” and “the leviathan will kill you if you do not do this;” but really, when addressed by the dominant Englishman to his Hindu or African subject, the assertion “you ought to adopt my code of ethics or my religion” is after all tantamount to some such threat. Only the leviathan of fact works in a more leisurely and less sensational fashion than the leviathan of philosophic fiction, and kills not by sword or rope so much as by the slower but more certain and more wholesale process of “civilisation.”

In a word, the “universal laws” of the moralist may be for himself and for those like-minded with himself “laws” in the ordinary scientific sense—statements of fact as to the line of conduct in which he and they find their ultimate satisfaction and lasting peace; for all the rest of mankind they are laws as the positive commands of a ruler are laws—the “orders” of a superior who possesses the power to enforce his will, and will not fail to exercise it. “Thou shalt not steal” may mean for me “you cannot do it and be loyal to yourself”; when I repeat it to you it signifies, in the majority of cases, simply, “I will take care to the best of my power that you shall not do it, or if you do, I will in one way or another civilise you off the face of the earth.”

It is a pleasing dream that “civilised morality” corresponds so universally to the felt needs of all mankind that all would find their account in it if they were wise enough to know their own wants; the fact is, it is one of *our* needs that “civilised morality” should reign supreme, and we satisfy that need by the endeavour to create a population which will find its account in the system. As for the dissentient outsiders, whom we are pleased to think we are “civilising,” what we are really doing is by exterminating them to prepare the way for the creation of the future race that is to

share our ideals. Sometimes the extermination is effected by Maxim guns, sometimes by the maxims of the missionary and the schoolmaster. But in either case the principle is the same: our secret object, if we only knew it, is not to imbue existing communities with our ideals so much as to clear the way for the future creation of new communities in which those ideals may have the world-wide recognition without which we cannot rest contented.

It is probably indeed much more for our own satisfaction than because we believe them necessary to the satisfaction of the native population that we attempt to force our culture, our institutions, and our religion upon India or China. It is not the Hindu or the Chinaman, but we ourselves, who will "not be happy till" we get them. It is with profound philosophic insight that Nietzsche treats the moralist as an incarnation of the "will towards power," and describes him as a "creator of new values" and a "breaker of the old Tables." Or, at the risk of wearying the reader by the repetition of what is after all a very simple though a very important truth, we may say once more that the categorical character of the moral imperative represents, when rightly interpreted, the moralist's personal determination to create a society in which his preferences shall have the universal validity which at present belongs to few or none of them.¹

I do not know whether these reflections upon the meaning of "obligation" and "validity" will meet with the reader's approval: to me the conclusion we have arrived at seems unavoidable so long as you accept our premisses, which were, that whatever is real must be in the last resort reducible to some fact or facts which fall within an actual experience. This, it will be remembered, was not only the principle assumed in our present discussion, but the fundamental assumption with which our whole examination of ethical facts started. The purport of the present discussion may therefore be said to be the elimination from our concepts of validity and obligation of the "symbolic" elements which in common usage they include, and the definition of them as far as possible in terms

¹ A visitor from another planet might smile at the conviction that western civilisation is worth perpetuating at the cost of exterminating all other types, but a western moralist can, after all, only say with Nietzsche's hero, "Da stehe ich schon als Europäer, ich kann nicht anders, Gott helfe mir!" Nietzsche, vi. 449.

of "pure" experience. Of the legitimacy of the use we have made of that principle the reader must be the judge, but we are at least entitled to point out that, if our deductions from it are legitimate, they can only be met by an assault on the principle itself. The attempt to reaffirm the "objective universality" of ethical imperatives by rhetorical appeals to "conscience" or "common sense" would in fact be as futile as the various attempts to meet Hume's analysis of "necessary connection" and "personal identity" with the same retort.

Our main philosophical contention is, indeed, identical with that of Hume; like him we have urged that in so far as a proposition is true it must directly or indirectly be a statement about *Erlebnisse*—things which either actually form the contents of an experience or would, under definitely known conditions, form the contents of an experience,¹ and that concepts which cannot stand the test of reduction to such a statement must contain a greater or less amount of "illusion of the mind." Where the "illusion of the mind" comes in in the case of the current ideas about the universality of ethical imperatives we have tried to show, I know not with what success. But it should in any case be clear that if we are to be refuted it must be by exhibiting defects in our analysis and not by the appeal to "common sense."

It is, indeed, the distinguishing mark of common sense to disregard all elements of illusion which do not affect the usefulness of an idea for immediate practical purposes; the man of common sense is he who, as Aristotle phrases it, does not expect "more accuracy than the case admits of." Now for the purposes of immediate practice it is quite sufficient for me to know that a given ethical obligation is imperatively binding upon myself, and that my ideal of life for myself and my society cannot be attained unless I am prepared to enforce it to the extent of my power upon my fellows. With this degree of categoricity and universality, then, full justice is done to the claims of practical common

¹ The two cases are, of course, ultimately reducible to one. Any statement as to what I should experience under conditions which are not actually realisable can be ultimately resolved into a series of statements about that which I experience under actual conditions. Thus "Venus has phases like the moon," only differs from, "if I could be placed upon the surface of Venus the earth would appear to me to have phases like the moon," by the greater directness of its reference to conditions which have been actually realised in experience.

sense. The further purely speculative question as to whether the ethical judgment can be called universal in a wider sense must be settled not by the off-hand verdict of "common sense" but by philosophical and psychological analysis.

Meanwhile two remarks may fairly be made in answer to the charge, which is likely to be brought against us, of treating moral obligation as a purely personal and subjective affair. (1) Our doctrine seems in any case to be no more than the logical statement of the familiar Protestant principle of the supremacy of conscience. For, on its positive side, our view simply says that for *me* there can be no court of appeal from the deliberate verdict of my own reason, properly informed as to material facts, upon the course of life which will satisfy my deepest and most permanent psychical needs. As against this deliberate verdict of reason, we say that neither the fact that my "duty" is unpleasant nor the fact that my neighbours feel themselves under no such obligation can be allowed for a moment to count. Whatever be the case with them, I at least have no right to indulge in enjoyment or forego exertion, nor, let me add, to indulge in exertion or forego enjoyment, at the cost of disloyalty to myself.

And, on the negative side, our theory says no more than is said by the religion which most of us profess to respect when it forbids us to judge our brother. We cannot, indeed, be fully in earnest with our own ethical ideals unless we are convinced that society, as well as ourselves, would lead a worthier life if it approximated more nearly to the realisation of them; hence all sincere moral action involves a "creation of new tables," an attempt to do our part towards uncreating the social fabric, in so far as it is inconsistent with our cherished ideals, and remoulding it "nearer to the heart's desire." Warfare, with ethical ideals which are opposed to our own, is thus an inevitable characteristic of all really sincere morality; but when we pass from the practical endeavour to create a society in which our ideals shall be paramount to the speculative assertion that existing communities, however far removed from ourselves by racial characteristics, "ought" to exchange their ideals for our own, we are exchanging the part of combatants for that of judges and arbitrators in our own cause. We are arrogating to ourselves a function that by

right belongs only to God and to history. Where one of the conflicting ideals is related to the other, as the more to the less harmonious or comprehensive, in *codem genere*, this assumption of the judicial position may, as we have seen, be defended; where the fundamental differences are so great as to permit of no such comparison, modesty bids us admit that *θεὸς δὲν μόνος τοῦτ' ἔχει γέρας*.

What, then, are we that we should take it upon us to say that the world's life would finally be worthiest for the abolition of all ideals but one, and that one ours? How much more becoming our poor human estate, while we fight for the supremacy of the system of preferences which we think worthiest, to refrain from hasty assertions about its obligacy on others, and to leave the final judgment on its claims to world-wide dominion in the hands of time.¹ We may say, indeed, that our ideal is the only one which is fully in harmony with the facts of human nature and the direction of human progress. But we must not forget that there may be very different interpretations of the facts of human nature and of human progress, and that in deciding in favour of our own interpretation we are usurping the position of judges in our own cause.

(2) And, again, it is not moral truths only, but all truths which involve a subjective element which becomes more and more noticeable precisely in proportion as our truths become more far-reaching and more profound. In an ordinary judgment expressive of immediate sense-perceptions the subjective side commonly passes unnoticed, just because the subjective conditions upon which the validity of the judgment depends are so comparatively simple and easy of ascertainment that we do not think it necessary to remind ourselves of their existence. "Grass is green"—under normal conditions of illumination—to every one but the blind or the colour-blind; the limitations imposed by subjective conditions upon the universality of the judgment are so obvious that it is not necessary to refer to them, but they are not for that any the less real. Most men are sufficiently alike as regards colour

¹ "Vieler Edlen nämlich bedarf es, und vielerlei Edlen, dass es Adel gebe! Oder, wie ich einst im Gleichniss sprach: Das eben ist Göttlichkeit, dass es Götter, aber keinen Gott, giebt." Nietzsche, vi. 296.

perception, yet there always remain the 2 per cent, or whatever the proportion may be, who are "red-green blind," and the proposition "grass is green" is, therefore, strictly speaking, not of universal objective validity.

The simpler propositions of the physical sciences again stand on a very similar footing. The general subjective conditions which must be present, for instance, in order that the various steps of a simple chemical experiment, as described in a text-book of the subject, may be observed in my personal experience, are so few and so elementary that their presence may be assumed in practically any normally constituted human being. But even in the physical sciences this ceases to be the case as soon as you come to deal with statements involving protracted trains of highly specialised observations or experiments. The series of judgments—for instance, which would be required in order to set out at length in words the information pictorially conveyed by a drawing representing the appearance of a section of the spinal cord under the microscope, is, properly speaking, true only for one who has gone through that very special preliminary training which we call "learning to use" the microscope. Such a drawing would, in point of fact, be untrue if it were presented as corresponding to what I or any other observer without this special training might see, as we have already remarked in chap. i.

Still more markedly subjective, I apprehend, are the judgments in which a practised man of science might attempt to express his most fundamental convictions about the general nature of things, his *wissenschaftliche Weltanschauung*. That is something which is based not so much on this or that or the other series of investigations as upon the total character of his whole intellectual life, and I suppose we might fairly say, you could not really enter into the scientific man's full convictions about the truth even of the purely physical world by merely making yourself acquainted with his leading investigations or even by repeating them; to share his thought in the fullest sense you would have to have had his experience, to have lived yourself into his life.

Of our judgments upon matters which demand knowledge of the concrete facts of the mental order, this is even more

glaringly true. The statements of a comprehensive work on psychology, for instance, would only be fully true for a reader whose intellectual and emotional development had been very closely akin to that of the psychologist. For the writer's views on all questions affecting the higher and more complex forms of intellectual and emotional life derive all their value from the intensity of his own emotional and intellectual experiences; in this sphere, at any rate, no man can write with comprehension of what he has not lived through, and his highest truths will be true only for those who have lived through the same experiences.

So, again, every system of metaphysics or philosophy that is worth anything must be the sincere expression of intense individual life; a man's metaphysics, after all, may be said to be worthless unless they represent his special way of experiencing the Deity, and hence no metaphysic of value can ever be true to a student or disciple in the same way in which it was true to its author. For this very reason an intelligent critic of the great philosophers cannot but feel that even his most searching criticisms more than half miss the mark. What the most unanswerable criticism shatters is, after all, only the philosophical system as it is imperfectly conceived by disciples and antagonists, not the same system as it reflects the deepest characteristics of the master's intellectual life. It is impossible, for instance, not to feel that the "Hegelian philosophy" has never really existed since the death of Hegel. Neither to disciple nor to antagonist can the kaleidoscopic procession of categories in the Hegelian Logic be, what it manifestly was to Hegel, the natural and direct expression of the experiences of a rich personal intellectual and emotional life. One may, in a way, think one's self into them, but they remain at best a half-foreign framework into which our experiences have to be forced, a Procrustean bed which is either too short or too long for every one but Procrustes himself—in fact a kind of intellectual "cant."

Thus one may say that no philosophy can, in the fullest sense, be true for any one but its author, and further, that no philosophy that is worth having can be picked up by the mere reading of the works of philosophers. To study philosophy you

must yourself "philosophise." All and more than all that original work in the observatory or laboratory is to the study of physical science the possession of a strong and varied individual life, both intellectual and emotional, is to philosophy. In short, exactly as knowledge goes deeper and concerns itself more with the full concrete realities of our experience the more prominent does its subjective side become. The more abstract and superficial the results of your thinking the easier is it, and the more concrete and profound those results the harder is it to sever them from the rest of the individual experience of which they form a part.

It is with ethical judgments then precisely as it is with all thoughts; so long as they are no more than vague abstract generalities they may possess an almost equal validity for communities sundered from one another by wide differences of racial character and history, but the moment you give adequate expression in your ethical judgments to your own concrete ideal in life, you are *eo ipso* narrowing the space of their application. What is so true that it is equally true for everybody is at least not *the* truth for anybody. So far, at least, we may adopt as our own the adage about "tastes" which we have criticised unfavourably a few pages back. We may and must admit that in proportion as any system of judgments becomes an adequate expression of any experience it tends also to become the expression of an individual experience.

Much idle and acrimonious philosophical controversy might have been avoided if only philosophers and their critics alike had always borne this fact in mind as they ought. We should then indeed have heard less about "eternal and immutable morality," about "universal and necessary *a priori* judgments," and about the claims of contending systems to be the "absolute" philosophy; but, by way of compensation for this loss, we should have learned to comprehend the great philosophers more sympathetically as we realised that it is only by living, as far as possible, through their experiences, not by mere "external" reflections upon the advantages and the difficulties of their theories, that their full meaning has to be grasped. We should undoubtedly be worse partisans, worse Aristotelians, Kantians, Hegelians, if we pursued our philosophical studies in this spirit; but I am not so sure that we should not be

better philosophers or, if the name be thought too ambitious, better students of philosophy. To condense the drift of the argument into a sentence, we may say the only possible "proof" of a system of philosophy is to find your own experiences mirrored in its categories, the only "refutation" to have lived through them and to have found that experience is deeper and subtler than theory. And thus to be one's self a true philosopher one would need to have alike "proven" and "refuted" all the philosophies.

have seen, argue from "I ought" to "he and she ought," except on the basis of special information as to the psychological constitution and social surroundings of the persons about whom we are arguing.

But to admit so much as this is also to admit that Intuitionism has no answer to our difficulties about the existence of contradictory aspects in the moral ideal. All that is left of Intuitionism, if our criticism be well founded, is the doctrine that you ought in any given case to act in the way that seems to you, on full examination of the facts, to be most in accord with your fundamental ethical preferences. Whether it is possible to have a system of preferences that does not involve at least the theoretical conflict between finally irreconcilable ideals is a question which Intuitionism leaves precisely where it found it. We are therefore justified in saying that, whatever may be the practical usefulness of the Intuitionist assumption as a guide to immediate action, it entirely fails to remove the difficulties under which a philosophic account of the ultimate character of moral conduct appears to labour. Whether by sufficiently widening our concept of the system to the good of which moral action conduces those difficulties can be made to disappear without our abandoning the peculiarly ethical standpoint—in a word, whether the strictly-ethical experience can be made self-consistent—we proceed to discuss in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII

THE GOAL OF ETHICS

Trasumanar significar *per verba*
Non si poria ; però l' esemplo basti
A cui esperienza grazia serba.

DANTE.

WE have at the end of the last chapter found ourselves thrown back upon the old problem of the apparently insuperable duality of the moral ideal. In the present chapter we purpose to take up this problem once more, to ask how far and on what lines it is soluble within the limits of the ethical experience, and how far that experience would need to be modified in order to set it finally free from the taint of self-contradiction. The results to which our inquiry leads us will then be found to afford a transition from the merely ethical to a higher and more comprehensive type of experience. In attempting to free itself from its inherent inconsistencies morality will be found to transform itself into religion, and the change will necessitate the abandonment of certain concepts and categories, which we have seen to be of universal application within the limits of morality proper. The concluding chapter of our Essay will discuss the nature of these necessary modifications, and the relation of the type of religious experience in which our practical aspirations and emotions seem to find their final satisfaction to the intellectual experience of the man of science, as well as to the ideal of "pure" experience imagined by the metaphysician. The procedure of these chapters will necessarily be in the main critical—critical, that is, of the forms and categories of types of experience which we find as actually given in the life of ourselves and our fellow-men. Incidentally, however, if our methods and principles of criticism are just,

our examination ought to contribute some positive results to a constructive theory of both morality and religion.

We have, first of all, then, to consider and give our final answer to the question that has, in one form or another, been confronting us through the last two chapters. How far, and along what lines, is a consistent theory of the end of human action possible within the limits of ethical science? I must of course explain before going any further what I mean by the phrase "the limits of ethical science." The restriction will be best understood by a reference to the analysis of the ethical judgment which we attempted in our third chapter. We there decided that the most elementary ethical experience is one of disapproval or approval—one, that is, in which an idea of what might be is, with greater or less explicitness, compared and contrasted with what actually is. It was in the transition from "I like it" to "It is not so, but I should like it to be so," that we found the first crude beginnings of the moral life. And it was further implied in our discussion that the formation of systems of approving and disapproving judgments is materially conditioned by the fact that the approving individual is an integral member of some wider community of beings who, like himself, are capable of approbation and disapprobation, and that the expressed preferences of the individual and the rest of the community exercise a powerful reciprocal influence on one another. Now what I mean by strictly ethical experience, or experience within the limits of ethical science, is an experience which, to whatever degree of complexity it may have developed, has not transcended these initial conditions. It is characteristic, that is, of the ethical attitude towards the world that it never gets beyond the contrast of the actual and the possible. It is assumed in all practical morality that the aim of my conduct is to make real some state of things which as yet exists only in idea, and further, that the realisation of this "end" is to be brought about by the agency of myself¹ and other intelligent but finite and imperfect beings.

Reduced to its simplest elements this statement means—

¹ I need hardly say I attach no ulterior implications to the use of this word; "by the agency of myself" is, for us, only a shorter way of saying "as a result of movements on the part of myself."

from the psychological point of view,—that morality as such depends for its existence upon two fundamental peculiarities of human mental life,—the consciousness of time and the existence of ideas as distinct from both sensations and perceptions. Whether these two peculiarities are not ultimately reducible to one is a question which I do not at present feel competent to discuss, though it certainly looks at first sight as if the consciousness of time depended on the possession of ideas. Perhaps I ought to add that the “consciousness of time” here referred to as indispensable to morality means more than the apprehension of an empirical “present.” It involves the recognition of certain stages in the process, part of which fills the “empirical present,” as past and of others as yet to come. I am not contending in what follows that the contents of a “pure” experience would not occupy a sensible duration, but only that, if they do, the whole duration must be apprehended as we apprehend the duration of an “empirical present” (for which see L. T. Hobhouse, *The Theory of Knowledge*, p. 51, ff.). To adopt a distinction made by Spinoza in a letter to Ludwig Meyer, the existence of morality presupposes not only *duration* but *time*, i.e. duration considered in abstraction from the mode *quo a rebus aeternis fluit*, and known as embracing past and future as well as present.

Had the distinction of “present” and “future” no meaning for us, or again had we no conscious states understood as carrying a reference to an experience outside themselves, we should know nothing of good and bad, or right and wrong. We should live entirely in the present, enjoying and suffering, but never approving or blaming. On the other hand, if we could so transform our apprehension of the world as to bring it into harmony with the standard concept of a “pure” experience, we should *ipso facto* have got beyond morality. For with the attainment of an experience completely adequate to the whole content of reality, and absolutely concordant with itself, the ideal types of psychical life would be merged in direct intuition. Where a single experience embraced the whole system of reality there would be no opportunity for the “outward reference” or “interpretation” which is the special characteristic of the idea. In an ex-

perience that already contained everything without confusion and without contradiction nothing could possibly "stand for" anything else, for there would be nothing left to stand for. Hence the characteristically moral attitude of blaming and approving would find no place in such a pure or completed experience. And, in fact, we shall see in the next chapter that it is precisely in transcending these states of mind that the religious experience shows itself to be a step nearer the ideal of a "pure" experience than the "ethical."

Thus it would not be going too far to say that our moral life is in itself a consequence and a sign of the anomalous position of man in the universe, standing as he does "a little lower than God" and at the same time a good deal higher than the animals. Could we become either as the beasts which perish or as the gods which live for ever, the curtain might be rung down over the "tedious brief scene and very tragical mirth" of this our conflict between the desire of the heart and the achievement of the hand; but it is the secret alike of the tragedy and the mirth of our situation that man is doomed to oscillate everlastingly between two poles, the divine and the bestial, without ever quite rising to the one or sinking wholly to the other. For the Sisypheus of the creation existence is only another name for a prolonged struggle towards an ever-receding ideal,—a struggle which seems indeed to be transcended by certain types of experience, such as those of evangelical religion—only, however, to break out again at a higher level and with renewed intensity, as we shall see in our next chapter.

Any form of experience, then, in which the contrast between the ideal and the actual appears even for a moment as overcome lies outside the limits within which the conceptions of ethics are valid. All experiences, for instance, in which human successes and human failures are alike envisaged as integral constituents of a scheme which in its entirety is already perfect, or as the realisation of a divine will for which there is no distinction between the "is" and the "should be," must be regarded as being ultra-ethical. And any religious solution of the difficulties we have raised about the coherency of the moral ideal with itself must therefore be excluded from the scope of this chapter, in which we are concerned to discuss the

possibility of a solution which will not take us beyond the bounds of ethics, pure and simple. For the purpose of the present discussion we have to consider the discrepancy between our ideals and the facts of our situation as given and as demanding abolition by purely finite and human agency.

It will be clear from the whole tone of our previous argument that any reconciliation of the conflicting aspects of the ethical ideal which can be effected within the limits thus prescribed must, in our opinion, be merely approximate, or, as we have often insisted, any workable ethical theory must be at heart a compromise. It is conceivable, however, that, even within strictly ethical limits, there may be very different degrees of approximation to the comprehensiveness and self-consistency which we demand from an intelligible ideal, and it will therefore be one object of the present discussion to describe that moral ideal in which this approximation seems to be carried to the furthest possible point.

Previous discussions will have prepared us to anticipate that, upon the whole, the two requisites of harmoniousness and comprehensiveness are closely connected, and that, in general, where there is a want of comprehensiveness in the moral ideals of an individual or a community there will also be a lack of internal coherency, while, on the other hand, the most coherent type of civilisation will also be the most comprehensive, not perhaps as regards the mere number of the individuals who are admitted to share in its benefits, but as regards the variety of interests embraced and the degree of differentiation existing between the various individuals and sub-classes comprised within the community.¹ We are thus led to expect that a purely individualistic ethical aim will fall further short of the completeness and internal consistency which belong to every true ideal than one which embraces the whole population of a civilised community, and that the ethical activity which finds a sufficient scope for itself within the bounds of a single civilised community, will again be surpassed in both comprehensiveness and harmony by that which finds all limits other than those of a world-wide beneficence too narrow for itself.

In following out this line of thought a little further

¹ It is, in fact, this coincidence of harmony with comprehensiveness that affords the philosophical basis for Aristotle's attack upon the Communism of Plato.

life that could be lived with success in a small homogeneous slave-holding community.

And, for similar reasons, a really world-wide culture, unrestricted by the limits at present set to life by national prejudices and antipathies, though harder of achievement, would be, in its individual manifestations, more comprehensive than the most varied and comprehensive culture resting upon a merely national basis. In a word, the more complex the whole within which the individual is a unit, the more difficult of attainment, but at the same time the richer and more varied the possibilities of individual development presented to him. Even from the purely egoistic view, one stands to win more, though one's chance of winning the stake is probably less, under modern than under Hellenic conditions of life. Some sort of ethical relationship with numerous and diverse individuals seems the first pre-requisite of a really wide and varied personal culture. In this sense at least it is true even of the egoists of our modern world, that they receive but what they give. As Aristotle had already said, "Even if the good be one and the same for the individual and the city, it is a greater and more perfect achievement to secure or retain the good of the whole city. One must be content, then, if the good can be achieved for a single individual, but it is a noble and divine work to achieve it for a people or for cities."

We must bear in mind, then, throughout the following pages two facts, or rather the double aspects of what is at the bottom but a single fact: (1) that "comprehensiveness" reveals itself no less within the limits of the single life than in the organisation of the whole community, and (2) that even in criticising the egoistic ideal of life we are conceiving the egoist not as a solitary, but as so far at any rate a corporate member of a community, as to be able to avail himself of the resources accumulated and provided by the community for the purposes of his individual self-culture.

It has too often been forgotten by moralists of recent years that egoism is not refuted by merely pointing out the impossibility of living in utter isolation from one's fellows. The genuine egoist—by whom I mean the man with whom what Butler calls "cool self-love" is really the rule of life—is perhaps the last person likely to regard

the life of a Crusoe with admiration. For the attainment of a really high degree of egoistic self-culture one requires at least the services, if not the affection, of one's fellow-men as well as the co-operation of others who are pursuing the same ideal. Even the most narrowly individualistic and self-centred of collectors of antiquities or works of art finds some degree of community with others who are interested in the same pursuit, as well as some degree of social organisation sufficient to provide the machinery necessary for the discovery and purchase of his treasures, indispensable, and would hardly be willing to live in a world without brother-collectors or dealers in the antique. Even in his vices the egoist is not absolutely unsociable; there are few vices which it is possible to indulge in entire isolation from one's fellows, and as they are not considered particularly reputable even by the vicious, perhaps we had better say no more about them.

If, then, we are to pass an intelligent verdict upon egoism as a theory of life we must understand from the outset that our egoist is not banished, like the Crusoes and De Rougemonts of fiction, to an uninhabited island or a sand-spit, but is, like other men, a member of a civilised society, so far at least as to be able to use the organisation of that society as machinery for obtaining his objects, and presumably also so far as to include among those objects some degree of intercourse with other persons whose tastes are similar to his own. In the same way, in discussing the ultimate satisfactoriness of the life of wider benevolence or social service, we must constantly bear in mind that we are dealing not with the mere sentimental enthusiast for general humanitarian principles, which stand in no special relation to the needs and opportunities of any human society in particular, but with the man of practical insight as well as of generous impulses, whose schemes of benevolent activity are conditioned by and proportioned to the needs of an actually existing community, and capable of at least partial realisation by the aid of existing social machinery. We are, in fact, comparing the lives, not of the "God or beast" who exists apart from fellowship with his kind and of the citizen, but of the citizen who in the main treats civic fellowship with his kind as a means to his personal satisfactions; and of the other type of citizen who, at least to a large extent,

treats his own gifts and attainments as so much property held in trust for the benefit of his kind.

Let us begin, then, by asking how far a consistent account of the moral ideal is possible within the limits of an individual life. In a sense, of course, this limit is one which no ethical theory can transcend. Every ethical ideal, however exalted and far-reaching, remains primarily the ideal of an individual, the formula in which an individual finds the most coherent and adequate account of his own most deeply-rooted preferences. If, for instance, we were to decide for the ideal of a world-wide self-sacrificing benevolence as the most harmonious and comprehensive conceivable, it could only be ultimately on the ground of the harmony and comprehensiveness introduced by such an ideal into the aspirations and struggles of the *individuals* who adopt it.

But there still remains a striking practical difference between moral ideals which, like those of Aristotle or the Old Testament writers, are presented as being capable of fairly adequate attainment within the life of an average individual, and ideals like that of Christianity, which explicitly require the energies of the individual to be directed towards the securing of results which it is quite out of the question that he or even his "children's children" should live to enjoy. We are stating a common fact of experience when we say that current moral theories about the "progress" of the race habitually assume the possibility and the naturalness of a devotion to remote ideals which would in all probability have been unintelligible to a Greek or Hebrew moralist. This may conceivably be one reason for the contrast, upon which Schopenhauer has so vigorously insisted, between the optimism of the old and the pessimism of the new religion. It is comparatively easy to be optimistic about the realisation of your ideals when they do not extend further than seeing your "children's children and peace upon Israel;" it is quite another matter to feel the same confidence in the triumph of an ideal such as that which, first appearing in the later Judaism and passing from thence to Christianity, and so into modern thought generally, has come to include the establishment of a true civilisation and a satisfactory way of life, not for one or two generations or even for a single race, but for all mankind.

Or, to put the same thing in a way more consonant with our last chapter, we, who are committed to the struggle to confer upon our ideal of culture a world-wide validity, may reasonably feel more diffident about our chances of success than a Greek who was content with the prevalence of his ideal within the limits of his *πόλις*, or a Hebrew of the monarchy who felt no call to extend the "knowledge of the Lord" beyond the bounds of his own nation. The modern man is pessimistic as compared with his predecessors not so much from a sense of personal weakness or from ennui as because he pitches the note of civilisation and morality so exceedingly high.

We must not, however, allow ourselves to be drawn away into an historical digression, but must return to the point for the sake of which these remarks have been inserted. Our immediate object in making them is sufficiently attained by pointing out the vast increase in both comprehensiveness and ultimate self-consistency which is rendered possible by the advance from the comparatively narrow ideals of ancient to the far-reaching ideals of modern society. Such an advance can, in respect of the extent to which it enables us to escape apparent contradictions, only be compared with the advance made by physical science when it was ascertained that the sun is not, as even Copernicus had supposed, the centre of a finite and strictly symmetrical physical universe. There are moral phenomena—the missionary zeal of early Christendom for instance—which would be just as perplexing to a moralist whose outlook was confined within Aristotelian limits as the eccentric orbits of the comets or the parallax of the stars to a pure Copernican. Hence it is obviously proper for us, in our present discussion, to begin by looking at the relation between the moral ideal and the facts of life as it appears from the narrower or Aristotelian point of view, before we go on to see how far difficulties are removed or increased by the adoption of the more universal modern standpoint.

We ask then, first of all, Is it possible to frame a consistent theory of the moral ideal, under the restriction that the ideal be taken, as by the ancient world generally, to include nothing beyond what is—at least in possibility—attainable either in my own experience or in that of a

community of which I am, as a matter of experienced fact, a corporate member.¹ In putting the question in this form I am careful to insert, in the clause relating to the social environment, the qualifying words "as a matter of experienced fact," because it is upon this restriction that the whole distinction which we have drawn between ancient or Aristotelian and modern or Christian ethical ideals turns. It is of course possible for purposes of rhetoric to speak of a certain "solidarity of the race," and to describe every individual man as knit by some sort of invisible link to every other individual past, present, and future. And the man who succeeds in putting himself in practice at what we have called the Christian standpoint no doubt does to some extent feel a vague sense of this general human "solidarity;" but there still remains a vast difference between the relation thus established in thought between myself and the untold thousands of the dead or the yet unborn, and those relations in which I stand to members of actually existing social circles who are capable not merely of being made more or less happy in consequence of my actions, but of influencing my happiness in turn by their actions. Even that loose bond of a common civilisation, in virtue of which members of hostile European countries find themselves drawn close to one another in the midst of the barbarian or semi-barbarian surroundings of Morocco or Abyssinia, disguised as it is wont to be in ordinary circumstances by the feelings of national enmity or distrust, is a strong and real tie when compared with the links which bind a member of the present generation to a future which only exists for him in idea.

There are thus an indefinite number of intermediate stages between the closest self-identification with the fortunes of another and the completest indifference. With the mass of mankind that entire identification of the interests of another with the interests of self which the Gospel requires from

¹ With Aristotle even self-sacrifice is confined within these limits. For the only form of it which he recognises is that of exposure of my life and person on the battle-field. And it need not be said that throughout the Greek world such exposure on the part of the citizen is supposed to be undertaken solely on behalf of the existing citizen-community. A war undertaken not in the immediate interests of the community but for "an idea" would have been unintelligible to an average Greek. Still more unintelligible would he have found the self-devotion of a student of science who shortens his life by arduous or dangerous work in order to contribute to the knowledge of future generations.

every one who would do his duty by his "neighbour," seems hardly to exist except between the members of narrow social circles, based upon the primitive instincts of sexual and parental attachment. Devotion to the interests of one's town or one's local Church is again much commoner, and, except in moments of national peril, much more strongly operative as an ethical force than patriotism in the larger sense. It is only when special circumstances impress upon Englishmen the necessity of acting as one man that the Lancashireman really forgets the differences of character, speech, and habit which divide him from the Yorkshireman, or the Southerner his ingrained distaste for them both. And national antipathies again rarely allow the sentiment of a common brotherhood of civilised peoples, and a common interest in the extirpation of barbarism to make itself really operative in determining the course of events. While as for the still more universalistic sense of a common humanity to which the distinction between Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, is really unknown, it can scarcely be said as yet to exist at all, except perhaps among a few sentimental journalists and political orators, with whom it is more often than not little more than a pretext for ignoring the more immediate and pressing claims of civilisation as against barbarism. A man rarely talks of his own or his country's duty to humanity at large except when he is anxious to find some excuse for neglecting his duty to some narrower section of humanity in particular.

Nor is it altogether to be regretted that this should be the case. The sentimental wail over the narrow limitations of human sympathy and the ingrained selfishness of nations is no doubt only too often justified, but it also arises very frequently from failure to observe that the development of the human race towards real solidarity of feelings and interests is as yet only in its first beginnings, and must therefore for long enough to come remain below the point at which national aims and sympathies can be subordinated systematically to the sense of racial unity. A really operative, as distinguished from a speculative or Pecksniffian humanitarianism will only be possible when its psychological basis has been created by the final prevalence of some one type of social and moral ideal over its competitors. Until that result has been achieved it must remain the

general rule that the ethical aims and interests of the civilised man will in the main find their fullest realisation in devotion to a national or at best international, as opposed to a humanitarian, ideal. Instead of scolding or repining because the growth of a real psychological unity of the human race has not yet made ethical humanitarianism the rule instead of the exception, it would be more rational to see unmistakable signs of progress in the indications that, at any rate within the bounds of Western civilisation, a sentiment of international responsibility is steadily, if slowly, taking the place of a narrow and exclusive nationalism. It is some sign of moral progress if the doctrine of Hobbes and of some modern German theorists, that all independent states are still in the "condition of war," as regards one another, has come to be felt even by many of its supporters as a paradox in need of defence.

No delusion could well do more to obscure the real significance of changes like this, and to foster an unreasonable discontent with the rate of human progress towards an all-comprehensive ideal, than the notion which the first few generations of Christians left as a *damnosa hereditas* to their successors—the notion, I mean, that the world is in its decrepitude, and that we who are now carrying on its history are living on the verge of a final dissolution of all things. Little as even the most orthodox believers of the present day are prepared to grant the speculative truth of the propositions that "the night of time far surpasseth the day," and "the number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live," not the orthodox only, but many who would repudiate the name of Christian, habitually speak and write upon questions of moral progress and decline as if they implicitly accepted these statements. There is no better cure for an unfounded ethical pessimism than the correction of these millenarian dreams by quiet reflection upon the enormously extended prospect of human continuance held out by the calculations of a sober physical theory.

The application of the foregoing remarks will be fully apparent only when we come in the course of our argument to distinguish between the true ideal of a world-wide civilisation and certain current spurious imitations of it. Meanwhile they may at least serve to impress upon us the importance, in

dismissing the Aristotelian ideal, of taking into account only the more immediate environment of the individual, the existing political and social bodies, of which he is actually a member, and the immediately following generation of his family, friends, and countrymen, to the exclusion of any wider corporation which, as far as the individual is concerned, only exists in ideal contemplation.

Restricting our consideration, then, at first within the narrow limits we have just fixed, we can easily see that there are two apparently insuperable obstacles to the realisation of a thoroughly comprehensive and harmonious social life. We have, to begin with, to recognise the impossibility of ever finally removing the possibility of a deep-seated antagonism between the competing claims of fulness and harmony of individual satisfaction and social width or comprehensiveness. On the one hand, it is clear that the qualities of harmony and of comprehensiveness are, in some way, as we have already said, interdependent. To confine yourself entirely within a narrow circle of interest and sympathies is to close against yourself most of the avenues which lead to richness and variety of aesthetic and intellectual satisfaction. There are perhaps only two types of character for which harmoniousness and contentment of individual experience are permanently capable of reconciliation with the absence of broad and varied tastes and sympathies. One is the almost animal type which, so long as its primitive physical appetites are provided for by plenty of food and drink and frequent opportunities of sexual intercourse, feels no need of anything beyond these rather elementary gratifications to render life endurable or even happy. The other is the type of man in whom fanatical devotion to an idea or the mere routine work of a profession has killed all interests, ambitions, and tastes beyond those which find their satisfaction in the ceaseless round of monotonous labour.

With the former class—which, if one may judge from the frequency with which its existence is depicted in our popular resorts of amusement, is more numerous than those of us who do not, except in our least worthy moments, accept its standard of value would be inclined to suppose—ethics can hardly be said to be concerned. It is hardly possible, except in an ironical sense, to speak of an ultimate aim or an ethical end in

connection with a life which, under favourable material conditions, is almost as free from the experiences of dissatisfaction with the actual and endeavour towards the ideal as that of the ox or the swine. And with regard to the second class, it would probably be admitted, even by those who are least inclined to underrate the value of exclusive devotion to a single pursuit, that the singleness of aim which years commonly bring to lives of this kind has to be purchased at the cost of a self-mutilation which can only be morally justified, like all self-sacrifice, by the paramount worth of the causes in the service of which it is committed.

When one considers the effect of the individual's devotion upon the lives of a wider public, one may be prepared to admit that it is conceivably justifiable to incur intellectual and æsthetic atrophy in the interests of one's family or one's country or one's Church; but it still remains the fact that the individual life, considered in itself, is the poorer and the less worthy for the sacrifice. It may be necessary that a certain number of persons should become mentally eunuchs for the kingdom of Heaven's sake, but one would prefer not to be called one's self to that vocation, and would regard any decrease in the necessity for such victims as a favourable indication for the moral progress of society.

In general, then, and for all but the abnormal few, we may say that harmony and content presuppose variety of interests and comprehensiveness of aim; the man of one-sided over-development is commonly also the dissatisfied man. Thus, on the one hand, harmony of individual experience seems to depend upon range and width; on the other, that very variety and multitude of ties and interests upon which the possibility of a truly harmonious and contented self-development depends carries along with it the possibility of violent collision between the ideals of harmonious contentment and of comprehensive activity—the claims of self and the claims of others. You cannot be a successful egoist without living in cordial relations with numerous social groups, and every one of these relations may serve as the foundation of interests and preferences which will sooner or later conflict with the attainment of the egoistic ideal.

Or we may state the same fact from the opposite point of

view thus : On the one hand, the moral and intellectual progress of society consists in nothing but the gradual extinction of aims and intentions in which an ever-increasing number of individual wishes find their account for aims and objects which inevitably set one individual in opposition to others. The position of a society on the scale of civilisation may be gauged by the extent to which the objects permanently desired by its members as sources of satisfaction are of such a kind that they can only be enjoyed by one member on the condition of being also enjoyed by others. The state of barbarism has very properly been called by Hobbes a "state of war," for the very reason that the only sources of satisfaction available to humanity in that stage of its development are material objects of which it is roughly true that they can only be enjoyed by me on condition that I exclude you from enjoying them. In a state of perfect civilisation, on the other hand, each man would, as the saying goes, be "a God" to every man, because each would find his highest satisfactions not in the enjoyment of material comfort, but in the treasures of knowledge and art and social affection, which not only can but must be enjoyed by many if they are to be adequately enjoyed by one. And the real source of Hobbes' political fallacies lies in his failure to appreciate the extent to which, even in a very imperfect civilisation, goods of this latter kind, which can only be brought into existence by the co-operation of many towards a satisfaction in which they are all partakers, take the place of the material objects which minister to the direct gratification of "natural lust" as the principal end of human endeavour.

Thus there is clearly a sense in which we may, consistently with our general ethical principles, admit that progress in civilisation is essentially progress in the capacity for "altruism." Yet, on the other hand, it has surely been made sufficiently clear in previous chapters that progress towards an all-inclusive ideal of culture brings with it increased possibilities of violent conflict between the social or all-comprehending aspect of the moral ideal, and its other aspect as the full and harmonious development of the individual's nature. How inevitable this result is will easily be seen when we remember that everything which tends to idealise and

deepen the meaning of life while helping, as we have seen, to transfer value from material objects, which can only be enjoyed by an exclusive owner, to objects appealing to intellectual and æsthetic tastes, which can only be adequately cultivated where they are shared by a multitude of co-operating individuals, tends, at the same time, by giving a deeper significance to certain objects which were originally valuable only as sources of physical enjoyment, to enhance the value set upon their exclusive possession.

This may be illustrated by reference to the effect of intellectual and social progress upon the passion of sexual love. Take, for instance, the case already referred to in an earlier chapter of Achilles and Briseis. Achilles' wrath for the loss of Briseis, as we all learned at school, caused ten thousand woes to the Achæans; but yet Briseis is to Achilles little more than a valuable asset, possessing the power of giving him certain mainly physical gratifications. Hence the loss of Briseis is, after all, one that can conceivably be compensated if Achilles is presented with another piece of property of similar kind and equal physical attractions. His anger is much more for the affront involved in depriving him of his "*γέρας*" than for irreparable injury done to his personal affections. Hence the poet clearly feels and means his readers to feel that Achilles' repudiation of the offered reparation is the act of a man incensed by a slight on his sense of self-importance to the point of unreasonableness.

Now contrast with the state of mind of Achilles that of a modern hero to whom a similar wrong has been done. To set the point I am trying to illustrate in the strongest possible relief, I will imagine the case of a character like the Tristan of Wagner—a character, that is, in which the sexual possession of a beloved person has taken on and annexed to itself all the deepest and most ecstatic emotions of æsthetic and religious union and incorporation with the highest ideals. It is manifest that the mental and moral chaos wrought by a high-handed act of rape in the second case would be infinitely beyond that caused in the first case. Agamemnon might, with some hope of success, offer to give Achilles one of his daughters in lieu of Briseis; but no one could, without making himself ridiculous, suggest that Tristan should be compensated for

the loss of Isolde by the presentation, say, of Brangäne. And without imagining the extreme case of a Tristan, who might after all be said to be an inspired erotomaniac, it is easy to see that the idealising and refining process through which the sexual passion has passed in the course of civilisation has at the same time enormously intensified the value set by the ordinary lover upon the exclusive possession of his beloved, and thus served to intensify the bitterness, if to lessen the frequency, of the conflict between love and public duty.

And what is true of the special case discussed above is no less true of all analogous cases. Consider, for instance, the value which the leisure and the material objects necessary for the cultivation of æsthetic or scientific tastes have come to possess for the civilised man. It is true, as we have just been urging, that the acquisition of these tastes has done much to make the individual less narrowly self-centred, by engaging him in pursuits which have to be prosecuted not at the cost of his fellows, but in co-operation with them; but at the same time, every step in development which has extended the area or multiplied the number of such tastes has, by enhancing the value to the individual of the life of scientific and artistic leisure, made it the harder for him, on occasion, to renounce these enjoyments in order to give himself to a career of self-sacrificing public service. In a word, the very civilisation which, by making the individual self more inclusive, diminishes the frequency of the collision of the claims of self and other selves, also by making the individual self richer and fuller of worth, increases the intensity and bitterness of the collision, and multiplies the mischief wrought by it in the cases where it does occur.

The utmost we could hope from further moral progress in this respect, then, would seem to be that it should still further decrease the frequency of these collisions, and should, moreover, furnish the individual with the moral strength requisite for preserving his integrity of purpose when they come upon him. To expect the actual abolition of the internal conflict by the passage of mankind in general into a state in which every individual would, on all occasions, instinctively find his own most harmonious self-development in the course of action beneficial to society at large, would be to expect a psychological

impossibility. We are thus compelled to believe that the possibility of those collisions within the individual experience between the ideal of comprehensiveness and the ideal of harmony, which are popularly known as conflicts between the claims of self and the claims of society, is no mere separable accident of certain stages of human development, but a necessary consequence of the peculiar psychological relation between the ideals themselves.¹

So far we have only restated in somewhat more detail results at which we had already arrived. But a still more serious difficulty now awaits our examination. We have to ask whether there are not features in the moral ideal, which, even apart from the questions of the conflict of the individual with society, render an adequate formulation of it under what we have called "Aristotelian" conditions an impossibility. The difficulty in question may be briefly expressed thus: Make your account of the ethical ideal which you propose for realisation within your own experience and that of your own immediate circle adequate, and you will find your ideal has *ipso facto* become unrealisable under the given conditions; content yourself with a statement of what *is* realisable, and you will find that, as an account of an ideal, it is most deplorably low and inadequate. For the sake of giving point and emphasis to the more detailed treatment of this difficulty, I propose to throw what I have to say upon it into the form of an antinomy. The thesis of this antinomy may be briefly given as "my ethical end must at least be capable of attainment," and the antithesis as "my end, just because it is an *ethical* end, must be incapable of attainment." I will take the two sides of this antinomy and state them as forcibly and at the same time as accurately as I can in turn.

A. *Thesis: My end must be capable of attainment.*—This seems indeed so obvious as hardly to need stating. For what

¹ The foregoing arguments receive a striking illustration in the contrast between the peacefulness of the true savage and the combativeness of the barbarian or the civilised man. Savages, such as the Australian aborigines, are rarely at war with one another, for the simple reason that they have nothing worth fighting about. As soon as men cease to live from hand to mouth on the gifts of nature, and become regular herdsmen and settled tillers of the soil, the spirit of aggrandisement and conquest emerges, the barbarian tribe extending itself and its power at the expense of its savage neighbours. Thus, without civilisation there can be no true development of the possibilities of genuine social life, and yet every advance in civilisation adds to the number of objects and interests over which men are ready to come into conflict.

else is it that distinguishes a true practical ideal from mere unachievable chimera, but that the latter cannot be realized and the former can? And what, again, do we mean by such phrases as "the ideal life," "the good," and so forth, but a concrete experience in which a system of preferences obtains actually? Why, for instance, do we assent to the proof that the "greatest possible sum of pleasure" cannot be "the good" or "the end" unless it is because the greatest sum of pleasure is an ideal which is, in its own nature, incapable of being attained? Or why do we all agree, for practical purposes, to take "my station and its duties" as equivalent to the ideal if not because the system of preferences connected with my social station is something capable of realization by my individual effort and within my individual experience? Here, in fact, in the difference between the realizable and the unrealizable, we have the true dividing line between the ultimately worthy and the fantastic and ultimately worthless. We may leave it to the dreamer and the sentimentalist to expatiate upon the beauties of an infinitely distant ideal; what we need as men, to render life harmonious and contented and rich in every kind of worth, is an experience so adapted to the concrete facts of our human nature and our terrestrial environment as to be capable of being enjoyed here and now. We are driven, as we contemplate the waste of human energy produced by devotion to purely fantastic ideals of conduct, to ask, in the words of Rabbi Hillel, "If I am not for myself, who is for me? And if not now, when?" And, in the words of Aristotle, we must insist that the only "good" which it stands us as men to know and to follow must be one which is *πρακτὸν καὶ κτητὸν ἀνθρώπῳ*.

For, indeed, whence does the whole system of morality spring, and whence does the whole struggle with the facts of our actual situation take its rise, except from the deep-seated desire for an experience richer and contented than that which is as yet ours? And hence, unless the good or the end is something which can be won and enjoyed within the limits of the individual's life, man must be doomed from his cradle to hopeless disappointment and irremediable failure. The "infinitely distant" ideal of the sentimentalist is, by definition, one to which you can make no sensible approximation, and

his assertion of its "infinite" inaccessibility is therefore equivalent to an assertion that no one can hope to make any progress towards a better moral character or a truer happiness. At the end of a life of "laborious days" you are, on the sentimentalist theory, no nearer your goal than at its beginning; and why, then, we may ask, all this labour of self-repression, and inward self-torture and conflict? Surely it would have been more amusing and not more unprofitable to have remained at one's ease "with Amaryllis in the shade."

To drop all this covert allusiveness and put the problem in its plainest form, why, I may ask, should I ever do anything except what I happen for the moment to like, if nothing that I can do will bring me appreciably nearer to my ideal of contented experience than I am at present? If you are bound to fall equally short of the "heart's desire" whatever you do, surely it is only reasonable to fail in the way which happens at any given time to be the most agreeable. And, on the other hand, before I can ask a man to do what is disagreeable I am surely bound in reason to give him ground to think that the disagreeable exertion or self-denial will most likely result in the achievement of some kind of experience for himself, or others in whom he is interested, which he believes to be worth having. If there is no reason to believe that our exertions will be actually crowned with success, how can you justify them except upon principles which lead to the glorification of drudgery and pain for their own sake?

Thus the theory of an "infinitely distant" ideal, if you take it seriously, so far from elevating and purifying morality, makes all moral action unmeaning and worthless. It asserts that the moral struggle is obligatory on account of the "ends" for which it makes, and then in the same breath declares that these "ends" are as far off at the end of our secular struggle as at its beginning. And the mischievous effects of devotion to so perverse an ethical doctrine are not mere matters of theory: history, especially the history of the religious life of individuals and nations, is only too eloquent as to the stagnation of intellect, the indifference to pressing and practical human needs, the carelessness of real human happiness and misery, to which this unreasoning adoption of ideals out of all

relation to actual human life under definite terrestrial surroundings has invariably led.¹

But, we may rejoinder, it is not the fact that the ideal aimed at in our moral struggle is anything impalpable or infinitely remote. The ideal is the practical one, not of an imaginary perfection out of all relation to our special situation in the universe, but of an harmonious, peaceful, and satisfied human life under the general conditions of terrestrial existence, and even the more special conditions of our position as members of this, that, or the other community, inhabiting a definite portion of the earth's surface amid definite climatic and topographical surroundings, and possessed of definite psychological characteristics and definite traditions and institutions. Our ethical preferences, as we have sufficiently seen already, are in their origin and nature throughout conditioned by all these circumstances, and the ideal of peaceful and satisfied existence which they embody is inevitably conditioned in the same way. It is contented human life, under definite conditions and in definite relations, that we are seeking in all our conflicts with the forces of nature, the social environment, and our own inconsistent and disturbing passions. Hence it results from the very nature and origin of our ethical ideal that it must be *κτῆτόν ἀνθρώπου* and even *τῶδε τὸ ἀνθρώπου*.²

And failure, therefore, when once the ethical ideal is rightly conceived, may be seen to be the exception and not the rule. There are, of course, natures so unhappily constituted

¹ I purposely abstain from complicating the question by the introduction of the idea of a future life in which the claims of the "infinitely distant" ideal may be adjusted to the requirements of human nature. The positive evidence for a "future life" appears hardly sufficient to justify our resorting to the conception as a way out of our ethical difficulties. In any case, we should have to form our notions of the conditions of existence in another life in accordance with what seem to be the laws of nature in the present. And I cannot therefore see why failure should not be as prominent a feature of the future life as it is of our present existence. Indeed an endless future life would seem to offer at least as great a probability of infinite failure and misery as of infinite success and happiness. Any arguments for the existence of "heaven" seem equally valid as a proof of the existence of "hell." To suppose, after the fashion of the sentimentalist, that infinite happiness may be brought about in another life not by our individual exertions, but by the agency of the Deity *à extra*, is only to appeal to miracle—or, in other words, to our own ignorance. For, if we can learn anything from the facts of life as at present known to us about the "purposes of the Deity," human failure seems to be not incompatible with those purposes, and if we cannot, we obviously have no grounds for making any assertions about what He may do *hereafter*.

² It must be remembered, of course, that all this is but the thesis of an antinomy, and that the other side has yet to be heard.

that they can attain no internal consistency in their system of preferences—natures which throughout their existence are rent in two by the conflict of quite irreconcilable desires and passions. For such unhappy “sports” of the human species life may perhaps be what one of them has called it, “le sinistre miroir Où la mégère se regarde.” And there are others, again, more normally constituted, who fail to attain a contented and peaceful existence, either because the accidents of their social position compel them to earn the physical necessities of existence by a drudgery which leaves no scope for the free realisation of their preferences, or because their life is cut short before they have attained to years of maturity and self-mastery. Hence with Aristotle we must qualify the statement that the ethical ideal is something which can be “achieved and enjoyed by men” by the reflection that a *βίος τέλειος*, a life of normal length and reasonable freedom from the pressure of material wants, is requisite for achieving and enjoying it.

But, within these limits, which after all only exclude a small minority of any well ordered community, and moreover seem clearly capable of being made to exclude a still fewer number by the serious application of organised human knowledge to the improvement of man’s estate, what we really desire and aim at is something which can be and is enjoyed here and now. It is not true, as a matter of fact, that the ethical ideal, the attainment of which would bring us contentment and happiness, is something intangible and remote, and only to be possessed, if at all, at some point of infinite future time which recedes indefinitely on every attempt to reach it. And it is therefore false that moral failure is the law of human life. The collective experience of mankind, apart from the exceptional few already referred to, is, that under normal circumstances loyalty to ethical conviction, honest moral endeavour, does culminate in peace and contentment of mind.

When we ask ourselves what it is we really need in order to live at peace with ourselves and our neighbours, we shall find that all we desire has been provided for in the comprehensive formula of Spinoza that the “blessed” life means, (1) knowledge of the causes of things, (2) mastery of our passions, (3) sound physical health. And there is not one of these three things but may be in a high measure attained by all

but the most abnormal or unfortunate members of the civilised community. Or if we fail in any of them the fault will commonly be found, on honest inspection, to lie in our own weakness or indolence, and not in the character of the moral ideal itself. Popular ethical wisdom is at least so far justified in its assertion that while we cannot all be great or rich we can all be "good." *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna*; fill your place in the civic or social order into which you have been born; learn to control and subdue the unruly element, "the many-headed beast" within yourself; avail yourself of the opportunities which lie ready to hand of knowing something of the world and your position in it, and you will find that the life of inner harmony and content may be enjoyed without waiting to become in some-extra-mundane Paradise "as the angels of God in heaven." Your ideal and the possibility of its realisation spring from a common source.

B. *Antithesis*: *My end, in so far as it is an ethical end at all, is in its very nature incapable of attainment.*—For the purposes of this antithesis we need do little more than develop the significance of certain admissions which have already been made in the proof of the thesis. What, we ask once more, were the ingredients which we found involved in any comprehensive account of the "good" of which the enjoyment would permanently satisfy us? Even when we were attempting, by making our demands upon existence as modest as possible, to show that real happiness is attainable in a finite terrestrial life, we were constrained with Spinoza to include in our estimate of the "good" at least three elements: (1) true knowledge, (2) self-mastery, and (3) "health" in the widest possible sense of the word. Now, which of all these three can be secured in any appreciable degree under the conditions of a finite human life?

If we take knowledge into consideration first, have we not already seen that every puzzle solved gives rise to a multitude of unsolved ones, and that the utmost we can hope from a life of threescore years and ten devoted to the quest of truth at all costs, would be the late discovery that we have sacrificed love and leisure and social culture and physical vigour only to become rather more clearly aware than most men of the extent of our own ignorance? *Res per primas suas causas intelligere*

is a little word and easily said, but the task it commands is one that would require a life of indefinite duration and almost inconceivable abundance in opportunities and conveniences for study. To a being whose brief span of existence is hardly long enough to allow him to do more than "just to look about him and to die," the very summons to so vast an enterprise must needs sound like bitter irony. What time or what opportunity have I, he might reasonably ask, to learn to understand so much as one thing *per primam suam causam* in the seventy years or so which is all the life allowed me? Certain it is that, if I turn to the so-called "inductive" sciences, I may devote my whole existence to the accumulation of knowledge, and yet be at the end as far from knowing "first causes," or even from understanding what a "first cause" is, as I was when I began. Metaphysics, supposing that there really is such a science, seems to offer a better chance of reaching the Spinozistic ideal; but even metaphysics, on closer examination, proves able at the very most to do no more than indicate in the vaguest way the formal outlines of a system the contents of which can only be known, in so far as they can be known at all, by reference to the other sciences. Where, then, in defect of some authoritative "divine word," am I to turn if I would find the knowledge of which Spinoza assures me that in it is comprised my true happiness and beatitude?

And, if the conditions of finite existence render the realisation of Spinoza's first condition impossible, what value is left to the other two? Self-mastery after all, considered in itself, is something purely negative and worthless. So far as it is of ethical value, it derives all its worth from the native worth of the positive ideals which it is the negative condition of realising.¹ If there were any hope of acquiring before I die the knowledge of things *per primas suas causas*, for instance, I might not grudge the intellectual and moral

¹ And hence, it might be fairly argued, the Spinozistic and Platonist phraseology about self-mastery fails, because of its negative character, to represent the facts adequately. It is not the repression of the "passions" so much as the full indulgence of a supreme passion that we need to make us happy. A life like Spinoza's appears "passionless" to most men only because they are indifferent to the things for which Spinoza passionately cared. Nietzsche has done yeoman's service in protesting against the popular mistake of regarding the life of the truth-seeker as one of "passionless" speculation.

discipline entailed by the life of thought and science. It might perhaps be worth while to still many better and nobler, to grow gradually dead to the life of the affections and the æsthetic perceptions, to be voluntarily ignorant of much that common men know and much that I should myself like to know, if only there were valid grounds for believing that this weary discipline of self-denial would some day have its reward in the attainment of a final and satisfactory answer to my scientific and philosophic difficulties. If I felt reasonably sure of knowing some day "what that and mean is," I should hardly complain of the price I had to pay for the information. Like Othello, I might be willing to give my right eye for a draught from the well of wisdom. But I shall scarcely be inclined to give my eye for the knowledge of my own ignorance. If the sole result of years of self-repression and self-discipline should be the discovery that I am no nearer the truth about things than I was when I set out on my career, disgust at the fruitlessness of my acts of denial and privation is more likely to be my final state of mind than "hostility" or contentment.

And as for the *summum bonum* career, it again is, no doubt, an indispensable condition of permanent contentment; but even supposing it were more in our own power and less a matter of accident and good fortune than it is, health by itself is no satisfactory end for which to live.

Nor do these reflections apply only to the Spinozistic conception of the "good." We are in fact confronted by the following dilemma: If you make the "end" to consist in nothing more than a certain amount of self-control plus a certain degree of material comfort, you are confusing mere preliminary conditions of the successful moral life with success itself. If you make the "end" any ideal of permanent satisfaction for our desire for knowledge or for æsthetic gratification or for social amelioration, it at once becomes unattainable within the limits of an individual life on earth. It is vain, as Aristotle long ago said, to tell men to "limit their aspirations to mortal things" (*ἀρθρώπινα ἐπορεύειν*), or in other words, to have none but ideals of a materially comfortable existence for themselves and their nearest connections; but if, on the other hand, you join him in bidding them "live the

eternal life," you are explicitly recognising that infinite inaccessibility of the ethical end which our thesis denied.

Thus we may say any end that is to be permanently felt as worth striving for must be infinite, and therefore infinitely remote, while any end that is infinite is *eo ipso* out of reach of attainment, and as far from us after a life of devotion to it as it was at first. Or, if you prefer to make a direct appeal to concrete experience, can you doubt that the collective wisdom of mankind has long ago discovered that our ideals, whether of sensual gratification or of knowledge, or of beauty or of moral improvement, are, one and all of them, unattainable? So that, if indifference to the demand for a practicable ideal be, as the thesis urged, the mark of a dreamer or a fanatic, contentment with a finite and practicable ideal is no less undeniably the mark of an *esprit borné*.

Hence there is a sense in which it is true to say that the moral life is, from the very nature of the case, a life of struggle and failure, of weariness and vexation of spirit. I suppose there is no reflecting man who has not at one time or another felt a sort of intellectual rage at the contemplation of the internal contradiction to which we seem to be damned from our cradles. For the moral life must, at times at least, present itself to any serious reflection in the light of a kingdom divided hopelessly against itself. As moral beings we can never exist without some still unreached ideal to serve as a spur to our activity—can never, like Faust, rest on our oars and say to the present, "Be thou my eternity"; yet even when most irresistibly hurried forward in the chase of our distant ideal, we know quite well in our hearts that we shall only approach it to see it recede still further away from us. As I have written elsewhere, "Our attitude towards the objects in which we seek content is too much like that of the Flying Dutchman with his wives. The thing awakens desire, and with it the hope that this time fruition will be unchanging. We embrace the new interest with enthusiasm, and for a while we dream that here at last is something that will prove permanently true, but it is generally not very long before we find it is only the same old tale of deception, and mistake, and trust betrayed, and the restless search for a really final spring of happiness has to begin over again."

And even with a life of unending duration the same difficulty would arise. To the question, "When, then, shall I really put my hand upon happiness," we should have to reply, "Never, or this very moment upon the clock." In so far as a given moment realises our ideal at all, we cannot but wish it to be eternal, and again, in so far as no moment realises it except imperfectly, we are impelled to wish every moment past. Or, as Nietzsche expresses it, "Weh spricht Vergelt! Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit." And so long as we remain men, whose lives never contract within the compass of a moment nor expand till they embrace a real eternity—so long that is, as we neither sink to the level of the beasts nor rise to that of gods,—this condition of everlasting dissatisfaction with the present, this restless alternation between the desire of annihilation and the desire of eternity, is not to be escaped from. The knowledge of good and evil, in which, according to a singularly profound myth, our history as human beings began, is its own punishment apart from any supernatural curse laid upon its acquisition. And there is thus, as we shall see more fully in the next chapter, deep philosophic wisdom in the thought that the essential mission of religion in the world is to redress the havoc which the knowledge of good and evil has wrought.

Meanwhile, so long as we are concerned with ethical experiences pure and simple, we seem forced to the conclusion that the unending struggle to realise an ideal which recedes as it is approached—the internal conflict between the good which we never quite attain and the evil from which we never get quite free—is of the very essence of morality. In fact the struggle is morality. Until you are embarked fairly upon it you cannot be called except *in posse* a moral being, and if you could once pass beyond it you would in doing so have passed beyond the limits of morality into a region of experience lying "beyond good and bad." This is why morality, apart from the transforming effect of the religious and ultra-ethical ideas which we shall have to describe in the next chapter, has always been found so wearisome a burden to the spirit as well as to the flesh of the most moral of men. As it stands before its transfiguration into religion, any morality that pitches its demands sufficiently high to awake any response of enthusiasm is but another name for the eternal recurrence of the experience of struggle and

failure and remorse and struggle again. It is in itself a wheel of Ixion, a "worm that dieth not and a fire that is not quenched,"—an instrument of torment which the self-torturer experiences as part of himself, and from which he could only get free on condition of becoming also free from himself. It is the unending and tormenting contradiction of which the Apostle speaks between the "law of God" and the rebellious "law in my members," the undying tyrant of whom the poet says, "de son empire Si nos efforts te délivraient, Tes baisers ressusciteraient Le cadavre de ton vampire."¹

For the experience of internal discord and contradiction is more even than the "atmosphere" of morality; it is ourselves, the very core and heart of our being in so far as we remain permanently at the ethical level of existence. We are ourselves this living contradiction, this spiritual Hermaphroditus, condemned by our duplicity of nature to eternal quest after satisfaction ending in eternal failure and disappointment. If, we might even say, *per impossibile*, you could ever really reach and be one with your ethical ideal without ceasing in the moment of attainment to be human, you would at once create a newer and remoter ideal to be a source of torment instead of the one from which you had just escaped. For *c'est tout mon sang, ce poison noir*.² The distant ideal is the source of our direst mental tortures, and yet without it existence would be unendurable. So much then in defence of the antithesis of our antinomy.

What is in reality the same antinomy as that which has just engaged our attention may be thrown into a slightly different form, which ought not perhaps to be passed over without a word of notice. We may exhibit the fundamental contradiction which seems to be inherent in our position as moral agents in the guise of a discrepancy between the form and the content of ethics.

Thus we may say, (1) nothing in the end is really

¹ Baudelaire, *Fleurs du Mal: le Vampire*. Cf. Blake—

"Jehovah's fingers wrote the law,
He wept, then rose in zeal and awe,
And, in the midst of Sinai's heat,
Hid it beneath His Mercy-Seat.
O Christians! Christians! tell me why
You rear it on your altars high!"

² Baudelaire, *Heauton timorumenos*.

worthy except the perfectly good will. The only ultimately satisfactory aim and end of action is perfection—that is, the attainment of the perfectly good, or as Kant calls it, the “holy” will. The perfectly good will, of which the content is a system of concordant ethical universals, is the only adequate form in which the ideal that is always before us in our moral aspirations after peace of mind and inward unity can be realised. Hence, so long as your own will is not identical with the ideal of the “holy” will, you cannot choose but be dissatisfied, and are still driven on in quest of an ideal which lies beyond you.

But (2) the “holy” will is, after all, an empty form and nothing more. For to say the good will is the will that wills the good, and again the good is nothing else but the good will, is to revolve in an empty circle. If a certain type of will is “good,” it must be so in virtue of willing something other than its own existence. If the social will, for instance, is good, it is because it wills something more than the promotion of altruistic sentiments, to wit, the entire intellectual and physical culture, with its accompanying pleasures, which the increase of altruistic sentiment assists to bring about. And if the will to get knowledge is good, it is because in it we will not to will to get knowledge merely, but actually to get it. No will can be pronounced “good” which has itself and itself only for its object.

Hence, if the “holy” will be the one supreme ethical good, the reason must lie in the superlative worth of the content, other than itself, that is willed by the “holy” will. Yet any finite content—which is as much as to say any concrete content—must be found on an examination, such as we conducted in the antithesis of our antinomy, quite inadequate to the idea of a fully “holy” will. For there is no one object of desire, except the “holy” will itself, of which you cannot show that it is either altogether unattainable by human effort, or at any rate dependent for its attainment on accidents of fortune which cannot be regarded as affecting the ethical character of the will to which it is an object. Thus morality seems, in the popular proverbial phrase, to fall between two stools. To will anything less than or other than the “holy” will itself is to will what is necessarily inadequate to afford

final contentment to our moral aspirations; to will the "holy" will is to will a mere empty form which, being in its very nature self-contradictory and chimerical, is entirely incapable of being attained. For whichever side of the dilemma you elect you seem equally doomed to final failure and disappointment. Thus once more we see why it is that the most strenuous defenders of the claims of conduct to constitute "three-quarters" of human life cannot escape from the conviction that there is an inevitable note of sadness and weariness inseparable from all earnest moral endeavour.

So far, it will be remembered, we have purposely limited our ethical outlook by the "Aristotelian" restriction that the moral end, if it is to give the satisfaction we expect from it, must be realisable within the life of a normally healthy and normally well-circumstanced individual. We have seen in the last two sections that, under these limitations, satisfaction seems scarcely obtainable unless the individual's demands are pitched almost inconceivably low. We have now to remove those restrictions and to ask how our question about the ultimate consistency of the moral ideal with itself will be affected by the transition from an "Aristotelian" to a modern or Christian conception of the scope of moral action.

And, upon our raising this question, it at once becomes apparent that at least those difficulties which arise from the contrast between the magnitude of the ethical ideal and the shortness of human life, or its deficiency in favourable external conditions, very largely disappear. Even our present very rudimentary conceptions of a duty to posterity, inconsiderable as is that part of our life which is actually guided by them, enable us to understand that our moral struggles and acts of self-denial are not necessarily wasted because we or our immediate circle see no fruit from them. And if the progress of civilisation should some day bring about a social condition in which the whole moral and political forces of a world-wide community should be definitely combined and organised for the purpose of influencing the future course of human development,—if, in a word, mankind should ever decide that they have reached their intellectual and moral majority, and will henceforth take the direction of their destinies into their own hands instead of leaving it to chance and nature,—the possi-

bilities of a reconciliation between our ideals and our achievements would be extended to a degree which is scarcely conceivable to us at present.

It is precisely for want of such thoroughly organised co-operation on the part of all the individuals towards the realisation of an all-embracing end, extending to every section of the human race and to the remotest imaginable future, that even the most reasonable among us are tempted to doubt whether their life-labours have not been utterly thrown away, unless they themselves see the results. In a world where men are content to leave the collective future of their kind to be determined by accident and the march of events, it is impossible to regard such scepticism as altogether misplaced; in a society such as we hope mankind may some day create the consciousness of the collective control of the conditions of existence would indefinitely diminish the grounds for diffidence and distrust. We should, in such a social state, have the same sort of confidence in our power of determining the future of the human race considered as one community as we now feel in our power of influencing the future of our immediate relatives and dependents. We should have the kind of certainty that labours devoted to the amelioration of human society as a whole would not be wasted fruitlessly that we now have about the sacrifices which we make to give our children a good education and a proper start in life.

This would, of itself, go far to remove the feeling which in the present state of society cannot but obtrude itself on most of us, that in aiming at the "improvement" of our fellows we are perhaps wasting our lives in the pursuit of a chimæra, as well as to meet the more serious difficulty suggested by the antinomy we have just constructed. Though it may be true, so long as we suppose our outlook to be bounded by the duration of one or two generations, that we have to choose between an unworthy and an unrealisable ideal, it is not equally true, if our ideal is such that its realisation demands not one life or two, but the united lives of many generations of human beings in co-operation. The degree of moral or other perfection which a man can secure for himself in the course of his seventy odd years of individual existence is, no doubt, pitiable enough, but who shall set any

bounds to the perfection which he may hope to co-operate with the men of his own and of future generations in bringing about for the human race as a whole, or to speak more accurately, for that fortunate portion of the human race whose lot it will be one day to enter into the inheritance of the generations of labourers who have been before them? There is no more potent antidote against moral weariness and despondency than the reflection that, trifling as the amount of insight into truth and of command over ourselves and the forces of nature which we can hope to obtain for ourselves may be, there are no limits to the intellectual and moral attainments which we and others, by our loyal co-operation in a plan of life that leaves nothing to chance and accident, may make possible for those who are to succeed.

So far, then, Nietzsche seems perfectly right in insisting, as against the doctrine which says "treat yourself always as an end and never as a means," that the secret of moral success is to treat yourself as "something that must be overcome," or as "a bridge and a path to the Overman."¹ Indeed, I will go even further than this. One may even say, it is precisely because what little perfection I can enjoy for myself is not merely an "end in itself,"—it is precisely because I myself, with all my *Thun and Leiden*, am not only an end but at the same time an instrument and a means to the creation of a higher and happier type of being,—that life is for me, when all has been said and the loss reckoned in with the gain, ultimately worth living. So long as one adheres rigidly to the view that experiences of my own or of those immediately connected with me are the sole end of ethical endeavour and the sole reward of ethical conflict, it is at least hard not to draw the conclusion that the game of life is not worth the candle. It is precisely in so far as we have reason to think that the results of our ethical self-discipline and labour are not limited to ourselves and the few who stand next to us, but form at least a humble contribution towards the creation of a future society which shall possess the knowledge, the culture, the power over nature, the harmony within themselves to which we so

¹ Of course I am aware that the famous Kantian maxim, "Treat *humanity* in thy own person . . . always as an end," is not quite identical with the formula quoted in the text, which is, however, I believe, the interpretation universally put upon it by those who accept it.

ineffectually aspire, that we are justified in the belief that human existence is, after all, something better than "vanity and vexation of spirit." So long as we measure our gains solely by results entering into our own immediate experience, we can scarcely avoid endorsing with a difference the apostolic conclusion that "if in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." The case is altered, if we look forward to a future for the world of which we can say—

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

Nor do I think, after the psychological discussion of chap. iii., that we need pay serious heed to the voice of the baser egoism of the *appr's moi le déluge* type when it whispers that after all *we* shall not be there to enjoy the civilisation of the future, and therefore cannot be concerned in its successes or failures. For, after all, the solid fact remains that our mental horizon, for emotion as well as for thought, is not bounded by our own lives or those of our immediate relatives; "sentimus atque experimur nos aeternos esse," says Spinoza, when he is treating of the mind's power to regard the most ancient past and the remotest future as present for the purposes of scientific investigation, and the same comment might with equal right be made upon our power of taking a direct interest in the well-being of the generations who are some day to inherit the civilisation won by our labours.

Thus we have now reached the following conclusion. In order that the antinomy which has been shown to be inherent in the concept of moral action may be reduced to a minimum, my ethical end must (a) be capable of at least approximate realisation by my own efforts and within the life of myself and those nearest to me, but (b) such realisation must itself be regarded as a means to something beyond itself—a means to the ultimate production, by the ethical co-operation of mankind in general, of a civilisation in which human beings shall, as far as possible, be the actual controllers of their own destiny.

I say "as far as possible," because, of course, even in the most intelligent society we can imagine, human control over the

forces of nature must not be supposed to be absolute. There must always remain at least the theoretical possibility that physical changes in man's environment of such a kind as either not to be foreseen or not to be averted may, to an unknown extent, interfere with his plans for his future. But when we recollect (a) that the physical is already of much less importance than the social environment in determining the career of civilised individuals and communities, and (b) that with increasing scientific knowledge of the course of external nature the merely physical environment must steadily become of even less relative importance than at present, we shall see that it is by no means chimerical to anticipate extraordinary developments in the general direction of setting human destiny free from the domination of unforeseen or unavoidable physical accidents, and we shall be very slow indeed to set any bounds to the extent to which the man of the future may be the "master of his fate."

So far, then, it clearly appears that the sense of fruitlessness and futility which is so characteristic of our moral life, is due less to the radical self-contradictoriness of the moral experience than to the want of a thorough-going organisation of the forces of society for moral purposes. The disappointment and dissatisfaction to which this apparent futility of the moral struggles gives rise might thus be indefinitely diminished by the substitution of what Mr. Lester Ward has called "collective telesis" for the undisciplined and isolated action of individuals and small private corporations. In Mr. Ward's ideal society, as in Plato's republic, the very form and constitution of society would be an effective guarantee that moral endeavour would, on the whole, not be wasted, and that ultimately some one, if not the agent himself, would be the better for each individual's strenuous devotion to his highest ideals of good.

For the properly organised state would, on the one hand, provide the necessary machinery for the realisation of true practical ideals, and would, on the other, by the educational influence of its institutions and general spirit, prevent the extensive spread of any ideals which were merely chimerical and impractical. The very fact that the "pattern of our city" had been brought down from "heaven" to earth

would make it impossible for the citizens in any large number to waste their energies by consecrating them to a non-human "kingdom of heaven," where there should be "neither marrying nor giving in marriage," nor any other of the characteristic features of a definitely human society.

Even in the present absence of such collective co-operation towards the creation of an ideal human society we may at least say that much of the apparent aimlessness and fruitlessness of the moral life will vanish if we regard the creation of the spirit of collective ethical co-operation as the proximate "final cause" of our moral endeavour. So far at least we may say that the ethical end ceases to appear unrealisable as soon as we learn the lesson that, though "Humanity" may be always end and never means, the individual man is never a mere end, but always also a means to something beyond and better than himself. To have insisted unflinchingly upon this truth is, amid much confusion, mistake, and downright madness, the great and imperishable service of Nietzsche to ethical philosophy. However far we may be from recognising in Nietzsche's rather unamiable heroes our own ideal human being, we may at least say that ethics seems to have said its last word in the command to live for the creation of the "Overman."

It is all the more important that we should go on to ask whether even in this its last commandment morality can be said to be fully consistent with itself. For if the most satisfactory account of the practical ideal which we can present to ourselves be found to be finally self-contradictory, and to involve on a closer inspection the same old antinomies which we have detected in the more current ethical ideals, we shall finally have to answer the question, Does moral science exhibit the internal coherency characteristic of a direct derivative from ultimate philosophical principles? in the negative. I must therefore invite special attention to the following reflections, which, as it seems to me, clearly show that even our most ultimate and practically most satisfactory formulation of the aim of moral endeavour is not really free from internal discrepancy and incoherence.

This may be exhibited from two main points of view. We may consider (1) the ideal of a perfect human society

regarded as an incentive towards efforts directed towards its own future realisation, (2) the actual existence of the realised ideal regarded as a full and complete satisfaction for the desires and endeavours of its constituent members. If the ideal, as stated in the last few pages, is either not to be realised, or, if realised, would still leave anything beyond itself to stir human aspiration, we must pronounce it only a partial reconciliation of the contradictions inherent in ordinary ethical experience. We begin then with (1) the question, How far is the conception of a perfect human society an ultimately adequate moral ideal for members of an imperfectly organised society?

It is of course clear that the value of such an ideal depends in the first place upon its being no chimæra, but something realisable in the known conditions of human life upon earth by human agency. If the creation of a society endowed with full control over its own destinies, and subject to no external conditions except such as it recognises to be compatible with its own aspirations,¹ is not really possible, then it is only in appearance that our recognition of it as the ethical ideal has delivered us from the old difficulties about the ultimate inaccessibility of our moral ends. In so far, then, as any doubt exists as to our power to create such a type of existence, we are once more thrown back upon the contradiction between the satisfactoriness and the reality of the moral ideal. If the perfect society cannot be called into actual existence, then, however practically useful the belief in its possibility may be as a means of making human life more endurable and human experience less disappointing, it is none the less from the philosopher's point of view, like the more narrowly restricted ideals we have previously discussed, an illusion.

Again, if we are to acquiesce in the conception of such a society as the ultimate end of moral action, we must have warrant for believing that it is capable not only of existence but of permanent—indeed of indefinitely prolonged existence. In fact this latter characteristic is really implicitly included in the very conception of that self-determination and freedom

¹ I insert this qualification to meet the objection that the mere fact of individual mortality makes the realisation of the ideal of a self-determined society impossible. Mortality ceases to be any check to man's power to determine his destiny the moment it is accepted as a foreseen and inevitable element in the situation.

from interference from without which we have regarded as the characteristic of a perfect human society. Unless the perfect human society, when once it had come into existence, could secure itself against premature extinction—that is, against any extinction which was not both foreseen and completely acquiesced in on the part of society itself, it would not answer at all to our notion of a type of existence freed from dependence upon the accidents of external nature, and in complete mastery of its own destinies. And it is only such a self-determined and free society which can reasonably be represented as a finally satisfactory ideal, devoid of all elements of illusion and disappointment.

Now, on the one hand, we can hardly be said to have sufficient warrant for asserting with confidence that the creation of such a society is really possible. Looking at the degree to which the progress of civilisation has already made human happiness and destiny more and more independent of unforeseen and unavoidable events in the order of extra-human nature, and more and more dependent upon events which can be foreseen and controlled for human ends by human agency, we may no doubt say that there is no proved impossibility in the notion of the indefinite extension of human mastery over human life. At the same time, it might be that if we knew more of the course of extra-human nature, especially of that part of it which forms our own immediate material environment, we might discover that there are circumstances in that environment which would effectually prevent our passing far beyond the very imperfect degree of collective self-mastery which we have already obtained.

It is, to put a concrete case by way of example, I conceive, impossible to feel certain that the circumstances of our situation may not entail the regular alternation of periods of imperfect civilisation with periods of barbarism, such as that which engulfed the ancient Hellenic culture, and from which we are now only slowly emerging. Steady and unimpeded progress towards the ideal of a free civilisation cannot be shown to be impossible, but, on the other hand, it certainly cannot be shown to be really possible.¹ We are justified in

¹ I may be allowed once more to call attention to the difference—often disregarded by “idealist” metaphysics—between conceivability and real possibility. That is

saying, "It is at least conceivable that, if mankind act long enough on the assumption that the free self-controlled society is possible, they may one day bring it into being;" we are equally justified in adding, "and even if they do not they will have lived with the complete satisfaction and the deeper peace of mind for their generous illusion." We are not justified in silencing the question which persons of a speculative and reflective cast cannot refrain from raising, "But is it not, after all, an illusion?" even though we may believe that it would be practically better for them not to have raised it. At best we can go no further than to say, "This ideal, if it is really practicable, most nearly fulfils the conditions of being at once comprehensive and in harmony with the psychological facts of human nature, and is again only practicable, if at all, on the condition that men believe it to be so," which is as much as to say, "All things are possible to him that believeth"—a comforting assurance to the convinced believer, but a very unconvincing argument to the sceptic, who is still doubtful as to the cogency of the reasons for believing.

So again, if we once allow ourselves to face the question of the permanency of the ideal state of society. That we require sufficient permanency to secure the members of such a society against premature and unwelcome dissolution of it, if we are to accept it as a finally satisfactory ethical ideal, seems quite certain. In fact, in passing from the "Aristotelian" to the modern conception of the scope of moral action, we have only exchanged the conception of individual for that of a social "*βίος τέλειος*." As I have already maintained, we are not warranted in demanding an individual future existence for ourselves on merely ethical grounds.¹ But that is precisely

conceivable which cannot be shown to conflict with the facts of our situation as they are known to us. That is possible, in the proper sense of the words, which depends, as far as can be known, only upon conditions which there is good reason for taking as real, i.e. upon conditions which can be shown to have been at one time or another, or to be now, facts of experience. As Avenarius puts it (*Kritik der reinen Erfahrung*, i. p. 27), "Suppose that, after an alteration of a system in the moment T_2 has been posited, I think of the system as replaced in the state before the alteration, i.e. in the moment T_1 , but still in logical relation to the alteration, I then describe the system as *capable* of the *alteration* posited in T_2 , and then as itself changeable in relation to the supposed alteration. And I describe the supposed alteration . . . as possible in relation to the system."

¹ This is not the place for a set discussion of the worth of what is commonly called the "moral" argument for individual immortality. I do not wish it to be supposed that I am unconscious of the existence of that argument, or that I do not

because we are not warranted in considering our individual selves as all-sufficient ethical ends. Because, from the modern or more comprehensive point of view, my own individual life is at once an end and a means towards the realisation of a social ideal that extends far beyond its own limits, the fact of my own mortality does not necessarily mean that my life is a failure and my hard-won moral gains lost. They are in fact not lost, for the simple reason that I can hand them on as my contribution towards the creation or the perpetuation of a type of society which permanently embodies my highest hopes and most cherished ideals. But it would be quite another thing were the ideal society itself to come into being only to be snuffed out again by the course of events. Hence we must say that, if the moral ideal is not to be pronounced ultimately self-contradictory and illusory, we must be able to establish the possibility of the practically indefinite perpetuation of the perfect society if once it has been created.

recognise its legitimacy within certain restrictions. But I would urge that (a) the argument as presented by its defenders is not based so much upon the known empirical facts of the ethical experience as upon a metaphysical and ultra-ethical theory of the part played by that experience in the larger whole of human life and experience, and (b) that, unless we are exceptionally candid and impartial in our analysis of our own emotions, we are always in danger of dignifying with the name of "ethical postulate" what may really be no more than a statement as to what we should like. Thus, before making the demand that the universe shall, on pain of being pronounced morally bankrupt, gratify our desire for immortality, we ought to satisfy ourselves, not only that we have the desire, but that the fullest *βίος τέλειος* with which earth can present us, the experience say of a Sophocles or a Goethe, would still leave us with the same desire, and further that it may not be good for the universe as a whole that certain of its inhabitants should feel a desire for indefinite continuance which cannot be satisfied. In that case our desire for immortality, though fruitless as far as we are concerned, would contribute to the perfection of a wider whole. On this point consult the pregnant remarks of Mr. Bradley (*Appearance and Reality*, p. 508, ed. 1). In the present chapter I would be understood as expressing no opinion as to the truth or falsehood of the belief in individual immortality. I would, however, urge as relevant to our argument two considerations:—

(1) If such expressions as, e.g.—

"I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks and I am ready to depart"—

and again, *μὴ φθῆναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικᾷ λόγον· τὸ δ' ἐπεὶ φανῇ βῆναι κείῳ ὁπότερ ἤκει πολὺ δεύτερον ὡς τάχιστα*, faithfully represent the final judgment passed upon life at its close by richly-endowed natures after an experience of all that is brightest and best in existence, that is a fact of which the popular "moral" argument for the future life ought to take more serious account than it has hitherto done.

(2) It is at any rate positively false to say that individual immortality is an "ethical postulate" in the sense that without it goodness and self-sacrifice cannot be justified to the reason. The whole point of this and the following chapter is to vindicate the reasonableness of "virtue" without such an appeal to the unknown possibilities of an inscrutable future.

Now, as far as we can at present see, there is not sufficient warrant for a confident belief in the indefinite continuance of human conscious existence. For however much the future progress of scientific and political civilisation may enable men to control their own destiny and to protect themselves against the accidents of their physical environment, it seems at least clear that there are certain indispensable prerequisites of human existence which must always be independent of even the most perfect human foresight and practical ingenuity. Should the temperature of our planet, for instance, cool down below the degree of warmth necessary for the maintenance of animal life, or again, should the oxygen of the atmosphere or the supply of proteid matter for nutritive purposes become exhausted, then no degree of scientific and mechanical ability would be sufficient to guarantee humanity against degeneration, and finally extinction.

And though it is apparently, to some extent at least, possible for human foresight to anticipate and provide against the last-named danger,¹ it seems scarcely conceivable, at any rate to a layman like myself, that mankind should ever acquire the power to counteract the effects of an exhaustion of the world's oxygen or a steady decrease of its temperature, while the remaining theoretical alternative of a collective migration to some unknown region of the universe more fitted to be the scene of an active civilisation than an oxygenless or warmthless earth, seems even more remote from the sphere of the practicable. Hence we have no choice except either to reject the well-known evidence² of the gradual dissipation of energy from our solar system on the ground of incompatibility with our "ethical postulates," or to admit that the indefinite perpetuation of a perfect or free social system is impossible, and that the extinction of the human race is a mere matter of time.

This being so, we have next to ask whether increased scientific insight into the laws of the physical universe, and

¹ This is admitted even by so pessimistic a speculator as Sir W. Crookes (see his Address to the British Association of 1898).

² For which see, e.g., Balfour Stewart, *Conservation of Energy*, p. 152 ff.; the evidence is, however, so far from conclusive that it at best seems to yield no more than a certain balance of probability against indefinite continuance. For an ample examination of the question, see Ward, *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, vol. I, pp. 32.

the intimate connection of life and consciousness with the various forms of physical energy, might not so reconcile the members of the ideal society of the future to the necessity of their own ultimate disappearance as to prevent extinction, when it arrives, from being resented. In that case, though the life of the perfect society would not be endless, inasmuch as there would be a time when it had ceased to be, it would nevertheless be a true *βίος τέλειος*, inasmuch as there would be no premature or unwelcome cessation of human existence. Mankind would then be justified in looking forward to a history prolonged, not indeed for ever, but long enough to guarantee the fulfilment, so far as such fulfilment is consistent with the nature of the universe as a whole, of every human aspiration, and such continuance, it might reasonably be urged, is for all practical purposes what we mean by immortality.

Now at first sight there is something very plausible about this way of looking at the question, especially as it seems to rest upon an analogy between the position of the human race as a whole and that which experience reveals in the individual. Just as the individual's life is not necessarily a moral failure for want of being immortal, so, it might be said, neither is that of the race. Just as an individual who has spent a lifetime of seventy or eighty years in the uninterruptedly successful pursuit of certain moral ideals is considered a successful and happy man, so the human race might be regarded as happy and successful if it could achieve a truly free self-controlling social organisation, even though the life of that organisation, like the life of the individual by whose agency it is to be created, must sooner or later have an end. And some such line of reasoning must, I suppose, be actually adopted by that not inconsiderable number of ethical thinkers who regard it as almost self-evident that the "future of the race" is an ultimately satisfactory moral ideal.

Yet the reasoning just expounded seems to me to be fundamentally vicious, and the analogy between the case of the individual and that of the race upon which it rests thoroughly fallacious. For it is precisely because the individual knows that his kind will not perish with him that he can contemplate his own individual surcease with some

measure of equanimity. As I have said before, just in proportion as a man's life has been spent in working in one way or another for the creation of the free self-controlling community, he is confident that his "hard-won gains," intellectual, æsthetic, and moral, will not die with him. If it is not given to him to "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied," he has at least the blessing pronounced on those who "rest from their labours and their works do follow them." And, as we have already seen, just in proportion as the grounds for this confidence in the future realisation of the social ideal are in any case absent, the individual justifiably and reasonably feels that his individual failure to secure full and permanent satisfaction does render his moral life aimless and fruitless.¹ We die content, if content, because we are confident that the race does not die with us. In the conception of the "Overman"—or as I would rather say, in order to mark my dissent from part of the peculiar content of the Nietzschean ethics—of the free or perfect or self-controlling community, we have a moral end to which our personal existence may reasonably be regarded as a transitory means.

But with the race or the perfect society, considered as a corporate individual, the case is different. I may be willing to spend and be spent in working for the coming of the "Overman," but there is no such further ideal before the race or the perfect society itself. If the race as a whole perishes, then, unless we assume as an "ethical postulate" the possibility of social relations between humanity and some superior race of beings living under entirely different physical conditions, it perishes childless and heirless. There is no recognisable "beyond" to which the human race or the perfect society as a body can look as to a successor, and into whose more abiding consciousness its moral and intellectual achievements can be taken up. There is no more ultimate reality towards which the life of the race can be shown to stand as a means in the

¹ But for some such faith in the future one could hardly withhold one's assent from the famous "last words" attributed to Laplace. It is only because we all more or less confidently cherish the belief of the poet that—

"Though our life were blind, our death were fruitless,
Not therefore were the whole world's high hope rootless"—

that we in our sanest moments judge the doctrine *rien n'est vrai que l'amour* so ignoble.

same way and for the same reason as the life of the individual stands to that of the race. Hence the analogy between the position of the individual and that of the race will not really hold water; the grounds upon which it is reasonable for the individual to be content with a limited existence do not exist in the case of the race.¹

And for this reason the suggestion that the final extinction of the human race, when it comes, might be accepted by a perfect society without demur or reluctance must, I think, be decidedly negatived. It is indeed quite conceivable, as I have admitted in the last chapter, that humanity might as a fact welcome or even actively promote its own dissolution, but only on the supposition that humanity should first find itself in permanent and deep-seated conflict with an environment which is inconsistent with its ideals, and which it is unable to modify. In the perfect society such a state of general pessimism would be quite inconceivable. In proportion as, whether by adjustment of ideals and aspirations to the environment, or by the more characteristically human method of transformation of environment into harmony with ideals and aspirations, social life approximates more closely to the ideal of perfect satisfaction for every member of the community, life must necessarily be accompanied with pleasure and with the desire for continuance, and degeneration from the ideal, not to say extinction, must be increasingly unwelcome. Success and happiness may be reconciled to decrease by the reflection that their own achievements will contribute to further success on the part of future generations; it is only unhappiness and failure that can find mere surcease as such desirable. In the words already quoted from Nietzsche, "Weh spricht Vergeh! Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit."

And I believe experience would show that if we could clearly and permanently realise that the highest and completest perfection we can anticipate for humanity must, after all, end in extinction and collapse, confidence in the future destiny of our race would cease to afford us any lasting consolation for our own imperfection and evanescence. In our moods of

¹ In fact, if humanity is an organism, as some tell us it is, it appears to be an organism without the means of reproduction. Even Mr. Spencer's ingenuity has not identified the genitalia of the body politic.

pessimism and dissatisfaction with the universe we may indeed derive some perverse comfort from the reflection that it is all but for a time, and that the curtain will sooner or later fall upon the tragical farce of human existence; but such moods are after all transitory, and are recognised by ourselves as morally unworthy. In practice, when we are at our ethical best, we do look forward to the future of human society as our highest and worthiest ideal, precisely because the probable duration of that future is so vast, when compared with the brevity of our individual existence, as to seem unending. And thus the satisfactoriness of the most satisfactory ideal which we can formulate within strictly ethical limits, is seen to be bound up with a conviction which, from the point of view of science and theory, we are driven to regard as falling under the suspicion of being no better than illusion.

After this, it might seem almost superfluous to raise the further question, supposing the ideal of a perfect society once realised, Would it really provide full and complete satisfaction for the desires and endeavours of its constituent members? For the sake of theoretical completeness, however, we will subjoin a short discussion of the ultimate ethical ideal regarded from this second point of view.

(2) It is clear from what has been said already, that if the ideal of the perfect society is to have for us the value of an ultimately self-consistent moral end, we must believe it capable of adequate realisation. We must believe, then, in the possibility of a social order so perfect that nothing is left for its constituent members to desire beyond its maintenance, without any but the most trivial and incidental modifications. And we find as a matter of fact that the possibility of such a social order is vehemently maintained by one, at least, of the ablest champions of perfectionist ethics.¹

But, supposing such a perfect human society to have come into being, we have still to ask, What would be the characteristic tone of the ethical experiences of the individuals comprised in it? To us, who live in an age in which men are only just beginning to realise the possibility of creating

¹ Green, *Prolegomena to Ethics*, p. 328. "There is no contradiction in the supposition of a human life purged of vices and with no wrongs left to set right. It is, indeed, merely the supposition of human life with all its capacities realised."

such a society, the perfect society may appear, so long as we do not consider too closely or curiously, a final and satisfactory end of all aspirations and endeavours; but how would it "strike a contemporary?" Would the perfection of the social organism, understanding by that perfection its emancipation in the highest possible degree from dependence upon any but the social environment, inevitably bring in its train the perfection of the individual—that is, the complete and final adjustment of his achievements to his ideals or not? Clearly, it seems to me, the answer must be it would not. For individual perfection, as we have already had occasion to see, is really not attainable by any finite being. Whether you suppose the individual inhabitant of the community of the future to have already exhausted all the possibilities of attainment, and, like Alexander, to be in want of fresh worlds to conquer, or to have perpetually before him the unfulfilled ideal of a future which is not as yet secured, you must in either case admit that for the most highly developed member of the most perfect of communities the old antithesis between the desirable and the attainable would be no less real than for ourselves.

For, once concede that the denizen of the perfect state has still any as yet unreached ideals before him, be it even the ideal of securing the unchanged transmission of the *status quo* to his successors, and you have admitted that his ethical ideal, like our own, is something which is never ultimately reached, but recedes as he advances towards it. On the other hand, if you maintain that the individual in the perfect society would have no unsatisfied longings or unfulfilled wishes, you must pronounce him either not a man at all or an unhappy man. For, to repeat once more an old conclusion, while no man can be ultimately and finally happy without the complete realisation of all his aspirations, no man can attain that realisation without either ceasing to be a man, or becoming miserably and hopelessly *blasé*. In this respect the denizen of the imaginary perfect commonwealth would be no better, or rather, would be even worse off than us his predecessors. For we have at least the as yet only dimly imagined ideal of a perfect commonwealth before us to stimulate us to moral exertion, whereas he, with nothing but the mere perpetuation

of the present to care for, is condemned by his very perfections to a life of unideal and unsatisfying routine. If the inhabitant then of that which appears to us as the perfect commonwealth of the future is to possess an ethical experience even as satisfactory as our own, it can only be on the condition that he too should have before him, as the ultimate object of his actions, the concept of a still more perfect state of existence, as remote from the world of his experience as that is itself from the world in which we live at the present day.

In other words, the "perfect commonwealth" must be pronounced a useful but ultimately illusory ideal, incapable of ever being brought into actual existence, but valuable as a regulative model for the guidance of the confessedly imperfect, and moral progress must in point of fact be declared to be in its own nature indefinite and incapable of any fixed goal. And to assert that moral progress is necessarily an infinite process is equivalent, as we have already shown, to declaring that the ethical end is one that can never be reached, and that all moral endeavour is in the last resort foredoomed by its own inherent contradictoriness of purpose to failure. "Infinite and unending progress," no doubt, is a fine-sounding, and "predestined failure" a dismal-sounding, phrase, but as far as the meaning goes there is nothing to choose between them. And it is precisely because morality is perpetually trying to disguise its own constitutional infirmity of purpose and self-contradiction under this and other such high-sounding and complimentary phrases, that the serious philosophic thinker finds himself constrained to admit sadly that a certain amount of cant seems to be deeply ingrained in the very nature of morality.

To cut a long story short, the candid examination of the concept of a perfect community, or perfected human nature, has shown us that the most satisfactory theoretical account of the moral end that can be given within the limits of ethical science affords no way of escape from the difficulties enumerated at the beginning of the present chapter, and contains, only in a more subtly disguised form, all the elements of contradiction which beset the more restricted or Aristotelian ideal. In practice no doubt the very fact that the "modern" ideal contains the old antithesis in a more subtly disguised form

of perfection is ultimately incompatible with the retention, as a characteristic form of experience, of the distinctions of past, present, and future time. Morality, as we have already seen, moves entirely within the limits of the time-consciousness. For morality only exists when approbation and disapprobation exist—that is, where there is a felt distinction between ideas and the perceptual realities for which they stand, and ideas as distinct from percepts have no meaning except for a consciousness to which the distinctions of “now,” “no longer,” and “not yet” are fundamental. Hence morality is essentially an endeavour to obtain some form of experience which does not yet exist. If the “not yet” could be finally done away with—or in other words, if morality could ever actually get that at which it aims it would, in the very moment of its success, cease to be morality and pass into a different and a higher form of experience.

Or I may put the same thing in yet a third form. I have an infinity of desires which I can only gratify one at a time. Every experience of satisfaction would be eternal if it could, and, from our very constitution, none can last but for a moment. If I could get everything that I want and all at once, there would be for me no such thing as morality. Morality arises from the necessity of choosing which satisfactions I will have now and unconditionally, and which I will postpone, and enjoy only on condition that they can be had consistently with the retention of the others.

We can now see, as we could not have done at any earlier stage of our discussion, in what direction the moral experience needs to be transformed if it is to be raised above the level of the antitheses and contradictions which beset it as mere morality. The source of these contradictions has been discovered to be the temporal character of the moral experience, in virtue of which ideal and achievement inevitably fall apart. If we are to find an experience in which human craving and aspiration may find a satisfaction which is neither transitory nor illusory, it must be experience of a type which transcends this severance of “now” from “no longer” and “not yet.” It must, in fact, be an experience of perfection not as something possibly to be achieved in the remote future, provided our endeavours are not defeated by adverse external fortune,

but of perfection as a quality in some way pertaining to human existence here and now, and characterising our failures no less than what we call our successes. Or, what is the same thing, it must be an experience of ourselves as being something more than finite individuals or subordinate "parts" of a world-system.

The finally satisfactory experience, if it exists at all, must be one in which we are conscious of ourselves as being in some sense identical with the whole in which our lives as human and ethical beings are a part—as being, in fact, something much more than "mere" men. The only complete satisfaction which is not ultimately an illusion must be a satisfaction arising from the conviction that our lives, with all their mistakes and failures, are "as functions of the perfect universe already perfect,"¹ and that we are ourselves in some implicit way the "perfect Universe" of which our lives are "functions." If there is such a form of experience, then after all we are not touched by the demonstration, irrefragable as it may be in itself, that none of our ideals for the future is capable of ultimate realisation, for, so far as we and our lives are "functions of the perfect Universe" we are conscious of our own fundamental identity with an order which fulfils itself no less in our blunders, mistakes, sins, and ultimately perhaps in our extinction as finite individuals, than in our highest successes. As functions of that Universe we are already perfect, and know ourselves to be so.

Now an experience of this kind is no mere imaginary creation of theory. The conviction that man is something more than "mere" man, and that his perfection in any sense in which it is capable of existing at all, exists now if he only knew it, has been the last word of more than one system of practical philosophy and more than one great ethical religion. We meet it in Aristotle in the form² of the recognition of

¹ I borrow the useful phrase from *Appearance and Reality*, p. 508.

² Cf. particularly, *Ethics*, x. 1177. b, 26 ὁ δὲ τοιοῦτος ἄρ' εἴη βίος κρείττων ἢ κατ' ἀνθρώπων· οὐ γὰρ ἡ ἀνθρωπὸς ἐστὶν οὕτω βιώσεται, ἀλλ' ἡ βελίον τι ἐν αὐτῷ ὑπάρχει, 1178 a, τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ δὴ ὁ κατὰ τὸν νοῦν βίος (sc. ἡδιστὸν ἐστὶν) εἴπερ τοῦτο μάλιστα ἀνθρώπος. This is singularly like Spinoza's famous description of the human mind as an *aeternus modus cogitandi* which, in company with other such modes, makes up the eternal and infinite intellect of God. For St. Paul's views see *Galatians* ii. 20, 21. 1 *Corinthians* iii. 13, and *Romans* v. 10 ff.

the "life of speculation" as the highest and happiest existence possible to man; in Spinoza in the not very different form of the doctrine of the freedom to be achieved by true knowledge; in St. Paul in the form of the conception of a life which is at once mine and yet not mine, but that of "Christ" living in me. Speculative questions might, no doubt, be raised as to the validity and objective reference of this general type of experience, and to some extent we shall find ourselves obliged to take such questions into account in the sequel. But, though we cannot avoid to some extent discussing the ultimate intelligibility of the various expressions which have been given to this experience, we are fully justified in assuming its real existence as a psychological fact, exactly as we have assumed the real existence of the ethical experiences which seem to find themselves at once summed up and transcended in the consciousness of which we are now speaking, and which, from its intimate connection with the great ethical religions, we may henceforth call, for brevity's sake, the religious experience. The task of our next chapter, therefore, will be primarily, not to establish the existence or even to discuss exhaustively the validity of the religious experience as an apprehension of reality, so much as to throw some light upon its characteristic quality and the modifications which it imposes upon the ethical concepts with which we have hitherto been working in our survey of the practical life.

CHAPTER VIII

"BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL"

*Die Überwindung des Nihilismus
durch die Erkenntnis der Existenz*

HERMANN

WE have just seen that analysis of the ethical experience leads us directly to the form of consciousness which has been described in the last section as the "religious," as that in which the defects of the narrowly and strictly ethical experience are, to some extent at any rate, made good. In the present chapter, then, we must deal with the religious experience itself as the highest and final form in which our practical aspirations express themselves. If the results of our examination prove unfavourable to the claim of the religious experience itself to present us with a finally self-consistent and all-comprehending picture of life and existence, we shall be driven to revert at the end of our Essay to the position attained upon general and *a priori* grounds in our opening chapter—that ethics, as the science which describes the practical side of our experience as human beings, cannot be in any case based upon pre-conceived metaphysical certainties. For the religious experience being, as we have seen, the shape into which the ethical experience is transformed in the attempt to force it into consistency with itself, must present the nearest approximation possible within the limits of the practical side of life to the rigid self-consistency and complete comprehensiveness of a "pure" experience, and the scientific analysis of its contents must therefore approach most nearly of all the practical sciences to the ideal of a branch of knowledge founded upon metaphysics—that is, upon knowledge of a system which

is, in all its parts, experience. If the religious experience, then, is not "pure" it is certain that no form of practical, or, using the word in a wide and general sense, ethical experience has the characteristics which we have found to be essential to a "pure" experience.

The main purpose of the following pages will therefore be to establish two leading results. (a) That the religious experience itself, when tested at the bar of metaphysics, is found to be full of unresolved and unresolvable contradictions and inconsistencies, and therefore to require modification to an unknown extent and in unknown directions before it could be accepted as a finally satisfactory account of the world of experienced reality; and (b) that in the religious experience, defective as it is when taken as a final explanation of things, the narrowly and purely ethical or moral concepts with which we have hitherto been working—"obligation," "merit," "worth," and the rest—are already so transformed as to be emptied of all significance; in a word, that you cannot become truly "religious" without at the same time becoming something more—or less—than moral. The chapter will thus fall into three principal sections. We shall first have to attempt an analysis of the experience to which we have given the name of "religious," and to exhibit its most characteristic features in some detail; next we must deal, also in some detail, with the various points of agreement between the religious and the narrowly moral view of life, so as to give some insight into the nature of the modification which our practical categories undergo when morality passes into religion; last of all we must, more briefly, indicate the principal sources of weakness and inconsistency within the religious experience itself, and so prepare the way for that final verdict upon the claims of religion to give a theoretically satisfactory account of the facts of life, with which our Essay will conclude. We proceed then in what follows to take up the subjects just enumerated in the order in which they have been mentioned.

Analysis of the "Religious" experience from the philosophical point of view.

An analysis, at once sympathetic and critical, of the religious experience as it actually exists among civilised people has long been, and seems long likely to remain, a *desideratum*.

in philosophy. A great deal of work, much of it unfortunately mere piecemeal work, has been done upon the problem of the so-called "origin of religion," and of the order of the stages in its development; much also has been done in the way of "religion-philosophy," i.e. in the attempt to read into the theological dogmas of various churches the doctrine of various philosophical systems, or, *vice versa*, to read the dogmas of the churches into the doctrines of the philosophers. But amid all this energetic application to religious problems, the true problem which is the *prize* of all religious philosophy, the problem of giving an impartial description of the religious experience itself as it is immediately experienced by civilized Western men, has been almost entirely neglected. To remedy this neglect, except in the most imperfect way, we are of course aware, entirely beyond our power; but whatever may be thought of our own small preliminary contribution to the construction of such an analysis, we may perhaps at least take some trifling degree of credit to ourselves for having raised the right question, however incompetent we may be to answer it.

First, then, by way of defining the object which calls for analysis, let us make it quite clear that what we wish to describe is no form of dogmatic or of speculative theology. We are unconcerned or only indirectly concerned with the formal expression of the "doctrines" of any religion. For theology and its doctrines are never as such matters of direct experience. Every theological doctrine, from that of the existence of God to that of the existence of a Trinity of three Persons in One God, is an hypothesis advanced in explanation of the simpler and more concrete experienced facts of the religious life. Now it is these facts, as they are immediately experienced before the process of theological reflection and speculation has begun its work upon them, which we wish to reach. It is of course impossible to find the religious experience flourishing in absolute independence of the speculative beliefs which have moulded our language about such matters and given its direction to our earliest education; but by abstracting as far as possible from the utterances of professed theologians with a passion for

¹ As if the religious experience could not have had very different beginnings with different races and in different circumstances.

systematisation, by attending primarily not to avowed expositions of "religious truths" but to the immediate expressions of devotional feeling, and by carefully comparing the expression given to such feelings by saints and prophets with that of eminent heretics and unorthodox mystics, we may at least make some approximation to an account of the religious experience in which all essential features and no others shall be represented. In what follows our aim has been, in a very general and imperfect way, to indicate some of the results to which such an analysis would lead.

We have spoken, at the end of the last chapter, of the religious experiences as that in which we are aware of ourselves as already members of a system or order which is already perfect, and thus of ourselves as in some way already perfect. Much the same view is expressed by Mr. Bosanquet in an essay in which he says that the difference between morality and religion is that morality bids you realise the "good will," whereas religion tells you that the "good will" is already real, and that nothing else is real.¹ This consciousness of the present perfection of the real system and of ourselves, as in some way identical with its essential principle,² is not of course to be found in an equally definite and precise form in all religions and at all periods of time. It appears, in the very definite form in which we have given utterance to it, perhaps only in Christianity and in the religious mysticism which has arisen within the bosom of the closely allied religion of Mohammed.

But some such sense of being "more than man" seems to be involved in even the earliest and crudest form of any experience which can be recognised as qualitatively identical with what we, as civilised European Protestants, know by the name of "religion." It is, for instance, only in so far as savage conceptions of the relation of the clan or tribe to its divine kinsman includes some sense of a

¹ Bosanquet, *Essays and Addresses*, p. 124 ff.

² I do not mean by this language to retract what I have already said in chap. ii. against the Neo-Hegelian fetish of the "eternal self." My whole point is that the "natural" man as such is no more eternal than, or, as we ought perhaps rather to say, just as eternal as anything else, and that—as Spinoza long ago taught—it is only in proportion as you *know* yourself identical with the Deity that you *become* identical with him. This is the palpable but unavoidable paradox which comes to light in Evangelical Protestantism in the doctrine of justification by faith.

more than human protection and a more than human champion, that we can intelligibly assert the existence of a "religious" element in savage beliefs and practices. Apart from this sense of *practical* union with the "more than man," and consequent perfection, even if perfection be crudely conceived of as including nothing more than invincibility in the field, there is nothing characteristically religious in entertaining superstitions about omens and portents, or relating myths about the creation. It is from this *practical* element that religion derives its significance for life and thought, and without it, it would be, as Aristotle says of the severed human hand, identical with the reality only in name.

And further, if there is no religion, in the full sense of the word, except where there is at least some incipient consciousness of identity with a perfect reality which is something more than ourselves, it is equally necessary to insist that wherever there is this consciousness there you have a form of experience which is qualitatively identical with the religious experience, no matter what may be the object or system which serves as the centre for the experience. This has been so admirably brought out by Mr. Bradley in *Appearance and Reality* that I need hardly do more than call attention to the fact. As Mr. Bradley well says, the essential characteristic of religion is the consciousness of our own perfection as members in a perfect system or whole, and the nature of that whole itself is a matter of only secondary importance,¹ though of course some objects are better fitted than others to bear the strain of being turned into the centre of a religion, and there can be ultimately only *one* adequate centre for religion in its highest and most perfect form, the perfect Universe itself. Within these limits the centre of religious emotion may apparently be almost anything in which we feel a strong and absorbing interest, and which we recognise as higher and greater than ourselves—a friend, a woman, a country, etc. etc.² The

¹ So Spinoza says truly enough in the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, that the point of primary religious importance is that men should recognise God as an object of worship, and should be convinced that salvation is only to be found in obedience to the laws of God, which are the laws of nature. It is, as he goes on to say, largely indifferent what further notions each man may form of God, e.g. whether God is thought of as fire or as spirit.

² And one may "worship" or "make a religion of" two or more such objects at once; only then there is always the possibility of a crisis in which we may have to

notion that it is of the essence of religion to seek its centre in the "other world" of spirits and goblins I am compelled, with Mr. Bradley, to regard as a mere blunder, and what is more, as a most irreligious blunder. Apart from the nature of the emotions which imagined relations to a ghost may arouse in me, there is nothing more "religious" about belief in ghosts than about belief in the Sea-Serpent.

Thus we may perhaps go on to trace the genesis of religious feeling a step further back than we have as yet done, and say that the religious experience is, psychologically, simply the fullest and highest development of the same quality of sincerity and thoroughness by which the competent artisan is distinguished from the botcher and the scholar from the shallow "person of culture." To be absolutely and through and through sincere and in earnest with any interest means already to have put it in the position of an object higher than yourself and necessary to your perfection, and all that is wanted to transform this sense of supreme worth into a truly religious relation to the supremely worthy object is the further consciousness that in some sense it has already been attained, and that you are already, if you only know it, perfect in its perfection.

We may even illustrate and perhaps soften down the apparent paradox of the religious experience, with its consciousness of perfection in imperfection, by an illustration drawn from our relations to those minor objects of devotion which are happily said in popular parlance to be a "religion" to many men. Consider, for instance, the relation of a devoted lover to his mistress. The zest and piquancy of the lover's feelings, if I may so express myself, seem to depend upon the fact that they unite together two apparently incompatible extremes, the extreme of humility and the extreme of conscious perfection. He feels himself, on the one hand, eminently unworthy; by contrast with the perfections which he finds in or ascribes to his beloved, faults and smirches of which the rest of the world take no heed, and of which he himself would in other circumstances be tolerant, if not oblivious, appear as the most monstrous and blackest

choose between the rival deities. In spite of Plato's *φθόνος ἔξω θεῶν χοροῦ ἵσταται*, "jealousy" appears in some sense an inseparable property of "the gods."

guilt; yet at the same time he equally feels himself as much exalted above the ordinary level of mankind as depressed below it. In so far as he is, momentarily at any rate, in instances of supreme emotional devotion, one in spirit with the beloved object he becomes a conscious share in her perfection, and, as one with her, for the moment at least, himself perfect. The world may know him—and rightly so far as the world is concerned—as the average man with all the petty failures and commonplace virtues of the average man, but there is one place at least and one person where and with whom he is, for a time, more than the average man, is purged of his petty vices and lifted into a sphere of emotional life far above that of his everyday virtue. Imagine this contrast of feelings accentuated to the utmost degree by the recognition of the Perfect Universal as the source at once of our abasement and our exaltation, and you have the religious experience in its purest and intensest form.

Thus religion, even if it consists only in worshipping one's mistress or one's mother, is seen to contain a conciliation of two apparently irreconcilable and contradictory forms of emotion—the feeling of self-abasement and humility in the presence of an ideal which is for ever above us and beyond our reach, and the feelings of personal exaltation and personal participation in the perfection of the ideal. In mere morality this contradiction does not as yet exist, because there the ideal is envisaged simply as an ideal, as something which has not yet and conceivably never may have any existence except "in my head"; in the religious experience the contradiction is essential and inevitable, because here and here only the practical ideal is experienced as something which already exists and moulds us into conformity with itself instead of having to be created by us.

It would be far too long a task, and one utterly beyond my powers, to show how this central paradox reappears in manifold forms in the various systems, orthodox or heretical, in which the practical religious experience of the civilised West has sought expression. The presence of the contradiction in those Pauline writings, which may fairly be called the text-book of Evangelical Protestantism, "leaps to one's eyes," as the French say, upon the most elementary inspection. For Paul and for

Protestantism God is, on the one hand, the infinite being before whom all alike are condemned, and with whom the petty distinctions which men draw between the "just" and the "unjust" man lose all their significance. Thus the "wrath of God" is said by nature to rest on just and unjust alike; by comparison with the perfect real-ideal all mankind, good and bad alike, are in a state of infinite debasement and alienation, which is described as being the consciousness at once of sin and of the law.

This consciousness of "sin" or of the "law" by which sin finds its "occasion" is, it must be noted, something more than the mere despair of actualising the moral ideal of which we have spoken in our last chapter. So long as you are upon the ground and within the sphere of mere morality, the knowledge that your ideal as such can never be completely and adequately realised may indeed give rise to weariness and self-disgust, but not to the bitter sense of being under "condemnation" which arises from the representation of the ideal as being at the same time the one perfect and fully existent reality, apart from which our own life is a mere mockery and semblance. God is thus, on the one hand, a "consuming fire" and a "night in which all cows are black," and the emotion awakened by our consciousness of our relation to the system of which we are inseparable members is one of bitter and hopeless antagonism,—“the wrath of God abideth on us.” And yet, on the other hand, for Paul and for Protestantism God is, at the same time, known as perpetually revealing Himself as transcending this opposition, and “reconciling the world with Himself,”—and man, in thus knowing God, passes from the consciousness of absolute enmity and alienation into a consciousness of union with and perfection in the perfect Absolute; the “life of faith on the Son of God” is thus a life in which the believer is already perfect and already free from the law, and the condemnation which the law brings in its train.

“Faith” is, in fact, nothing but the name for the central paradox of the system—the doctrine that by recognising yourself as already perfect in the perfect Absolute you become perfect.

To the thought which has not yet been awakened to the

sense of the contradictions and discrepancies of the merely moral experience, and has therefore felt no need to rise into the higher region of religious life, this paradox must appear unintelligible as well as superfluous, and we need not therefore be surprised if "religion" itself has frequently sought to explain it away. Popular Protestantism, in particular, has always shown a tendency to soften down the antithesis of the Pauline philosophy of religion by representing them as successive phases of the life of the Absolute itself. Readers who have, like myself, been familiar in their youth with the ideas and phraseology of popular evangelical piety, will hardly need to be reminded that in the current forms of the evangelical theory the death of Jesus on the cross is constantly depicted as having wrought some sort of revolution in the Divine nature itself, in virtue of which the angry and alienated Deity for the future became the appeased and self-communicating Deity. No doubt popular piety would recoil from the crude expression of such a view as this in unvarnished language, but, if one may judge from typical products of evangelical devotion, it is this or something like it which most accurately represents the state of mind habitual with evangelically disposed persons when they are not consciously engaged in the elaboration of a quasi-scientific theology.

Such, however, was by no means the thought of Paul. From the point of view of the Pauline epistles, the historical death of Jesus of Nazareth at Jerusalem owes its importance to the fact that it is the most striking illustration in the world's history of a quality or process in the Divine nature which has been present there from all eternity. The real work of redemption, according to the epistles, was already accomplished "before the foundation of the world," and the historical preaching and death of Jesus form a "revelation of the mystery which had been kept in silence through time eternal."¹ Thus, from Paul's standpoint, God's revelation of

¹ Ephesians i. 4. (Even if not actually Pauline the epistle seems on this point a faithful witness to Pauline teaching.) Romans xvi. 25. So elsewhere we read of a "lamb slain from the foundation of the world"—and the voice of modern Pietism exclaims—

"Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden,
Der meinen Anker ewig hält.
Wo anders als in Christi Wunden?
Da lag er vor der Zeit der Welt."

Himself as "Christ,"—that is, as transcending the antithesis between man and God, or as including a perfected humanity as an inseparable ingredient in His own perfection, is not an incident in divine or human history, but the permanent essence of the whole process. "Faith" is thus not the efficient cause of a change in the attitude of God towards an alienated world, but the recognition on the part of the world that no change is needed, and that the conciliation of the imperfect and finite with the perfect Absolute is already effected, and has been effected "from the beginning of the world." We might almost say, "the sense of alienation and condemnation," or, in less theological language, the sense of ourselves as merely imperfect and finite, is an illusion inevitable in virtue of our unique position in the universe; to recognise it for the illusion it is, is to be *eo ipso* aware of ourselves as already perfect and as one, at the roots of our being, with the central reality of the universe.

The Pauline paradox has no doubt been grossly abused by ignorance and superstition, and one would not like to say that the abundance of cheap ridicule which has been showered upon the illiterate evangelist's cry of, "Believe you are saved and you are saved," has not been largely deserved. Yet, against such cheap ridicule, as well as against the more reasoned criticism of the superior person, it is necessary to insist that this conception of myself as already perfect, "as a function of the perfect universe," is the very heart of all vital religion, and "faith," or whatever the name we may give to the recognition of our own perfection as functions of the universe, the indispensable and characteristic organon of the religious experience. To direct and immediate experience the religious life is nothing but the consciousness of transcended alienation and reconciled hostility, in which we know ourselves as one with the life of the Absolute.

And note that the experience which is religion never quite shakes off the form of paradox and contradiction with which it begins. Consciousness of our union with the Absolute by itself would not constitute the specifically religious experience without qualification by the remembrance at least of past and conciliated enmity. The sense of our own limitation and imperfection, even if it has come to be

regarded as an illusion, still persists in and colours our experience of ourselves as already perfected and completed in the Absolute. Blake has hit off this point admirably in the trenchant saying that, "first comes God the Father and fetches you a clout on the head, and then Jesus Christ brings you the balm for it." The essence of a human experience of the Absolute is thus that it should somehow contain together the antithetical moments of conscious imperfection and the conscious transcendence of imperfection; it is an experience of shortcomings made good, of failures which are yet no failures, as the pious say "of sins forgiven." Or, more paradoxical still, it is an experience at once of being "but a man," and of being "more than man." Apart from this never quite abolished contradiction, the religious experience would, as we have already remarked, lose its piquancy. Neither the raptures nor the despondencies of the spirit could subsist if they were not kept alive by an atmosphere of concealed but not obliterated contradiction.

Thus between such experience of the Absolute as is possible to men, and such an experience as might conceivably be enjoyed by beings who had never known the sense of alienation and imperfection, there is, in the nature of things, a great gulf fixed. We shall find it important to remember that neither the experience of the saint nor that of the philosopher can give us "God as He is in His eternal essence before the creation of the world,"—that neither is in fact an ideal "pure" experience of ultimate reality. All that we have a right to expect from either is that it should be valid as far as it goes as a knowledge of reality, or in other words, that we should know where and why they are "impure." This is important, because, as we shall subsequently see, the real ground of the grievance of philosophy and science against the would-be science of theology is that theologians too often persist in treating their own religious experience as an ultimate knowledge of reality valid in all its parts and equally valid for every one, while science in its turn has frequently had an equally serious grievance against the too presumptuous metaphysicians who have insisted on treating the categories of their own or their Master's logic as an all-embracing and adequate description of the full concrete nature of the Absolute.

On both these mistakes we shall presently have a word or two to say. Meanwhile our analysis of the religious experience leads us to the preliminary recognition of it as containing, whatever else it may contain, the last word of practical life in answer to the puzzle raised by reflection on the defects of mere morality. In the object of religion we have an ideal which is at once perfect and actual, at once for ever beyond our attainment and already attained, an end which is at once the adequate fulfilment of all our visions of goodness and beauty and their fulfilment here and now. And, whatever metaphysical criticism may have to say about the possibility of such an object, for practice and the emotions arising out of the life of practice it is ultimate. In its service, and in its service only, is there for the man of action perfect freedom.

The foregoing brief and imperfect sketch may serve, then, to convey some preliminary notion of the leading features of that form of experience to which we seem warranted in confining the name of "religion." But the religious experience, in its form of immediate experience, we must remember, is direct and uncriticised experience, and is not a consistent theory of itself. Thus, like all other forms of immediate experience, it stands in need of corrective and elucidating criticism. Until thus criticised the religious experience, as actually lived through by an individual or a community, is certain to present us with much that is temporary, accidental, or even at variance with the fundamental characteristics of religion side by side with what is of its essence. There is probably no man of practical piety in whose personal experience of religion importance and significance is not attached to matters and ideas which possess no such paramount significance for religious persons of slightly different antecedents and temperament. What is one man's religion may very well be to another man superstition, and both may be fully justified in their point of view. Hence, if the essential and characteristic is to be successfully separated from the superfluous and accidental in religion, there is a necessity for such a process of sifting criticism as is attempted in different degrees and along different lines by the theologian and by the philosopher.

And here I may perhaps be allowed to explain in a few

words why, without intending disrespect to an estimable class of learned men, I have called philosophy a science, but theology a would-be science. The defect which, in my judgment, deprives theology of all claim to the title of a science lies in the arbitrary restriction which its point of departure imposes upon its treatment of the phenomena. Theologians, in fact, sin habitually against Plato's demand that the true lover of science shall be interested in the whole of his subject. Their conception of the religious problem compels them to isolate a part of the religious life of mankind (*e.g.* the religious experiences described in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures),¹ and to treat that part as equivalent to the whole. Such a refusal to face all the facts fully and fairly must in any case vitiate the conclusions arrived at by theology as to the essential nature and requisites of religion, and, as we shall by and by see, it does in particular render the attainment of a clear conception of the difference between morality and religion difficult if not impossible. Hence we are bound, unless we are prepared to renounce our philosophical standards of scientific worth, to maintain, with all possible respect for theologians, and the fullest recognition of the practical and edificatory value of some of their work, that theology, in consequence of the arbitrary restrictions imposed upon its range, possesses only the external form without any of the concrete filling of science, or is, in other words, a pseudo-science.

Philosophy, on the other hand, when applied to the criticism of religious experience, presents, so long as it is true to itself, the leading characteristics of genuine science, which are conspicuously absent from theology. It attempts, at any-rate, to deal with *all* the relevant facts without suppression and without distinction, and it is, unlike theology, freely

¹ The present writer well remembers the shock of amazement which he experienced on opening a so-called "History of Marriage," by a theological author, and finding that the only institutions treated of in the "history" were those recognised by the Levitical and the mediæval canon law. To any one but a theologian the absurdity of confining a "history" of one of the most important of social institutions to the forms it has assumed in two highly complex and relatively late social systems would, one would imagine, have been patent at first sight. It may be, of course, that my account of theology would not be accepted by some writers on the subject as a description of their study. In that case, I can only say, as Socrates says of rhetoric "This may not be what Gorgias teaches, but it is what I understand by the term."

critical of all its original data. Whenever theology attempts to adopt into itself these two characteristics of true scientific method, it alters its own character and passes into such forms as "science of comparative religions" and "philosophy of religion." But these would, I suppose, hardly be recognised by theologians as departments of theology.

To admit, however, that the immediate experiences of religion, like all other immediate experience, stand in need of critical examination before the essential in them can be distinguished from the merely accessory, is to expose ourselves and our own analysis to attacks of a formidable kind from more quarters than one. So long as we were content to offer the statements of the last section simply as a description of an immediate and personal experience, it was, of course, impossible for any one to dispute the accuracy of our account, though he might no doubt question our right to identify such an experience with "religion." But when our own account is given avowedly as the result of an analysis conducted with a view to the separation of the essential from the unessential features of religion, it at once becomes competent to any reader to dispute the correctness of the analysis and to offer a rival analysis of his own.

Hostile criticism of this kind would probably take one of two lines. On the one hand, we might be told that our previous section errs by assuming without proof the validity of the religious experience as a knowledge of reality, and the objective existence of such an Absolute as it presupposes. This, it will be said, is a most unscientific procedure; apart from the "proof" of the "existence of God," the religious experience itself may for all we know prove to be itself a mere illusion, and the Absolute a mere pseudo-concept to which nothing in the world of objective reality, as it would appear to an all-comprehensive experience, corresponds. Both dogmatic pluralism and philosophic Agnosticism would presumably adopt this line of sceptical criticism of what seem to be our assumptions as to the validity of the religious experience.

On the other hand, we might be told that our account of the religious experience is defective in omitting all reference to dogmas such as those of the Trinity and the Incarnation, in

which the religious mind of the Western world has sought to give speculative form to its deepest convictions. These doctrines, it might be said from the theological quarter, are the very heart of religion—expressions in its deepest and most self-consistent form, and no account of the religious attitude toward the world which leaves them as mere idle words, although on one side, can be regarded as having penetrated below the mere surface of the subject.

To deal fully with the entire acquisition of the world which we have assumed too much as the religious attitude, and with having assumed too little, would take us far beyond the limit imposed upon the present chapter both by a consideration of space and by our consideration of our own limitations. But there are certain general reflections suggested by both lines of criticism which seem worth seriously reflecting and consequently important to be entered upon in some little detail here. And first, we will take certain considerations arising out of the demand of the sceptic for a formal *proof* of the validity of the religious experience and the actual existence of the perfect Absolute.

The points upon which some explanation of our attitude seems demanded appear to be in the main two: (a) What kind of *proof* of the validity of religious experience is admissible or requisite? (b) In what sense, if any, is it true that the religious experience goes beyond what can be absolutely *proved* as to the nature of reality, and is such a transcending of mere reason ever legitimate? More briefly, the questions we have to consider are, (a) that of the *proof* of the existence of God, and (b) that of the relation of "faith" to "reason." On each of these perplexed questions we shall, in order to avoid misunderstanding, have a word of explanation to give, and our attitude to the second will be in the main decided by our answer to the first.

We begin then with (a) the question as to the necessity and admissibility of *proof of the being of God*. In discussing this question we must first of all point out two ambiguities against which philosophers have not always been on their guard. The first source of ambiguity lies in the very vague and elastic character of the concepts commonly suggested by the use of the term "God." In order not unduly to narrow

the scope of our examination of religious phenomena by an initial assumption, of the theological kind, we must from the first take care to recognise that, at least at the beginning of the enquiry, the term "God" means for us simply the perfect system which is the finally adequate object of religious worship, and nothing more. Whether that system is personal or not, and if personal, whether it exists in the form of a single consciousness or a society of consciousnesses, in what sense it is identical with or different from "nature"—all these controversial questions, which are commonly supposed to set an impassable barrier between Monotheism, Polytheism, and Pantheism, must be left for the present undiscussed. What we have assumed as real in our statements about the religious experience is not the personality or impersonality, the "transcendence" or "immanence," of the perfect Absolute, but simply its existence as a perfect systematic whole, and in styling that Absolute "God" we intend to imply no decision as to the points that might conceivably occasion dispute between a Platonist and an Aristotelian, or between a disciple of Spinoza and a follower of Leibnitz.

The second ambiguity against which we must enter a caution arises from the fact that a "proof of the being of God" may mean either of two very different things. It may mean either a proof that there is an Absolute or all-comprehending universal order, or a proof that that order is all that religious devotion takes it to be. That which is "proved" to exist may, in fact, be merely the Absolute of metaphysics, or it may be the "God" of religion. Now between these two conceptions there is an important difference. If you take metaphysics in the most general sense as the analysis of the formal characteristics of experience, apart from all consideration of its concrete contents, it is manifest that all that metaphysics demands of its Absolute world-system is that it should satisfy the logical demand for comprehensiveness and freedom from contradiction. Hence, if the formal character of experience only be under consideration, you will find that you can say little more on purely general grounds about the Absolute than that it includes all the facts which would form the contents of a completed and "pure" experience, and contains them all

without any internal contradiction. Further consideration of the general nature of experience would probably lead to the further assertion that the Absolute itself not only contains the contents of experience, but is itself a sentient, conscious, or experiencing. For the contents of experience do not seem to have any existence except as contents of experience—that is, as elements or aspects in a consciousness of some kind or other. But beyond this you could scarcely go in any account of the Absolute without passing from the consideration of the formal characteristics of experience to the examination of its contents, which is the business, in the first place, of the various empirical sciences, and in the next of the applied metaphysics which is based upon the critical examination of the assumptions and results of those sciences.

Hence it might well be that a conception of the world-system against which no exception could be taken upon grounds of general metaphysics might be entirely inadequate as a description of the God or Absolute of the religious experience. This would be the case with any system of philosophy in which the metaphysical Absolute, though conceived of as a single all-embracing system fully satisfying our speculative demand for logical coherence, was regarded as not satisfying our ethical demand for a really existing object adequately realising our ideals of practical and emotional perfection.¹ On any consistent theory of pessimism there would seem to be such an impassable gulf between the desire of the heart and the knowledge of the head; and thus no argument for the existence of such an Absolute as is compatible with the truth² of pessimism would amount to a proof of the being of God—that is, of the existence of an Absolute which, as answering our ethical demand for felt perfection, forms an adequate centre for the religious emotions.

When we speak, then, in the present context of the proofs

¹ By "emotional perfection" I mean entire and complete satisfaction of desire, realisation of judgments of approbation, etc. I use the perhaps awkward expression in order to avoid the ambiguities connected with the much abused phrase "*moral perfection*."

² *I.e.*, the final truth of pessimism, as the last word about the relation of man and human aspirations to the real. I say nothing against the relative truth of pessimism regarded simply as *one* aspect of the facts of life—only against its claim to have taken account of the whole.

of the being of God, it must be understood that we mean such proofs only as, if accepted, would establish the existence of an Absolute of a kind adequate to our highest ethical ideas—a real centre and sum not merely of formal or logical but also of emotional perfection. The question then is, In what sense does the existence of such an Absolute admit or require proof? To this question there seems to be only one consistent and intelligible answer. The only "proof of the being of God" which is really necessary or admissible is the existence of the religious experience itself as an important element or aspect within the concrete whole of human life and experience. The true answer to the sceptic who denies that the reality of things presents any aspect corresponding to the characteristic ideas of religion is provided by the regularity and permanence with which the religious side of life and the religious experience assert themselves as ineradicable elements in human nature.

A proof that the object of religious worship exists is, in the strict sense of the words, as impossible, and for the same reason, as a proof that colour or extension, or right and wrong, or any other characteristic aspect of human experience, is "real." Just as our colour experiences or our ethical experiences are themselves the only available or necessary evidence for the existence of colour or of ethical aspirations as features of the concrete world-system, so the religious experience itself is the only evidence which is forthcoming or desirable for the qualification of the experienced system by the attributes in virtue of which it is felt to be a suitable object for religious devotion. This does not mean to say that every and any fancy of every and any individual may at once be asserted to be objectively valid with respect to the real world-system, but only that no abiding and universal aspect of human experience taken as a whole can be airily dismissed by the metaphysician as resting upon mere illusion. In one form or another the religious attitude towards the world-system seems as inseparable from a fully developed intelligent human experience as the ethical or the scientific, and this is, of itself, sufficient evidence that, whatever may be the accretions with which it is overlaid and disfigured in its various transitory guises, the religious experience in its permanent essence is an inseparable element in a comprehensive human experience of

the world. And this is all that can be said of the scientific or any other aspect of the world of experience.

In this sense the "ontological proof" seems valid and irrefragable: How indeed, may we ask, could we understand the production by nature of a race of beings inevitably doomed to believe about the world things which they themselves know, on mature reflection, to be utterly and radically false? Such an impassable gulf between the nature of man as experience and the nature of the world as that which he experiences, is not only unthinkable in itself, but, even if thinkable, might with equal reason be supposed to extend to the scientific as well as to the religious aspect of human experience. The true inference from the premisses of those who contend that the religious experience may be at once an essential feature of human experience, and yet radically false and baseless as an apprehension of reality, is not that some other aspect of human experience, *e.g.* the experiences upon which the mechanical theory of nature is formed, is valid through and through as an adequate knowledge of reality, but that all sides and aspects of our experience are alike suspect. What is sauce for the goose of religion is no less sauce for the gander of mechanical physical science.

The "ontological proof," then, seems sound and valid in the sense just explained—*i.e.* in the sense that the claim of religion to represent an integral element in a full human experience of the world is justified by an appeal to the facts of life. At the same time, it must be remembered that, as we have so often insisted, the religious experience is in principle an immediate apprehension, not a reflective knowing, much less a fully thought-out and critical theory about reality. Hence, if the "ontological proof" were used, as it commonly has been, to vindicate not merely the right of the religious experience to rank as an indispensable aspect in full human experience, but the right of some particular theological theory about the nature of the object of religious emotions to be adopted as true without further inquiry, the "ontological" argument would be abused for illegitimate purposes. The ontological proof, rightly understood, establishes not so much the existence of "God" as the existence of the "divine," as an aspect of the world system. Whether the "divine" and

"perfect" is to be regarded as "personal" or not, whether it is immanent in the perpetual universe, or, as Aristotle taught, "separate," whether moral predicates can properly be ascribed to it in the same sense in which they are ascribed to members of human society, whether the experience of the "divine" given in religion is the highest and most coherent experience possible to man, or is itself in turn transcended by the experience of the philosopher, precisely as it transcends the merely ethical experience,—all these are questions which cannot be settled by any short and easy "ontological" method, but only, if at all, by careful analysis of the concrete contents of experience.

One very common abuse of the "ontological" and the other "proofs of the being of God" calls perhaps for special mention here. It is important to insist that the religious experience itself is not only the sufficient but the necessary and only "proof" of its own reality. If by a "proof of the being of God" you mean a proof of a kind competent to convince a man who is personally an absolute stranger to the religious experience of the validity of that experience, there never was and there never can be any such proof. To convince a man who, like not a few of our contemporaries, is personally devoid of religious aspirations and emotions that there is "a God," would be like trying to convince a being devoid of the experiences of approbation and disapprobation that there is a difference between right and wrong, or a stone-deaf man that there is a difference between harmony and discord. In the absence of the individual religious experience a man might conceivably be satisfied by the evidence for the existence of a metaphysical Absolute or of a theological "Creator of the world;" but a mere "Absolute" or a mere "Creator" is, as we have said, something very different from what religion means by "God." That the Absolute or Creator, or whatever else one may on other grounds believe in as the ultimate reality for scientific thought, is also "God," we can only show by pointing to the fact that it does, in the religious experiences of mankind, fill the place which the merely "ethical" and therefore unrealisable ideal left empty. It is only in the religious experience itself that we take the step which bridges over the gulf between the "Absolute" or "First

Cause" of scientific speculation and the "God" of practical religion.

But it has too often been the fate of the "proof of the being of God" to be used as evidence to show that the "Absolute" is "God" *outside* the religious experience. Not only have they been regarded as competent to prove the existence of God to an unreligious world, but I am much mistaken if some readers at least will not assert that the whole of the present section has been an *ignoratio elenchii*, and that the question as to the existence of God is really the question, which we have hitherto evaded, of the independent reality of the objects of the religious experience *outside* that experience.

What I want to know, I can imagine a reader exclaiming, is whether God, as I take Him to be, exists outside and independently of my thinking about Him, or whether He is only an "idea in my head." Now this demand for evidence of the reality of the objects of religious devotion outside the religious experience itself, is exactly on a par with the similar demand for the *independent* existence of the objects of other forms of experience. To ask whether God as such has an independent existence, apart from my thought about Him and my worship of Him, is to raise the very question which the ordinary philosophic realist raises when he asks indignantly whether things in the physical world exist when I am not perceiving them or not. And in both cases the question is so ambiguously worded that, without further definition of its meaning, it is impossible to give a single answer to it. Hence I must be pardoned if, with no desire to equivocate or to split hairs, I am forced to draw a distinction before I can explain my attitude to the question at issue.

The question, "Does God exist independently of my thinking, or is He only an idea in my head?" *might* mean (a) Are the contents of my religious experience mere subjective fancies personal and peculiar to myself, or have they universal and objective validity as expressing the experience not merely of myself but of all religiously-minded persons? In just the same way we may interpret the question as to the objective reality of any experience-content whatever to mean, "Would

been of a kind as unintelligible to ordinary men as the experiences in which philosophical truths dawned upon Plato or dramatic or musical compositions upon Shakespeare and Mozart. But where we can follow what Christ and Paul have told us of the workings of their own minds, we can to some extent see that the thoughts which formed the content of their to us unimaginable experiences tally with our own experience, which they illumine and transform and free from contradictions without abolishing it.

On the other hand, the experiences of the vulgar religious fanatic, if taken as an adequate apprehension of reality, would contradict and abolish without illuminating or transcending the religious experiences of the normal man of piety. Hence, with certain modifications, our answer to the question whether the religious experience has objective validity, in the sense now under consideration, must be given affirmatively so far as the abiding and essential features of that experience are concerned, while the peculiar forms it takes in individuals, conditioned as they are by the peculiarities of external environment and personal idiosyncrasy, must be pronounced of mere subjective worth. To this latter point we shall presently have occasion to return.

(b) But the question, "Does God exist independently of and outside our thought of Him?" often means, "Does God exist, as God, entirely outside the religious experience of mankind?" and in this sense must, as I take it, meet with a decided negative. The question, so interpreted, is indeed only a special case of the more general question, "Is *anything* what it is known as being, outside the experience in which it is so known?" To answer this question fully would take us much deeper into metaphysical controversy than we can reasonably desire to go in a work of which metaphysics is neither the only nor the principal subject, but we must, at any rate, briefly indicate the conclusions which would naturally follow from the view which has been enunciated in our opening chapter as to the scope and the methods of metaphysics.

If our original conception of the metaphysical problem was a correct one, it is clear that metaphysics can never reveal to us any existence entirely beyond or entirely independent of an experience in which it forms an inseparable aspect. As

we have indicated already, the whole problem of metaphysics is to construct a description of the world of experience which shall answer to our ideal of "pure" experience—that is, shall contain no single element which cannot be completely described in terms of experienced fact. Just in so far as metaphysics or any other branch of science departs from this ideal, and employs in its theories concepts which cannot be resolved into descriptions of experienced fact, it ceases to be fully and completely true and becomes infected to an unknown degree with errors and false assumptions, which it is the work of scientific progress to remove. Thus, as against certain forms of philosophic Realism, we feel bound to maintain that metaphysics is incapable of ever transcending that reference to actual or possible experience which is involved in every assertion about existence. What *is* means for us, as for the plain man, what is or what would, under definitely known conditions, be experienced by a consciousness, and wherever we find science and philosophy apparently transcending these limits, and informing us of the existence of objects which, from their nature, cannot as such be contents of any experience, we expect to detect the presence in scientific theory of "symbolic" and unreal concepts.¹

We maintain, then, that taking existence in the full and proper sense of the terms, nothing ever *is*, outside the concrete experience in which it is an ingredient, what it is within that experience. The utmost reality that can be conceded to any object of experience outside the experience in which it is known, is the reality of certain conditions which, with the

¹ Much confusion has been caused by failure to observe that "existence" is, as Aristotle long ago taught, an ambiguous term. It has been thought, for instance, a sufficient refutation of Berkeley to vociferate that the chairs and tables in my room do not cease to "exist" if I go out and lock the door on the outside. But the real question at issue is of course not whether the chairs and tables, *in some sense or other*, continue to exist, but whether they retain their existence *as chairs and tables*. An intelligent Berkeleyan would of course admit that the furniture of his room continues to exist in his absence, but would at the same time insist that, since their existence *as chairs and tables* implies presence to a human organism, they are, in the absence of a human percipient or some similar subject of experience, resolved into their, to us, unknown conditions, which, when the presence of a suitable percipient is added, generate the perceived chairs and tables. In Leibnitian phraseology the chairs and tables might be called *phenomena bene fundata*. They are, that is, no mere illusions, they have an existence outside our finite perception, but not an independent existence *as chairs and tables*. You may of course say, if you like, "this is a chair," meaning "this, under the condition that a human percipient is present, is perceived as a chair," but in that case, as H. Cornelius has well insisted, you are using "existence" in a secondary and derivative, not in its full and primary sense.

addition of the further condition of certain psychological dispositions in the percipient, will yield the experience of the object in question. And by the reality of these "conditions" we must once more mean, unless we are to play fast and loose with words, their presence as an ingredient in some other experience. We cannot too strongly insist that of "existence," in any full sense of the word, we can form no notion whatever except as forming the content of an experience. As Mr. Bradley puts it, "being" is indissolubly one with "sentience." That this truth is so frequently denied by realists and misconceived by idealists¹ is probably to be accounted for by the general prevalence of a most unfortunate error in philosophical order. If, instead of treating experience as a kind of knowing, metaphysicians had treated knowing as a kind of experience, it would have been less easy to mistake the mere symbols of inadequate conceptual thought for transcendently real things existing outside of, and independently of, the experience in which they are thought of.

Turning from these generalities to the special question of the "existence of God," we must then dismiss the demand for a proof that God as God exists outside the religious experience as based upon a fundamental misconception of the meaning of existence and its relation to experience. Apart from the felt reality of the religious life as a permanent aspect of human experience, God, we are driven to say, would be not God but a merely logical or metaphysical Absolute or system. It is only in our own recognition of the Absolute as being the actually existing realisation of our ethical ideals, and the perfecting of our moral shortcomings and limitations, that the Absolute becomes what we mean by "God." "God" is, in fact, we may fairly say, a relative term, and implies, as a part of its meaning, a certain relation to human aspirations and human affections. Until the Absolute enters upon that relation to human or other similarly limited experiences it is not as yet, except as a secondary and derivative sense, actually

¹ At least I never read the writings of what may be called the "orthodox" Anglo-Hegelian school without a certain suspicion that the writers are unconsciously at one with certain realists on this point. Professor Green, for instance, certainly seems to assume that the *full* reality of the physical world is something which the mechanical philosopher can construct by "thought," but which from its very nature could *never* be the object of direct perception.

God; and when it is said that only the Absolute is fully and truly God, the meaning is that only the Absolute can permanently stand the strain of occupying the place of God in that relation to human experiences without breaking down under it.

But for this inability of minor objects of devotion to afford lasting religious emotion to mankind in general, it would be perfectly reasonable to maintain that there are as many "Gods" as there are objects which are recognised as supremely perfect by human individuals. What we mean, however, by calling religious devotion to these lesser "Gods" idolatry is that (a) they are capable of serving as "Gods" only for an individual or for a small number of individuals, not for mankind in general without respect of age, sex, or nation, and that (b) they rarely prove permanently adequate to retain their religious devotion even on an individual. The man who makes an "idol" of his mistress, his friend, or even his country, is commonly disillusioned before he dies.

We may even say then that, in a sense, the religious experience must be regarded as adding an important element to the life not only of man, but also of the Absolute itself. If man is not fully man until he has learned to worship, God too is not fully God until man has learned to worship Him. It is only in the experience in which each member of the antithesis is fully interpenetrate and saturate with the other, that both God and man can be said to have their full concrete existence. And we might therefore, not without reason, write an imaginary history of the religious experience in its various phases of development, from either standpoint—that of God or that of man. From the standpoint of man that development would, of course, take the appearance of a gradual approximation to the true apprehension of the full character of the Absolute. This character would, for the purposes of such a history, of course be taken as given once for all, and each stage in the progressive evolution of an intelligent and ethical religion would be regarded as a further advance towards a worthy view of a pre-existing divine nature. But the story might, with equal justification, be told from the divine side as a narrative of progressive self-revelation. In this version of the tale it would be the psychological constitution of man that would be

taken at the outset as given, and the various stages of religious development would thus assume the appearance of steps in the "evolution of God," from an earliest beginning as mere brute force or power over a restricted part of nature to his culmination in the ideal of ethical perfection.

But, though either standpoint might be taken for the purpose of the story neither would really express the full truth. The fact which such narratives partially represent is the union of the divine and the human consciousness in a single concrete experience. The moment we abstract from this complete union and attempt to treat God and man as two independent realities external to each other, and needing to be brought into relation with one another, we have deserted the clear light of experience and philosophy for the half lights and coloured shadows of theosophic superstition.¹ The truth would be to say that, as a function of the perfect Absolute, the divine-human consciousness, like every other function of the Absolute, is always and permanently perfect, and capable neither of evolution nor of progress; as a process in time, like every other such process, the divine-human consciousness passes through an evolution which may, with equal accuracy and with equal inaccuracy, be called the evolution either of its divine or of its human side. In this sense, and in this sense only, can we talk with theosophical philosophers like Schelling (in his later years) of the "evolution of God."

We must, of course, take care to remember that any such "evolution," besides belonging to the divine-human consciousness only in its character of a process in time and not in its quality or nature as a function of the perfect Absolute, is also purely relative to the development of life and intelligence on our planet. We have no warrant for speaking of a general "evolution" of the religious experience all over the universe, since, for all we know, there may from the very first have been intelligent beings whose experience of the divine was all and more than all man's has in the course of centuries come to be.

These reflections lead us to make some very brief remarks upon a topic closely connected with that which we have just been discussing—the relation of "faith" to "reason." Our

¹ Cf. Bradley, *Principles of Logic*, p. 97.

insistence upon the absence of any other proof of the existence of God than that afforded by the religious experience itself naturally leads to the question what is the relation between that experience and our scientific knowledge? In denying that there can be such a thing as a demonstration of the existence of God which would afford conviction to a logically minded man devoid of all trace of the religious experience, we have clearly up to a certain point at least been occupying common ground with those who assert that "religious faith" is something other than scientific knowledge, and that we might apprehend by "faith" objects of which scientific knowledge is not aware. For fear that such a position might be interpreted to mean that religious "faith" is justified in freely assuming the truth of irrational or unmeaning propositions in theology we must, even at the risk of prolixity, explain more fully in what we take the difference between faith and reason to consist. This difference has only too often been ruinously misconceived when the mistake has been made of treating all experiences as forms of knowledge or thought instead of treating thought and knowledge as forms of experience. It has, for instance, sometimes been even maintained that we may be assured by "faith" of that which is contradictory of knowledge and reason, and the most patently irrational of theological dogmas have been defended by an appeal to the supposed "relativity" of our knowledge.

I shall not here digress into a superfluous onslaught upon the now happily defunct fetish of "relativity," but shall content myself with the remark that, even supposing the doctrine of "relativity" in the sense assumed by this argument to be true,—and I can see absolutely no reason whatever for making the supposition,—such "relativity" would attach to *all* the terms by which human beings attempt to conceive the world, to those employed by theologians in stating and defending the doctrines which they claim to have received by revelation no less than those employed by philosophers who more modestly confine themselves to the analysis of experience. And, even were it not so, it is manifestly illogical to use the supposed universal "relativity" of human knowledge as an argument for discrediting any particular piece of knowledge as compared with the rest.

Were all my knowledge merely "relative," that would, no doubt, be a remarkable and unfortunate circumstance, but it would not absolve me from the intellectual and moral duty of making the best of such "relative" information as I possess. What, for instance, could be more illogical or more immoral than to treat such relative knowledge of the quality of things as experience affords me as trustworthy in all other cases, but to distrust experience just at the point where it informs me that bread and wine which a priest has consecrated remain just what they were before? If "relative" knowledge is good enough to warrant me in trusting my senses in other cases, it should be equally valid here; if it breaks down here, it is not entitled to credit anywhere.

It is perhaps a more common contention that faith, though not "contrary to," may be "above" reason. Now, if this means that faith may be appealed to as an authority for propositions which are, to the best of our judgment, in conflict with reason, it is simply the statement we have just criticised repeated in less paradoxical language. There is, however, a sense in which the statement that faith, though not contrary to reason, transcends reason, may fairly be maintained. It seems to me to contain an important element of truth—an element which I shall in what follows attempt to particularise.

The most important difference between "faith" and "reason" seems to be that "reason," in the sense intended in the popular antithesis, is a form of knowledge, but "faith" is not. "Faith," if by faith we mean the characteristically religious experience, it must never be forgotten, is a form of direct and immediate apprehension, and should in this respect be compared rather with perception than with any conceptual form of consciousness. "Reason," on the other hand, is always reflective, critical of and systematising the material which is supplied to it by the various forms of immediate apprehension, such as perception, aesthetic enjoyment, and moral or religious intuition. It is not only religion but every form of direct apprehension of which we ought to say that they contain something "beyond" reason. For none of our experiences of direct apprehension of reality are ever fully and adequately embodied in the reflective and critical statements of reasoned theory.

In perception of the material world, in the apprehension of an æsthetic content, in the direct consciousness of moral obligation, as well as in the experiences of religion, there is always more present than can be taken up into the theoretical accounts of these experiences with which reason deals. In taking its material at second-hand for the purpose of working it up into the form of general theoretical propositions, reason has always to simplify that material by conscious or unconscious abstraction and selection. In this way reason and theory always toil *longo intervallo* after direct and immediate apprehension of reality. It is the cardinal sin of the Hegelian philosophy to disregard or deny this dependence of reason upon a material originally supplied by more concrete forms of consciousness, and to treat reason as though it were itself directly and immediately apprehensive or even creative of its own contents. From this misconception as to the relation of "reason" or "thought" to the material with which it deals, it is easy to pass to the further error of supposing the logical categories by the aid of which thought systematises its material to be the actual concrete contents of the experienced world.¹

In the sense, then, that "faith," as a form of direct and immediate apprehension of a certain aspect of the experienced world, always contains more than the systems of reasoned and reflective general propositions which make up our philosophical "theories," faith must certainly be admitted to transcend reason. There is much more in the religious experiences of the pious man than could ever be got within the compass of a "philosophy of religion," just as there is, in the meanest and dullest man's direct perceptual experience of the natural world, a wealth of detail and colour by the side of which the most complicated and elaborate constructions of theoretical physics seem abstract and meagre, or again as there is always in a great work of art something more than can be detected and "accounted for" by the subtlest æsthetic analysis.

But for these unexplored remainders our interest, whether in art, in nature, or in religion, could not retain its character

¹ Half the supposed difficulties of "idealism" disappear with the simple recognition that it is not "thought" but "experience," or, as Berkeley would have said, "percipere" that is the ultimate metaphysical reality.

permanently, as we see it does. If it were ever possible for us to account for and describe by reference to a combination of general laws the *full* character of the concrete perceived phenomena of nature, our interest in watching the actual course of nature would be gone. If we could fully and completely ascertain every relation of form or proportion which contributes to our enjoyment of a picture or a symphony, the picture and the symphony would thenceforth become incapable of ministering to our æsthetic satisfaction. And so, in the case of the religious experience, if we could reduce it in all its concrete fulness and individuality to a series of general scientific propositions, our interest in it *as a form of direct experience* would be gone.

And, in the case of any particular form of the religious experience, *e.g.* the ideas and emotions awakened by the historical influence of a great religious genius, to have ascertained with exactitude precisely what and how much its philosophical significance is, and what are its limitations and defects, is to have already passed beyond the stage of intellectual development at which that religion is really our religion. It is for this reason that no one, as Renan has said, can write the history of a religion unless he has first believed and then ceased to believe in it. And for the same reason the metaphysician, in the moments when he is metaphysicising at any rate, find himself precluded from reposing absolute religious faith even in the religious systems which he judges to be on the whole the truest. In criticising and evaluating a religious system he inevitably sets himself so far above it. It is just because no religious *system*, *i.e.* no body of reasoned and reflective conclusions attained by reflection at second-hand upon the religious experience, can succeed in exhausting the full contents of that experience as it is directly and immediately felt, that philosophic and scientific criticism, though fatal to religions, leave religion as such untouched.

It is important, however, to note what is *not* properly involved in this transcendency of faith over reason. Faith, if our conception of the case be correct, transcends reason only as every form of direct apprehension of reality transcends the second-hand theorising of reflective thought upon itself. It transcends reason, in fact, just because it is not, like reason, a

form of "knowing," but is a form of "experiencing," "feeling," or "being." We have seen no reason to assume that faith transcends reason in the further sense that its contents, if they could be exhaustively reduced to systematic conceptual form, would be found to be in conflict with the characteristics of coherency and freedom from contradiction which are the fundamental and the only postulates of reason.

Our view, in fact, may be briefly stated thus. In so far as there is always more in any form of direct and immediate experience than can be adequately represented in the conceptual or "thought" form, all experience transcends reason or is "ultra-rational." But, on the other hand, so far as the contents of direct apprehension are progressively reflected upon and embodied in the form of general propositions and universal concepts, it would be a contradiction in terms to maintain that they do or can transcend "reason." There may well always be something more to *know* in the world of direct experience than what we as yet know about it, but to assert that what we actually know about it is "beyond reason" would, if it meant anything at all, amount to saying that one and the same proposition is adequate knowledge and is self-contradictory.

Hence, though religion may fairly claim to be "above reason," theology must not. For the propositions of theology belong not to immediate experience but to second-hand reflection, critical and analytical, of the data of immediate experience. Hence, as reflective thought, the propositions of theology have no more claim than the propositions of geometry or arithmetic to override the demand of the human intelligence for the subjection of everything that is presented to it as knowledge to the fundamental postulates of reason as expressed, for instance, in the laws of Contradiction and Excluded Middle. Where the religious experience transcends reason it also, and for the same reason, transcends theology. Hence we are bound, in the interests of intellectual honesty, to reject the claim of any theological systematisation at second-hand of the facts or alleged facts of the religious experience to be more exempt from philosophical criticism than any other pretended branch of knowledge. To make the fact that the religious experience is itself something far more than a mere

knowing into an excuse for asserting that the speculative doctrines of a particular theology are at once "mysteries," i.e. statements apparently irreconcilable with the postulates of reason—and "truths," i.e. pieces of adequate knowledge, is either dishonest or stupid.

The case would, of course, be different if it was admitted that the mysterious character of these doctrines was due merely to our inability to form any but inadequate and "symbolic" conceptions of the facts of the religious experience; but to make this admission would be, of course, to concede that these doctrines, where they are "mysteries," are not absolutely true, and, if they could be stated in an absolutely true form, would cease to be "mysteries." And though the language of theologians occasionally suggests this interpretation of their view as to the place of "mystery" in religion, their readiness to treat any open recognition of the inevitable element of falsehood implied in the existence of a "mystery" as heresy strongly suggests that they may use the more reasonable forms of expression from failure to perceive the nature of their logical implications.

In a word, faith transcends reason because faith is a form of direct experience, and the form of reason or "knowing" is ultimately inadequate to the full representation of experience. But when faith is made the starting-point for reasoned reflection and theory about experience there is no more ground for treating the propositions at which we arrive by the process of theological reflection as "above reason" than for extending the same generosity to the propositions of algebra or mechanics. In fact, if we retain for purposes of convenience in our *Religious-Philosophic* concepts and propositions involving "mysteries" which are really "above reason," we ought, as in the similar case of the "imaginary" quantities of algebra, or the "imaginary points" of geometry, to recognise these "mysteries" as a metaphorical and "symbolic," and therefore ultimately untrue, representation of realities, which the limitations of our experience do not enable us to perceive in their real character.¹

¹ Of course faith transcends reason in the sense that if we had no religious experience we could not arrive at the "knowledge of God" by reasoning from experiences of a different type. But equally does geometry transcend reason, in the sense that mere thought would never lead to a knowledge of the geometrical properties of things apart from the direct experience of space. I have not troubled

So much then by way of answer to the first class of objectors to our attitude towards the religious experience. To the other class of critics, whom we supposed to object to the absence from our description of the data before us of the peculiar theological doctrines of any special religion, we can fortunately reply, after the foregoing explanation, with much greater brevity. Our reason for constructing our account of the religious experience in independence of theology will now, we hope, be patent. It is simply the fact, so often insisted upon in the last few pages, that theology is one thing and immediate religious experience another. Every theological doctrine, from that of the existence of the Deity upwards, is not a direct experience of what is immediately experienced in the religious life, but a theory as to what non-experienced facts may be inferred from the experiences of that life. And, as men's inferences from the immediate experiences of religion are usually unconsciously affected by the importation into their analysis of those experiences of vast quantities of irrelevant pre-conceptions derived from other sources, it constantly comes about that one and the same typical form of religious experience is found in connection with very different or even bitterly antagonistic theological beliefs.

A pious man, whose theological creed has been, as is most often the case, simply accepted from society around him, would probably be immensely surprised to find how few of its articles stand in any perceivable connection with his actual religious experiences,¹ and how many of them depend for any assurance which he feels as to their truth upon entirely non-religious considerations. And we should therefore get an altogether false and distorted view of the contents of the religious experience if we allowed ourselves to include in the facts

to discuss the relation of reason to faith when faith is understood, as it often is, as a mere readiness to believe historical statements as to matters of fact, such as, e.g., those of the Gospels about the birth or resurrection of Jesus, upon evidence less cogent than that which would be accepted in any other similar case by the man of science or the historian. I can see nothing religious in this readiness to believe a statement on insufficient evidence, and I am sure it is immoral. It is, of course, no part of my business to express any opinion as to whether the evidence, in the instance just specified, is or is not adequate.

¹ The theology of Sheikh Sa'di has few points of contact with that of a modern evangelical, but it would not be hard to select from the *Gulistan* and *Bustan* more than one expression of religious feeling which might have been penned by the most fervent of evangelicals. Cf. the incident in the mosque at Baalbec related in *Gulistan* II. 10.

justification from the consideration that the religious experience as it actually exists in the individual consciousness is itself something individual, unique, and incommunicable. For this reason, useful as general doctrinal statements may be as indicating what are the most characteristic features of religious experience regarded universally, no theological system can be an adequate representation of the religious experience of any individual except its original author, even within the limits imposed by the general inadequacy of reflective thought to direct experience. In order that theological ideas might correspond as adequately as it is possible for mere ideas ever to correspond to direct experience, it would be necessary for every man to make his theology for himself. And this is precisely what the great religious mystics of all ages have

consciously or unconsciously attempted to do. Hence, from the point of view of *Religions-Philosophie*, theological systems are primarily of value as affording a clue to the personal experiences of the eminent men who have originated them, or the ages of which they are characteristic.

The doctrine of the Trinity, for instance, is perhaps of less value to *Religions-Philosophie* as a metaphysical speculation than as throwing light upon the mental life of an Athanasius and of the age and profession of which Athanasius was a typical figure. In the same way the speculations and fancies of great heretical mystics, such as Blake and Swedenborg, though presumably of no importance to the theologian, may have for the philosopher the same kind of significance, as throwing light upon characteristic phases of the religious experience, as the recognised doctrines of orthodox systems. It would indeed be ground for wonder if an experience so conditioned in its genesis and growth by the special circumstances of the individual's position and constitution could in all or the majority of individuals find adequate expression in the self same mythical or dogmatic form. Hence we constantly find excessively strict orthodoxy accompanied either by stupidity or by religious indifference, or by both. It is, I suppose, almost inevitable that a man whose religious experiences are deep and vital should find himself at some point or other openly or secretly at variance with the orthodoxy of his age, and that quite irrespective of the merits of that orthodoxy considered simply as a body of speculative propositions in metaphysics.

And this intimate relation between vigorous mental life and "heresy" is by no means exemplified only in the religious sphere. It is equally true in morals, in art, and I conceive even in the realm of purely scientific theory and hypothesis. It is only the unintelligent or the indifferent who can go through life contentedly with a set of convictions, or rather of opinions, exactly like every one else's; real individuality, such as springs from freshness of immediate experience or thoroughness of reflection, is bound to lead to peculiarities of judgment which will be called heresies by those who are not so constituted as to sympathise with them. One would not give much in questions of literary or æsthetic criticism for the verdict of a mind so enlightened as to be entirely above

"fads" and prejudices, nor in ethics for the judgments of a *φρόνιμος* so exalted as to be free for ever from all exaggeration and eccentricity of view. Such mere objectivity as this would seem to be ultimately irreconcilable with our position in the world as finite-infinite beings, each of whom reflects, or may reflect, in himself the structure of the world of experience as a whole, but reflects it, like one of Leibnitz's monads, from his own special and peculiar point of view.

Thus, for philosophy, we ought, it seems, to attribute to the propositions in which reflective thought attempts to construct a theory of the religious experiences a subjective rather than an objective validity. We should recognise that all theological propositions are a mere second-hand working-up of material which does not originally appear in the form of knowing or reflection, and that, as the religious experience itself necessarily varies from individual to individual, these second-hand products of reflection upon direct experience may have truth and value for the individual who offers them as the fruit of his own experience, without possessing the same or a similar value for others.

For the philosophic student there remains, of course, the important difference between the typical and essential in the religious experience, which recurs in not very dissimilar forms in the theory and practice of different ages and nations, and the accidental and accessory, which varies from one time and place, or even from one individual to another; but there no longer remains any further distinction between "orthodoxy" and "heterodoxy." The rare and "heterodox" *may* on examination reveal itself as the exceptionally forcible and happy expression of some aspect of the religious experience present in the immediate religious feeling of the orthodox, but omitted or but imperfectly represented in their theoretical statements about their experience. For it by no means follows that what finds no place or a subordinate and inadequate place in accepted theory finds no more prominent place in the experiences of which that theory professes to give an account.

Thus we shall not only recognise that the authority and validity of theoretical systems of theology is primarily subjective, but shall also be prepared to admit that theories

which have never attracted general notice, or even been rejected by recognised ecclesiastical authority as heretical, may on various points reflect the universal and essential features of the religious experience even more adequately than those which bear the stamp of official approval. The real enemy of "religion" is not, as is sometimes supposed, individuality or "heresy" in speculative opinion, but, on the one side, the dull indifferentism which acquiesces lazily in accepted versions of theological doctrine because it neither knows nor cares about the aspect of life which those doctrines claim to have reduced to system, and on the other an arrogant ecclesiastical or clerical self-assertiveness bent upon repressing all spontaneous and sincere expression of religious emotions and experiences which cannot be forced into the limits of its own traditional formulae.

It is when, as is apparently the case at the present time in certain continental countries, these two forces play into one another's hands, and you get on the one side a lay population indifferent altogether to the religious experience, and at the same time lazily acquiescent in the accepted ecclesiastical institutions and ceremonies, and on the other a clerical caste determined at any cost to discourage every form of religious life except those provided for by its own creed and ritual, that the typically religious aspect of experience is in real danger of disappearing from the national life. When a religion has ceased even to awake opposition and controversy it is certain that it is on the verge of ceasing to reflect any living element in the experience of its nominal adherents, and is rapidly on the way to death from senile decay.

There have, no doubt, been periods when men were in earnest with the religious experience and yet apparently under the sole domination of a single ecclesiastical system, but at such periods of human history the individualism which theologians call "heresy" has been invisibly at work below the surface in producing type after type of more or less unorthodox mysticism, even when it has not taken visible shape in the form of schisms and reformations. It would indeed be strange if in physical science and even in mathematics, which deal with aspects of experienced reality which depend for their apprehension on simple organic conditions of a comparatively

invariable kind, there were room for unending controversy and divergence of opinion; but in religion and theology, which are concerned with experiences involving from the first highly complex ideal and emotional states, which vary most widely with the antecedents and constitution as well as with the life history of the individual, all genuine expressions of experience could be reduced to a single type by the simple expedient of dubbing the selected type "true" and all others "false" religions.

The nearest approach perhaps to a satisfactory philosophical theory of the experience which we have had in view in the present chapter is to be found in Spinoza's famous doctrine of the "intellectual love of God," which is, in his system, inseparably connected with knowledge of the highest kind. The *mentis summa acquiescentia*, of which Spinoza speaks as the necessary result of "knowledge of the third kind," is clearly identical with the consciousness of ourselves as already perfect in the perfect Universe or Absolute, in which we have found the characteristic mark of religion, as distinguished from every other form of emotion and experience. And the position given by Spinoza to this knowledge *sub specie aeternitatis* as the goal of man's progress from the state of slavery to that of freedom, once more coincides with the place we have assigned to the religious experience as replacing the non-existent and unreal, and therefore finally unsatisfactory ideals of morality by an ideal which is apprehended as already and perfectly real, and in union with which, according to the famous Pauline paradox, we become perfect by knowing ourselves to be already perfect. And finally, in the famous propositions which identify the "intellectual love of God" with God's own infinite love for Himself, we have a statement, at once singularly eloquent and singularly clear, of the all-important fact that the divine-human consciousness, as given in direct religious experiences, is a single experience containing distinguishable but inseparable aspects, and that the subsequent division of one side of that double consciousness from the other is a division arbitrarily and unwarrantably made by imperfect thinking itself.

To the popular mind, which assumes God and man to be two different realities each given in independence of the other, and

needing by some external and incidental process in time to be "atoned" or "reconciled" with each other, the Spinozistic identification of man's love of God with God's love for Himself has always been a paradox and a stumbling-block; but it is not too much to say that until it has been seen to be no paradox but simple and fundamental truth, the masterpieces of the world's religious literature must remain a sealed book to us.

The one defect of the Spinozistic *Religions-Philosophie* which prevents us from regarding it as a fully adequate theory of the experiences we are here discussing is its extreme intellectualism, and this intellectualism itself affords a striking illustration of that subjectivity of theological theory of which we have just been speaking. As a description of an individual's religious experiences the well-known propositions of Spinoza cannot be valued too highly. When we remember the curiously isolated position of the writer, between two religious and social systems, from one of which he was an out-cast and in the other a stranger and semi-foreigner, we shall readily understand that no civic or political activity could have afforded Spinoza that consciousness of union with a perfect and absolutely worthy ideal into which all the ethical interests are absorbed, which he derived from the life of lonely and unremitting philosophic thought.¹ Being what he was and where he was, Spinoza could hardly have written otherwise without sinking into comparative superficiality and insincerity. Religious emotions arising from other than intellectual pursuits he could only have described, if he had described them at all, at second-hand, and as part of an experience from which he was by birth and early history, if not also by temperament, excluded.

But the very fact which gives Spinoza's theory its high value as a faithful and sincere description of an individual's experience at the same time detracts from its worth as an account of the universal and essential character of the religious experience of the civilised world. It is impossible, I think, not to feel that, in differently circumstanced and differently constituted natures, the discharge of social duty, which occupies

¹ It is hardly fanciful to find in *Aristotle's* position as a semi-stranger to Athenian life, a similar explanation of the fact that for him, as for Spinoza, but emphatically not for Plato, religious aspiration and emotion are restricted to the "theoretical" life.

a secondary and subordinate position with Spinoza as with Aristotle, directly awakens a form of emotion identical with that which Spinoza calls the "intellectual love of God," and connects exclusively with insight into the nature and cause of things. I at any rate can see no essential difference between the *mentis summa acquiescentia* of which Spinoza speaks and the emotion of glad and noble resignation to the laws of God expressed, for instance, in Herbert's well-known lines about sweeping the room for God and His laws, or in Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty." And both again seem identical with the spirit recommended by Paul of doing everything "to the Lord."

It is not only from knowledge of a speculative kind about our position in the scheme of things,¹ but from the recognition of any characteristic human aspiration as already provided for and made good in the perfect Absolute, that there arises "the highest possible acquiescence of mind." And on this side, at least, the Spinozistic conception of religion sins by being too narrow, and requires rectification by the recognition of the ordinary moral and political activity of the good husband and father and citizen as affording, no less than the life of speculation, the opportunity for consciousness of our union with the perfect and infinite. In fact, current evangelical Christianity and Spinozism seem, at this point, mutually to supplement each other's defects. As evangelical Christianity has always insisted that salvation, or the experience of union with the Divine, is not specially nor primarily a matter of philosophic speculation, but one of direct experience, accessible to the humble and unlearned no less readily than to the wise and mighty, so it has frequently tended to forget that speculative and æsthetic activity, no less than philanthropic or self-disciplinary moral activity, have each its own typical form of absorption into a characteristically religious experience of unity with the Divine. Rightly insisting that "goodness" of itself will lead us to God, Christianity has often fallen into the error of supposing that nothing but goodness will do so.

Practical Christianity and Spinozism have each their own way to God, and each tends to ignore the existence of the other's

¹ This is what "knowledge of our own body under the form of eternity" seems to amount to.

road. The truth is that there is no one road to the Divine; as all ways lead to Rome, so all genuine human emotions and aspirations persistently followed out culminate in union with the Absolute. Neither goodness nor knowledge has any monopoly of the Deity, though each is only too prone to the spiritual pride which regards its own special way to perfection as the only one.¹ On this topic, however, we shall have to say something more presently.

The moral and religious attitudes towards life compared.
—There may possibly seem to be some slight discrepancy between the opening pages of our present chapter and the position reached at the end of the last section. For we began by treating the religious experience as the final form assumed by the ethical experiences when the moral ideal comes to be identified with an actually existing perfect system, and now we seem to have ended by asserting that morality is only *one* of the types of experience which culminate in the religious consciousness of oneness with the Divine. The solution of this apparent contradiction must be sought in the ambiguity of the term "moral" or "ethical." Morality is sometimes understood as a comprehensive name for all the practical side of life, including every experience in which the presence of an ideal can be detected, and it is in the main in this sense that we have spoken of morality in the course of the present Essay. In this comprehensive sense of "morality," the endeavour towards complete scientific insight or perfect æsthetic expression is of course a subdivision of morals, and as such we have ourselves for the most part treated it.²

On the other hand, in common parlance a distinction would generally be drawn between "morality" and the typically scientific or artistic activity. Ordinary common sense would probably refuse to treat the desire for increased mathematical ability or finer literary expression as having anything moral

¹ Blake says admirably—

"To be good only is to be
As God—or else a Pharisee,"

(and one might say the same of mere knowledge). I suppose his meaning to be that mere goodness, if thorough enough, leads to union with God, but when coupled with the spiritual exclusiveness which denies the existence of any other approach to the Divine than its own ends in mere Pharisaism.

² Cf. Shadworth Hodgson, *Metaphysic of Experience*, vol. iii. p. 214, for a description of "ethics" as a "science which is supreme over the whole of human practice."

about it, though common sense would, in consequence of its refusal, find itself in difficulties when asked whether the impartiality, the openness of mind, the candour, and the diligence requisite for a scientific career, or the industry, self-discipline, and loyalty to æsthetic ideals expected of the artist are morally worthless qualities. Exactly where common sense would draw its line of distinction between moral and non-moral activity is more, probably, than common sense itself could tell us. Probably, however, we shall not be far wrong if we say that "morality" in the narrower sense is the current name for those forms of activity which, as being at once essential to the wellbeing of the community and not dependent for their existence upon a peculiar professional training, are expected of every member of society.¹ In practice these forms of behaviour will be found in the main to coincide with two principal classes of acts—acts directly tending to promote the wellbeing of some social whole to which the agent belongs, and acts which tend indirectly to the same result by counteracting the formation of habits leading to anti-social conduct. That it is immoral to harm others or to form habits which may ultimately lead to their harm, the general conscience of mankind fully admits; probably the mass of men are not yet quite clear about the immorality of not trying to make the best of yourself.

It will be convenient in what follows to use the term "morality" as far as possible in the more extended and comprehensive of the two senses just distinguished, and to adopt the slightly different name "goodness" for the popular and more restricted meaning of "morality." This use of language is naturally suggested by the current application of the name "goodness" to the spirit which prompts acts of natural kindness and humanity—acts, that is, which need no special professional training in a circle of ideas and interests peculiar to some one restricted class of persons for their conception and execution, and of which the sufficient prerequisites are normal social feelings and such a degree of insight into the consequences of our conduct to others as is normally possessed by sane human beings. In what follows we shall attempt to

¹ So Protagoras is made by Plato to describe morality as the only art of which there are no professionals, just because society cannot afford to allow any of its members to be moral amateurs.

indicate the relation both of "morality" and of mere "goodness" to religion in such detail as seems demanded by the plan of this Essay. We can, however, see at once that the distinction between morality and goodness removes the apparent contradiction between two earlier sections of the present chapter. There may very well be other approaches to the religious experience than along the line of mere goodness, and yet every one of these lines of approach may belong to the moral side of life in that wider sense of the word in which all practice regulated by an ideal has been called morality.

The question raised at the head of the present section thus subdivides of itself into two. We have to examine (a) the relation of religion to morality, and (b) the relation of religion to that special department of the practical life which is popularly called "morality," *par excellence*, and named by us "goodness."

(a) *Religion and morality*.—On the relation between religion and morality, in the more extensive and more accurate sense of the word, there is little to be said except what has either been said or implied already, but it may be worth while to bring our conclusions on the subject briefly together. First, then, we may fairly say that religion and morality occupy common ground as both belonging essentially to the practical side of life. I mean that neither morality nor religion, even in their most attenuated forms, can be reduced to a mere apprehension or knowledge of any kind of the merely existent. The presence of an ideal or standard by which present existence is judged, and the regulation of conduct and the emotions connected with it by the ideal are indispensable both to morality and religion. You can, of course, make a duty and even a religion of the pursuit of mere knowledge for its own sake, quite independently of any remote bearing of the knowledge you acquire on the improvement of man's estate, but you cannot do so except by setting up some conception of perfect or fully systematised knowledge as a practical ideal by which to pass judgment upon the present contents of your thinking, and to direct your endeavours for the future.

If one were born with a complete ready-made knowledge of the whole contents of the world system, the con-

temptation of that system would presumably arouse neither ethical nor religious emotion. And similarly, if one were born in a state of perfect harmony with one's physical and social environment in every respect, and remained in that state of harmony without ever needing to exert one's self to prevent its disruption or to restore it when disrupted, one would have no inkling of the experiences known to us as morality and religion. The contrast of the ideal with the actual, and the judgment of approbation or disapprobation in which the comparison of idea and reality finds its expression are the atmosphere and vital breath of both the moral and the religious life. And thus both belong properly to the practical side or aspect of human existence.

We must not, of course, fall into the vulgar mistake of supposing that this practical side or aspect of life can exist in real separation from the other or speculative aspect in point of time, as though, for instance, I were existing in a purely practical aspect when I pay a bill or take a railway journey, and in a purely speculative aspect when I am writing a page of this Essay. The distinction which can be properly drawn between the practical and the speculative is a distinction of a purely logical nature between two aspects of human consciousness which, though distinguishable, are presented in constant and inseparable union. There is, in fact, no single concrete state of mind in which the presence of both aspects may not be discerned. Every concrete state, that is, may be regarded in two ways—as the apprehension of a presently existing content, and as a step in the process by which some want is satisfied or some ideal reached or approximated to. As the apprehension of the presently existent every concrete state of mind belongs to the speculative, as a step in the advance towards an ideal goal, to the practical side of life. Thus the distinction which logic seems to require between these contrasted aspects cuts clear across the more popular distinction drawn by Aristotle between the life of the student and metaphysician and that of the politician and man of affairs. Every event of either life may be regarded in its double existence as at once a knowing and a doing—a speculative and a practical state.

By saying, then, that religion, like morality, is pre-

eminently practical, we mean, not that it cannot be regarded as an apprehension, or even, in a wider sense of the word, as a knowing, but that mere apprehension or knowing, even though it had for its content the perfect Absolute or world-system itself, would not be religion apart from its relation to a previously formed ideal of completed or perfected knowledge of which it were felt to be the adequate realisation. The characteristic difference between religion and morality, viewed as conflicting attempts to give adequate expression to the practical element in human life, lies in the nature of their relation to that ideal of perfection and complete satisfaction of craving which is at the root of both. What that difference is has been explained more than once already in our account of the religious experience. For morality, as we have seen, the ideal is always something not as yet reached, and every apparent instance of its realisation in an actual experience an illusion which close inspection or more adequate analysis will dispel. For religion, on the other hand, the actualised ideal is not only real, but is the supreme, and, in the full sense of the word, the only reality, and it is the apparent reality of that which conflicts with the ideal that is the illusion. Or, to repeat once more the excellent expression of Mr. Bosanquet, for religion the "goodwill" is already real.

The nature of this paradox of religion has been already explained in sufficient detail for our purposes, but it will be worth our while here to take note of some of the consequences which would follow from carrying out the religious attitude towards the ideal in our practical verdicts on character and acts. A short examination of the modifications introduced by the adoption of the religious standpoint into the characteristic concepts of ethics will not only prepare the way for our discussion of the relation of religion to mere goodness, but will also do much to help us to a definite answer to the question which our concluding pages will have finally to discuss as to the scope and possibility of a "Metaphysic of Ethics."

Now it will at once be patent that the first result of the transition from the purely ethical to the religious way of envisaging the relation of the ideal to the actual must be to reduce a number of concepts or categories which are of universal and absolute application within the limits of ethics

proper to a subordinate and secondary position, as containing a merely relative and partial truth. For ethics, in its most fully developed form, as we have said in our third chapter, the concepts of obligation and of merits were characteristic and essential. The last word of mere ethics is said when we have reached the concept of the world of human beings as a society composed of members each of whom has definite and ascertainable duties, according to his position in the community, and each of whom could, if only we possessed sufficient knowledge of his mental history and his surroundings, be assigned, in respect both of his character as a whole and of particular acts, to a definite place in the scale of merit and demerit.

Or, in simpler words, the characteristic feature of the purely ethical view of the world is its conviction that it is possible satisfactorily and finally to classify men and their acts as good and bad. It may, of course, be admitted from the purely ethical point of view that it would be practically impossible to obtain sufficient information as to the facts of a man's life to pass judgment upon him and his acts with full confidence; still, from the point of view of mere ethics, the impossibility of passing such a judgment lies solely in the difficulty about getting information, and not in any inherent contradictoriness of the judgment itself; hence a God who is supposed *ex hypothesi* to be completely informed as to the facts is also held by theistic moralists, from the strictly ethical point of view, to pass judgment upon and classify men as "good" and "bad" with final and unerring accuracy. And it is sometimes said that a man and his career should, as a point of charity, be "left to the judgment of God," with the implication that that judgment is passed upon ethical grounds after a complete survey of facts which are inaccessible in their entirety to human perception, and that the facts thus known in their entirety form an adequate ground for such a final and unerring moral estimate.

Now mark how the transition from the moral to the religious attitude towards the world revolutionises our way of looking at all this. From the moral point of view we divided men, with more or less confidence, into two great classes—those in whose conduct the "good will" is made real, and those in whose conduct it is neglected or thwarted. But from the

standpoint of religion this distinction can no longer be regarded as final and satisfactory. For there is for religion no such thing as real opposition to the "good will" which it experiences as the sole and ultimate reality. Such opposition as there appears to the irreligious man to exist is for religion an illusion which ceases to have any reality the moment you ascertain its true character. The apparently "bad" and "evil" thus appears to the eye of religion as only apparently in opposition to the "good" or "divine" will, which is fulfilled as much in human failure and "badness" as in human success and "goodness."

And the source of the illusion is not difficult to indicate. That appears "evil" to me which is in conflict either with what I judge to be good and desirable for me, or with what I mistakenly suppose to be the "divine" will. And in either case it rests with me myself to dispel the illusion either by learning to make the "divine" will my will, and to cease treating my finite self as the central object of the universe, or by amending my false and ultimately immoral notions as to what the divine will is. If once I could perfectly succeed, in either way, in making my will completely one with the "divine" will—that is, in making the perfect Absolute as it really is the sole object of approbation and endeavour,—I should in the same moment escape from the otherwise inevitable illusion of seeing failure, evil, and defeat in the universe.

Hence for religion the classification of acts and men as "good" and "bad" must appear unsatisfactory and superficial. For, on the one hand, ultimately all acts and all characters are good as fulfilling, each in its own place, the perfect world system, and on the other every act and every character is bad as failing to realise the perfect world-system in more than an infinitesimal fragment of its concrete fulness. Religion thus knows nothing of merit and demerit. Instead of the customary classification of men as on the one hand respectable and good, and on the other as disreputable and bad, it substitutes a double estimate according to which, on the one hand, the outcast and the sinner are already, as members of the perfect world order, really perfect if they only had the faith to perceive it, and on the other all men alike—the man of rigid virtue and strict

habits no less than the reproaches—are equally condemned and equally guilty before God.

Thus where morality speaks of varying degrees of merit, religion knows nothing except of free and unmerited grace. Where morality says, "I have kept the law from my youth up," religion can only exclaim on the one hand, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and on the other, "My faith hath made me whole." Where morality establishes hard and fast distinctions of repute, of worth, and of dignity between man and man, religion brings all together in a common humiliation and a common exaltation. The one puff up, the other keeps lowly, the one draws up and restricts, the other expands and sets free to the utter extent the general and universal sympathy of man with man, irrespective of character and antecedents.

Now the difference between the religious and the merely ethical view of character is not one of merely speculative interest; it has also important consequences of a practical kind, as it affects our habitual attitude towards our fellow-men. And it is, moreover, important to observe that the considerations on which this difference of practical attitude is based are such as would in any case be forced upon us by the observed facts of life, even if they had not been embodied in some of the most prominent of the doctrines of the religion which has become traditional among us. I suppose it is hardly possible that any one should ever acquire any deep insight into life or any wide experience of his fellow-men without coming to feel that there is something singularly unsatisfactory about the complacent ethical judgment which classifies men and their actions as "good" and "bad." These classifications, we cannot but feel, never get very far below the surface of things. It is only for superficial purposes that we can rest contented with the description of an act or a man as "good" or "bad," or even with the specification of the degree of merit or demerit they possess. Reflection upon our actual experience of life, no less than regard for religious conceptions of the dependence of man upon God, will surely convince us, if we are only thorough with it, that there is something radically wrong about our ordinary ethical judgments, in which we impute merit or blame to an agent as the consequence of his own acts.

For practical purposes it is, of course, convenient to draw a distinction between acts which a man can "help," and in virtue of which he is said to have good or ill deserts, and those which he cannot "help," and in respect of which he may be regarded as a subject not for praise or censure, but only for envy or pity. But distinctions which are admirably suited for limited practical purposes may easily become meaningless and even mischievous when they are treated as valid for thought as well as for action, and applicable outside the limits imposed by immediate practice. And from the illegitimate theoretical application of such merely relative distinctions it is no long step to the practical abuse of them. And both these abuses of relative distinctions, the practical as well as the theoretical, may frequently be traced in the judgments and actions prompted by current ethical preconceptions about freedom and responsibility.

This can be illustrated in numerous ways, of which I choose for my own purposes one of the simpler. Take any act, or still better, the character, regarded as a whole, of any man you please. Popular ethical common sense will at once assert that part of the preconditions of the act, or part of the circumstances which have gone to form the character of the individual in question, was within the individual's own control, and part independent of it. In respect of the former you would commonly be held to merit praise or blame, as the case might be; in respect of the others only to be a fitting subject for congratulation or commiseration.

But sincere and thorough analysis will always show that if any part of an individual's character is regarded as ultimately "beyond his own control," every part must be so regarded. You cannot once begin to recognise the dependence of character for its formation upon circumstances which are not of the individual's own choosing or making without being logically led on to recognise that, directly or indirectly, *all* the circumstances which go to the formation of character are independent of the individual's agency. For the circumstances in question may be exhaustively classified as (a) elements of preformed disposition or character, including, of course, habits acquired during the lifetime of the individual as well as psycho-physical preformations inherited

from ancestors or depending upon connate germinal variation, and (b) elements in the physical and social environment.

Now, as to (b), popular common sense would admit that, with the exception of the case in which our present environment has been brought about as the consequence of planning on our own part, this element in the situation is independent of our own agency, and therefore not a proper ground for the bestowal of praise or blame. In the case of (a), however, popular common sense would assert that we can fairly be praised or blamed and classed as good or bad in virtue of original disposition, and also of acquired habits, when these last have taken their rise from conscious choice and foresight of our own. Yet a profounder analysis will surely show that the distinction thus established between acts and elements of character which are, and others which are not, of our own making is, like the rest of our current ethical thought, little more than a convenient practical makeshift. For it seems, in the first place, illogical to attempt to treat the various conditions of an act of choice as though they could, like the ingredients in a chemical combination, be separated out from one another and isolated in test-tubes. When once you have admitted that my conduct on any given occasion was, to any extent whatever, determined by circumstances which created the alternatives between which I had on that occasion to choose, it seems futile and unmeaning to raise the question "how much" of my actual behaviour was, and how much was not, a matter of "free" choice. It is, in fact, not unlike asking how much of the explosion is "due" to the spark and how much to the powder.

And besides, though it is eminently false to hold with some of the more popular and thoughtless forms of determinism that human character is the mere creature of environment, it is only the truth to assert, with Plato, that we have no more created for ourselves the other determining factor in the formation of character, the original datum of psycho-physical constitution, than we have created our own environment. So long as we agree to forget that psycho-physical constitution is a matter of preformation and not of our individual choice, there is a real basis for the distinction between an element in our character or destiny which we have, and another element

which we have not, made for ourselves. And in various departments of life, where we are concerned not with the attainment of finally coherent speculative notions about the universe, but with immediate practice, it is most important to act upon the distinction. For the purposes of law, for instance, it is most important to have a clear view as to what sort of conduct can or cannot be prevented by the affixing to it of penalties, or again as to what kinds of conduct, though undesirable in themselves, cannot be suppressed by penalties without creating conduct more undesirable still. For such reasons as these it should be clear that for the practical purposes of law and everyday moral action it is important to have a working theory of responsibility, but also that such a theory need possess no ultimate speculative validity, and that its existence must not be used as an argument in the theoretical controversy between the partisans of free-will and those of determinism.

But to look at the conditions upon which human conduct and human happiness depends in the spirit of unbiassed scientific analysis, is to see at once that no finally satisfactory boundary line can be drawn between that for which we are and that for which we are not responsible. If we did not make our original environment, neither, if you come to that, did we make our original psycho-physical endowment. It was wrong for instance, says one, to indulge in excesses which have damaged your constitution. You could not, indeed, altogether "help" the fact that your environment was such as to offer temptations to those indulgences, but you might have helped yielding to temptation. And yet, if you will but reflect, you could not "help" coming into the world with the neuropathic or the otherwise abnormal constitution which made certain stimuli into irresistible temptations.¹

And further, from the religious point of view, the man who yields as well as the man who resists, the bad as well as the

¹ I do not see that the point of the argument would be evaded by taking refuge in the indeterminism which seems to be once more coming into favour. Even supposing indeterminism to be the truth, it is hard to conceive how it helps us to solve any of our difficulties about responsibility. If there is a something "in me" which behaves with spontaneity, in the sense which indeterminists appear to put on the word—that is, independently of my constitution, habits, and history, then the one thing I can say of such an agent is that it is not what I mean by "myself," and that I should take it ill if I were held accountable for the caprices of so unaccountable a

good, must be regarded as being, if one could only see it, perfect and "good" in his place, as a function of the perfect Universe. It is true his place is not one we would choose, if we could help it; for our own sakes we would much rather fulfil some other function than that of the "vessel of dishonour." Yet, when we remember that the perfect world-system includes the "vessel of dishonour" and his dishonour, no less than the vessel of praise, as an integral element in its own perfection, we shall surely feel that the appropriate emotion on our part, when we contrast our own lot with that of the human failure, is not Pharisaic self-approbation, nor yet lofty ethical censure, but humble thankfulness towards the Power that has assigned our more pleasant task, and a pity that refuses to usurp the function of judge towards the less fortunate. Not the spirit which, assured of its own moral strength and purity, is for meting out to the offender stern and pitiless punishment, but the consciousness of unworthiness and dependence for all that is best in ourselves upon a Power greater than ourselves, which prompts to the prayer "Lead us not into temptation," is the spirit in which an enlightened piety and an intelligent philosophy contemplate the spectacle of human error and human crime.

And this difference between the merely ethical attitude which regards differences of merit and demerit as final, and the religious recognition of the equal abasement and the equal perfection of all, is not a mere curiosity of philosophical speculation: it has a direct and most important bearing upon our practical behaviour in the face of the weakness and wickedness of our fellow-men. The purely moralistic attitude expressed by the determination to give every man his "due" and nothing more is, of course, invaluable in our courts of justice as a means of securing life and property, and in examinations and competitions of all kinds as a protection against the evils of nepotism and favouritism. But when you carry it out into all your daily relations with your fellows it promptly degenerates into pure Pharisaism and hardness of

being. And if "spontaneity" does not exclude the admission that each of us begins in life with ineradicable elements of disposition which he did not make for himself and cannot change at pleasure, you come back to the difficulty raised in the text. As far as I can see, the question between determinism and indeterminism is only one of the relative convenience, for the special purposes of ethics, of two hypothesis, both of which are ultimately self-contradictory.

heart. For individual practice, the higher because the truer view is one which treats differences of merit as the subordinate and secondary circumstances which they are, and which, recognising the value to the absolute universe of all types of existence, is, as far as may be, sympathetic and long-suffering with all.

Religion expresses this sense of the impropriety of treating our own private standards of worth as the final measure of things in the commands to be like our Father in Heaven, whose kindness is bestowed alike on the just and on the unjust, to forgive our enemies¹ and to be forbearing towards our persecutors. More explicitly, it insists upon the ultimate worthlessness and arbitrariness of our ethical standards of worth, from the standpoint of the Absolute, in the classical parable of the publican and the Pharisee.² It is perhaps in this apologue more than anywhere else in the Gospels, except in the parallel story of the woman taken in adultery, that Jesus appears as essentially a "breaker of the old tables." With St. Paul the same conviction of the artificiality and ultimate irrationality of our current hard and fast distinctions has grown into the striking myth of the "Bondwoman which is Mount Sinai," and forms, as we have already seen, the speculative basis of his great characteristic doctrine of "Justification by faith." It is precisely because our hard and fast moral distinctions are so far from expressing differences which go beneath the surface, and are rooted in the heart of things, that the act of "faith" is capable of working the revolution which mere morality fails to accomplish, and of making the

¹ So Blake—

"Mutual forgiveness of each vice
These are the gates of Paradise," etc.—

and more mystically—

"And through all eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me ;
As our dear Redeemer said,
This the wine and this the bread."

At the same time he wittily illustrates the impossibility of taking the higher view in all cases by the quatrain :—

"In heaven the only art of living
Is forgetting and forgiving,
But if you on earth forgive
You shall not know where to live."

² How many readers of the Gospel, I wonder, have seen the full implication of these stories, viz., that adultery and extortion are less heinous faults than self-righteousness and censoriousness.

"child of wrath" into one of the "children of God and co-heirs with Christ."

And thus vital religion is seen to be from the very nature of the case always and necessarily antinomian, in the fullest and truest sense of the word. Where the "law,"—that is, a hard and fast systematic classification of men according to their imagined "desert,"—is supreme and unquestioned, there religion, except in the sense of superstitious beliefs about the "other world," and equally superstitious ceremonial founded on those beliefs, does not exist. For this reason, there is no class of people so thoroughly irreligious, because none so wanting in the humility of heart and broad human sympathy which are characteristic of the religious attitude, as the supremely respectable. This "antinomian" attitude, moreover, is that not only of all deep religious feeling, but of all really sane philosophy. Philosophic reflection upon the conditions of human life, no less than the religious sense of dependence upon God, inevitably destroys the notion that our convenient judicial classification of men according to their "merits" corresponds to their real position as functions of the world-system. Experience and philosophy, no less than religion, teach the truth of the maxim, *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*, and dispose the mind to humility and broad human sympathy.

Of course, it is often practically convenient not to be a philosopher, and I doubt whether human society could subsist if we all really had complete philosophic insight into the antecedents and consequents of every criminal act. In practice it is just as well that our insight into these matters should in many cases stop short before it reaches the point at which indignation at the criminal's wickedness would give way to pity for his unhappy position.¹ The same, however, might be said about the disadvantages of omniscience in any department of knowledge. Thus, while all philosophers maintain that death, to the eye of true wisdom, is no evil, most of them, I should conceive, would allow that, for the purposes of human

¹ "How utterly we disregard the botanical character of wild flowers when we are clearing them out of the garden as weeds" (Bosanquet, *Philosophical Theory of the State*, p. 166). Similarly justice, in order to get its garden decently cleared, has to shut its eyes to the "botanical character" of human weeds, and may be called blind in a deeper than the traditional sense.

society, it is well that the majority of men should be unphilosophic enough to regard death as a very great evil. The necessity, for certain purposes, of *not* looking ahead of you and of acquiescing without misgiving in the rigid distinctions of current morality does not prove those distinctions ultimately sound and valid; it merely shows that, in moral as in other matters, it is sometimes well not to see too far—a point which is amusingly illustrated by Stevenson's already quoted fable about the sinking ship. That necessity does not in the least interfere with our duty, on occasions when there is no call to act as judges over our fellows, to cultivate the supra-moral attitude of universal sympathy and spontaneous forgiveness.

(b) *Religion and goodness*.—On the relation between religion and goodness, in the narrower sense of the word, it will not be necessary to say very much beyond what has been already implied in our treatment of the wider question of the relation of religion to morality. There are, however, two points at least which it is desirable not to pass over in complete silence.

And first, it is necessary to remind ourselves that religion is not exclusively dependent for its basis upon "goodness" or specifically "moral" emotion. There can be emotions, and there can be an attitude towards life which must be admitted to be fundamentally one in spirit with what we have called religion where there is comparatively little of what is ordinarily understood by morality. There can even be, in some abnormally constituted minds, something like a religion of badness, as we shall presently see. Thus far at least I feel compelled to dissent from a statement which occurs somewhere towards the end of Mr. Bradley's *Ethical Studies*, to the effect that a man may be a great artist or a great philosopher and yet be a bad or immoral man, but no one can be a "religious" and at the same time an immoral man.¹ That this statement represents the mature views of the author I can scarcely believe after reading the admirable discussion of religion in *Appearance and Reality*, but it so accurately hits off what is undoubtedly the popular view with philosophers as well as

¹ *Ethical Studies*, p. 280. Of course, a great deal depends upon what is meant by "on the whole immoral." If it means "without serious purpose in life" I should agree with the statement; but I cannot see that a man might not break all the ten commandments, for instance, and yet be a "religious man."

with the unphilosophical, that I cite it here as the pithiest expression known to me of a theory as to the relation of morals to religion which I at least am bound to pronounce radically false.

It is true that, for most ordinary members of society, the earnest practice of morality and the consequent intellectual absorption in the ethical problem of "fulfilling the law" is the principal avenue which conducts to that direct experience of the Divine which we have called religion. For most of us, not to be in earnest about sin and goodness and duty would mean to live without religious emotion, and without the consciousness of our secret identity with that something more than man which religion, in its current form, reveres as the "God made man." But I must insist that, at least for those who are richly dowered with intellectual or artistic gifts, there are other modes of realising this experience than that provided by the conscientious discharge of moral duty. It is characteristic of that spiritual pride which is the besetting sin of the mere moralist that, not content with knowing that heaven may be reached along his special lines, he goes on to assert that it can be reached on no other. Against this exclusiveness, begotten of pride and intellectual narrowness, it is important for us to insist that pure speculative thought and pure artistic creative activity may both of them lead to a religious experience largely independent of what is ordinarily understood by "morality."

* For the religious experience is, as we have already seen, primarily simply a development from the workmanlike or the scholarly love of thoroughness and whole-hearted absorption in your pursuit, whatever that pursuit may be. Pursue anything with sufficient intensity of emotion and sincerity of aim, and you will find yourself no less surely coming to regard it as the supreme reality in the universe than the moralist who attributes that position to "goodness." If for the moralist the world is primarily a place "to be righteous in," for the philosopher it is, first and foremost, a place to think truly in, and for the poet a place in which to create his "bright shoots of everlastingness." And, as far as one can construe to one's self the experiences of a philosophic or artistic genius without being one's self a genius, I should imagine that the same sense

of alienation from the central reality of the universe which comes to the moralist as the "sense of sin," came to the philosopher and the poet as the sense of baffled intellectual activity, or failure to make the articulate word the adequate expression of the vaguely conceived imaginative vision. And again, I cannot doubt the substantial identity of the emotion of the philosopher or the poet, in their moments of attainment, with that consciousness of union with the central reality which a religion based upon ethical experiences known as "peace with God" or "a sense of sins forgiven."

Nor is the existence of types of religious experience into which merely ethical ingredients scarcely enter mere matter of theory. It is impossible to read Aristotle's or Spinoza's description of the life of speculation without feeling ourselves in the presence of an intensely religious experience connected with intellectual activity in precisely the same way in which the religious experiences of ordinary men are connected with moral struggles.¹ Both authors are clearly speaking not from mere theory but from personal experience of a kind of consciousness of one's self as one with the Divine which is, in the main, conditioned by quite other than ethical experiences. And hence there is no difficulty in seeing that a thinker might, in connection with his intellectual life, be conscious of the experiences described by them and yet, in his ordinary social relations, show himself liable to the assaults of the flesh and the world to a degree which would, for most of us more ordinary mortals, render the religious consciousness of oneness with the Divine quite impossible.

We cannot, then, too strongly insist that religion is not necessarily, though it is most frequently, dependent upon "goodness" in the restricted sense of the word. Thought and artistic intuition each have their own characteristic form of religion as well as "morality," and a thinker or an artist may well be in his own way a man of deep and sincere religious life without being what would commonly be called exemplary in his social relations, and even without being greatly disturbed by his "moral" lapses. It is only when purity of heart is

¹ Cf. the story of Hegel's retort to his landlady's exhortations to attend divine service, "Meine liebe Frau, das Denken ist auch Gottesdienst." Add the same of "das Schaffen," and you have the position defended in our text.

understood to mean singleness and sincerity of aim and wholeness of devotion that it can be said to be an indispensable prerequisite for the vision of the Divine. The blessing spoken of in the Gospel, it must be owned, may be enjoyed by many to whom the current ethical codes of society would refuse the name of "pure in heart." And if the rule of religious living may fairly be said to be "Seek first the kingdom of God," it must in honesty be added that "righteousness" is far from being the only characteristic of that kingdom.

I am not sure that we may not go even further than we have done in the preceding sentence. Not only may we have religion and the religious experience arising from a basis independent, in the main, of "goodness," but, unless I read certain facts amiss, we may even have definitely and unmistakably religious experiences connecting themselves with a content which is recognized by the worshippers as positively bad from the moral point of view. I cannot at any rate undertake to deny the possibility of "Satanism"—that is, of an experience of supreme mental satisfaction in the identification of one's will and heart with a power recognized as "evil,"—I mean, as making for the ultimate dissolution of the organic structure of society. If there is such a thing as the "power of God which passeth all understanding," there may be also, so far at least as I can see, a power of the devil which passeth all understanding.

The religious emotions of the ordinary man, based as they are upon experiences of the ethical type, may be roughly described as arising from the consciousness that his life, whether, as judged by ordinary standards, it be conceived as a success or a failure, is throughout in ultimate harmony with the Power that upholds and is responsible for the organic structure of the universe. Is it inconceivable that, in minds of a perverted and abnormal type, the same emotions may be called forth by the conviction of unity of purpose with a Power aiming at the dissolution of all organic structure, including that of human society? If most of us find ourselves at once humbled and exalted by the thought of our own hidden identity with a Power that creates, may not one and another here and there derive the same exaltation and humiliation from a belief in themselves as instruments of a rebel

Power that destroys? At least some of the utterances of the Anarchists of politics and of art seem unintelligible except upon some such assumption.¹ A century which has produced Baudelaire and Nietzsche ought hardly to refuse to believe in Satanism of a much more serious type than the unintelligent mummeries to which the name is currently applied.

I do not, of course, mean that the religion of badness is at all a widely diffused type of experience, or that a content definitely recognised as evil lends itself as easily to the genesis of religious emotion as one recognised as morally good. On the contrary, I should conceive that "Satanism" must be regarded as an abnormal development or "freak" of human nature, only to be met with in cases where you have the conjunction of a permanent pathological state of the central nervous system with exceptional social environment. But it is not without an important bearing upon the general problem of the relation of religion to morality that we can even conceive the existence of such a state of mind.

I pass on to another point of more general interest and less pathological character. Not only may you, under certain circumstances, get specifically religious experiences without moral goodness, but it is a notorious fact of experience that the religious life, even when primarily based upon an ethical foundation, has its own special moral dangers, and that you cannot give yourself up unreservedly to the indulgence of religious emotion without at least running a very serious risk of lowering your moral tone. I do not mean simply that the existence of the religious type of life and the esteem in which some forms of it are held among us afford a standing temptation to the practice of deliberate religious hypocrisy for ulterior purposes. For, if that were all, we might deplore the fact, but could hardly lay the blame upon religion. I mean rather that it is almost impossible, from the very nature of the religious experience, for a man who surrenders himself wholly to religious emotions and religious motives not to become that worst of hypocrites, a self-deceiver.

For it is with religious as it is with other forms of

¹ Goethe's Mephistopheles unconsciously formulated by anticipation the principle of Anarchism in his dictum that, "alles was entsteht Ist wert, dass es zu Grunde geht." Would not heart-whole loyalty to this principle of Nihilism be a religion in its way?

less perfect than the good man, why should we go through the weary business of moral self-discipline at all? Why not enjoy the knowledge of our perfection without the preliminary unpleasantness of weaning ourselves from our cherished imperfections? The answer is, that it is the standing intellectual paradox of the religious life that though the wicked man may to the eyes of religion be also already perfect, he does not and, except in those pathological cases already referred to, cannot know himself to be so. Whether the religious experience is won along the lines of ethical or of æsthetic or speculative activity, it is, except in these few isolated cases, only to be had permanently in conjunction with a kind of life involving long and laborious self-discipline in the pursuit of an exalted ideal. So Spinoza might have said, from the standpoint of the religion of pure intellect, that though every mind is consciously or unconsciously a part of the *infinitus intellectus Dei*, it is only the few minds that have undergone the discipline of philosophy that are fully aware of their own high origin and dignity.

From the point of view of the religious spirit generally, the ethical habit of mind is, after all, to be cherished and fostered, for it is only through the ethical habit and temper that men who are neither geniuses nor pathological neurotics make their way to the mental peace and harmony of the religious life. In this sense, at least, the old saying that though few can be great all can be good, with its unspoken implication that the path of the few great and the path of the many good lead to the same end, may be accepted as just. And we are thus, for purposes of practice at least, saved from the danger into which ill-regulated and thoughtless abandonment to the immediate experiences of religion might lead—the danger of choosing to “sin that grace may abound.” The Antinomianism of a sane religion is of the judgment and not of the will; its tolerance of the sinner betokens no secret hankering after the sin.¹

Religion and philosophy.—As we have indicated in the

¹ Though there is, unless the whole reasoning of our previous chapter is fallacious, an Antinomianism of the will which is essential to all vital morality, not to say religion. I mean the practical Antinomianism which refuses to finch from taking the good within its grasp from respect for mere general rules and established conventions, which one knows not to be applicable to one's own case.

last section of this chapter, the points of difference between the religious and the ethical, so we must now, in completion of our task, indicate briefly the points of difference between the philosophical and the religious views of the world and life. For it cannot be too vehemently urged that the intellectual outlook of religion itself is limited and obscured by "symbolic" concepts which forbid us to regard it as a finally adequate expression of truth in the form of "pure" experience. Hence the metaphysician, at least, has laid upon him the duty of regarding the world from a point of view which is not only supra-ethical but also supra-religious.

This may be brought to sight by various lines of argument, of which I choose one of the most concise and simple. As the ethical view of life has been seen to rest throughout upon intellectual compromise, so also does the religious. This arises from the very nature of the case, for the religious attitude towards the world is essentially practical, and all practice is based upon more or less subtly-disguised compromise. In the case of practical religion the basis of compromise "stares you in the face" the moment you look at things squarely and fairly. For the case stands thus: the intellectual prerequisite of the religious experience is a conviction of the unreality of failure and evil, and everything else that bears upon it the stamp of imperfection. But unless you sufficiently believe in the reality of evil to spend yourself in the practical struggle against it you will not permanently get the religious experience. You have, as it were, to be conscious and unconscious of the same fact—the presence of evil in yourself and your *milieu*—at one and the same time if you wish to be thoroughly religious.

And hence religion is, in our actual life, constantly hovering between two extremes, either of which would be fatal to it in its peculiar character as a mode of practical reaction upon our environment. Too keen a sense of the reality of evil as an element in human life and in existence generally would mean oblivion of the purely phenomenal character of that reality, and a consequent redescend to the merely ethical level of thought and action; too profound a conviction of the ultimate unreality of anything but the perfect Absolute would in practice lead to an immoral and

unmanly quietism. You can only avoid one or other of these extremes by contriving to expend your practical energy in the whole-hearted warfare against an enemy whom, in secret, you know all the time to be a figment of your own brain.

Hence all religion, judged by the standard of the metaphysician's pure experience, inevitably contains and rests upon an element of "make-believe." If it were really thoroughly in earnest with its own intellectual assumptions it would cease to be practical, and become purely speculative and contemplative of the already existing perfect world-order. It would in fact become mere metaphysics, and in doing so would by way of compensation lose its practical value as a guide to conduct. It is thus not surprising to find that, as a matter of fact, religion when, as mysticism, it becomes contemplative, has always shown a tendency to pass into mere dreamy quietism. For the mystic salvation inevitably tends to be thought of not as something yet to be achieved and depending for achievement on his own co-operation, but as an *opus operatum* brought about once and for all by Divine agency "before the beginning of the world." And from the intellectual acquiescence in this notion of an *opus operatum* to practical abandonment on the part of the "elect" to unbounded licence is no very lengthy stride.¹ But of course when once the step from theological mysticism to practical licence has been taken, practical licence long enough indulged in is certain to destroy the religious enthusiasm which was its own progenitor. Thus once more religion is seen to rest upon a basis of compromise between elements which do not admit of real intellectual reconciliation. The quietist theory which leads to practical lawlessness cannot be denied, as a theory, without striking at the whole intellectual framework of religion

¹ I need do no more than refer to the faultless insight with which Browning has reproduced the state of mind fostered by mysticism of the type spoken of above in his *Johannes Agricola in Meditation*. It is interesting to see how the practical intellect of Wesley revolted against the note of mysticism in his versions of German pietistic poetry.

"O Abgrund welcher *alle* Sünden
Durch Christi Tod verschlungen hat,"

becomes in his translation—

"My sins are swallowed up in thee,"

the implication of an *opus operatum* thus entirely vanishing.

it off, and cannot be permanently carried out in practice without reacting in a deleterious way upon religious emotion.

Now, How is this internal contradiction to be met? Practical common sense, after its usual fashion, would attempt to meet it by the reflection that you can have too much of a good thing, and that religion, unless held even more, never be carried to an extreme or allowed uncontrolled mastery of life. Such a method of cutting the Gordian knot we are reminded to perfection in the attitude of moderation which that eminently common-sense institution, the Church of England, has traditionally maintained between religious indifference and religious fanaticism. But however excellent this attitude of common sense may be in its practical effects, it is difficult not to feel on the one hand that the "fanatic" and not the persons of lukewarm and "rational" piety are the men with whom the religious experience is a reality, and on the other that the religious "indifferentists," the men of "mere morality," draw the more logical conclusion from the premises adopted in common by themselves and the partisans of "rational" piety as against the fanatic. A "religion of good sense," we feel, must always rest under the imputation of lukewarmness and superficiality cast by a Scriptural writer upon Laodicea.

The metaphysician's method of dealing with the puzzle is far other; here, as everywhere where he has to do with principles which refuse to be carried out in practice except with suicidal results, he knows he is in the presence of a view of the world which is vitiated by "symbolic" and therefore untrue elements, and he is at once prompted to search in the speculative utterances of the adherents of that view for the source of the contradiction. In the case of religious mysticism he has not far to look before he discovers what he is seeking. In the mysticism which seems to be the final and highest expression of which the religious theory of the world—as religious—is capable, there is, to the eye of the metaphysical critic, an incessant alternation between two ultimately contradictory points of view. On the one hand, it has got beyond the superficial ethical classification of men and their deeds into good and bad, righteous and wicked, and can look on the just and unjust as alike filling their proper place in a supra-moral order which is neither good nor bad, but simply self-

coherent and self-maintaining. On the other hand it cannot, unless it is to degenerate into practical indolence and licence, drop the conviction that the world-order itself is a sort of gigantic struggle between the good which has to be made triumphant and the evil which, at present, seems to have the upper hand in many quarters of the universe. The practical mystic seems never quite able to escape from the alternatives of sensualism or Manicheism.¹

Or one may express the same thought in the imaginative language to which religious mysticism is partial, by saying that the mystic never quite gets clear on the fundamental identity of the realities which appear to him as God and the Devil respectively. What I mean is this: he finds in the world-order the character of completeness and self-coherency which is what he is always requiring of his own moral ideals. Further he finds that, to a large extent at any rate, the complete world-order provides for the realisation of his ideals. So he finds that order eminently admirable and deserving of worship, and bestows on it the name of God. Yet there is another aspect of the same world-order, to which no serious man can be blind, in which it manifests itself as superbly indifferent to our ideals and our moral judgments, in which it appears as an overpowering force thwarting and making havoc of the plans of life and theories of what ought to be which are set up by finite members of the world-system for themselves. And this side of the world-order appears to the average man of religion as bad and hateful, and is baptized by him with the name of "Devil."² Thus it readily comes about that he conceives the whole life of the Universe as a struggle between the adorable principle he calls God and the detestable principle he calls Satan.

And yet, all the time, the truth is staring him in the face, if he would but see it, that the struggle exists nowhere but in his own fancy, and that the system of the universe is one and the same in its double aspect as friendly and

¹ It is interesting, for example, to observe how Blake is constantly passing from the assertion of one of these extremes to the other. Contrast, for instance, the sentiment of "The Garden of Love" with that of the lines "To Tirzah."

² The religious spirits of Hellas, on the contrary, found precisely this aspect of the world-order most worthy of wonder and reverence. For Sophocles (*Antigone*, 614) it is a law of nature that *oûk êpeta êvratî pînê taupolî y' êvri êvri*. (The text of the passage is uncertain, but the meaning clear.)

as hostile to man and his aspirations. It is only the metaphysician, and not the mystic, who can venture to recognise this final identity of "God" and "Devil," because mysticism is, in its very essence, intensely *practical*, and without compromise on this point practice is impossible. For practice you *must* be content to recognise the antipathy and the struggle between good and evil as a final reality, whether, as in mere morality, you regard the contest as doubtful and undecided, or, as in the ethical religions, as being at every moment decided in favour of good. It is precisely because metaphysics, as such, is purely speculative and has no branch of moral practice founded upon it, that it is metaphysics, and metaphysics only, which can consistently and permanently transcend the oppositions of morality in its thinking, and place us finally "beyond good and bad."

Thus religion, like morality, is seen to be essentially a matter of compromise between views which are finally irreconcilable. And with the recognition of this fact disappears the last vestige of any claim that might be made on the part of religious doctrines and theories to convey to us final and consistent speculative knowledge. We may even go so far as to say, Every religious doctrine, just in so far as it is of practical importance, *must* be more or less speculatively false. Or, what is the same fact looked at from another side, no *mere* truth is of any real avail as a guide to moral practice. For without illusion and compromise not recognised for what it is practice is impossible.

The full perception of this truth is not without an important bearing on the understanding of the true relation between "science" and "religion." If only we will see clearly that *mere* truth is of no use as a guide in practice, and on the other hand that the guiding ideas which *are* of practical use *cannot* be altogether true, the notion of a "conflict between religion and science" will lose all meaning for us. For we shall then readily perceive that the real enemy of the life of practical "faith" is not scientific knowledge, but on the one hand the unintelligent ecclesiasticism which mistakes its own formulæ for scientific truths, and consequently insists that all religious experience shall express itself in just those forms and no others, and on the other the equally unintelligent

scientific rationalism which cannot understand that an idea may possess the highest value for practical purposes as establishing an ideal of conduct without being "verifiable" or even ultimately true.

We have now, if our analysis of the practical life is in its main outlines correct, traced the experiences which agree in containing an element of approbation or disapprobation from their simple beginning in individual anticipations and memories of a pleasant and unpleasant character up to their culmination in an attitude towards the world and human life based upon the assumed identification of our judgment of approval with a force or reality which upholds and sustains every department of the world of experience. We have found at every stage of our journey that the theoretical assumptions upon which the moral view of life is based and the concepts with which it operates prove to be in the last resort composed of contradictory factors, the amalgamation of which into a consistent theory is finally unthinkable.

As we advanced towards the final culmination of morality in practical religion we saw the notions of "guilt," "desert," "obligation," and "free will," which ordinary ethics assumes as fundamental, lose both scientific meaning and practical validity. And even the life of practical religion, we have learned, though it dispenses with so many of the uncritical assumptions of mere morality, needs as its basis the assumption for practical purposes of a standpoint which metaphysical criticism must finally reject as self-contradictory and unintelligible.

What is the conclusion to which this body of results unmistakably points? It is this, that ethics, resting, as we have seen that it does in all its stages, upon concepts which are tainted with illusion and cannot be purged from that illusion without suicidal results, cannot be founded, except in ignorance of the nature of the subject-matter, upon a doctrine of metaphysical first principles, and can still less be regarded as itself affording the sole and sufficient basis for a metaphysical theory of the ultimate character of existence. Ethics, to be successfully founded upon principles of ultimate metaphysical validity, would have to be divested of its special character as a science of human ideals—since none of our ideals can be stated in terms of an ultimately self-consistent

character. And again, a metaphysic founded upon ethics would be a metaphysic of baseless and ultimately unmeaning assumptions—in a word, a science of “make believe.”

It is only when ethics is founded upon the patient examination of the concrete facts of the moral life, *i.e.* upon the data supplied by psychology, sociology, and the other sciences which have to do with empirical human nature, and when metaphysics, on the other hand, is allowed to set about the work of criticising the various theories that profess to express the results of human experience in absolute independence of any foregone conclusions, ethical or otherwise, that either study can be adequately pursued. An ethical theory which shall take into account all the phases of our moral life and attempt to group them in the order of their increasing depth and complexity,—a metaphysical theory which shall apply its standard of ultimate intelligibility without fear or favour to all our most cherished ideals,—these two can only flourish where neither is allowed to intrude into the province of the other. The consequence of a “contamination” of the two, whether by forcing our study of the facts of morality into a form dictated by *a priori* considerations of metaphysics or by compelling our metaphysics to swallow without analysis a bolus of “ethical postulates,” can only be a bastard discipline which is neither unmutilated ethics nor uncorrupted metaphysics.

This is not, of course, to deny the possibility of the value of inquiries of the type which used to be called “Metaphysic of Ethics.” For there will always remain the necessity that the concepts upon which men, at various stages of their moral development, act should be subjected from time to time to criticism by the science which takes as its object the discovery of the formal characteristics of pure experience, and as its standard of ultimate truth the entire absence of ultimately non-experiential and therefore contradictory elements. So long as it is still possible to put forward notions which such criticism can easily show to be ultimately unintelligible as if they were the first principles and unchallenged axioms of philosophical truth,—in other words, so long as human beings are still capable of confused thinking and unintelligent compromise, the “Metaphysic of Ethics” will have plenty of critical, though—if our argument has not been throughout

fallacious—not of constructive work to do. Only the proper place for such critical work will always be, as we can now understand, at the end, and not at the beginning of our ethical studies.

The indispensable prerequisite of serious metaphysical criticism, in ethics as in all other departments of human knowledge, is a Phenomenology—that is, a collection of leading and typical examples of a certain side of our experiences as human beings, described with the greatest fulness and accuracy attainable, and so arranged as to indicate the lines along which the more complex types of experience have, in all probability, grown up out of the simpler. Were our experience as human beings confined to the phases studied by any particular science—such, for instance, as ethics—such a Phenomenology or panoramic view of the development of intelligence in a single direction would be the sole and sufficient content of a system of experiential philosophy. But since the very fact that concrete experience presents very diverse phases or aspects, each of which has primarily to be studied in isolation from the rest, sets us upon the task of comparing the results of our different scientific inquiries, with a view to obtaining some general notion of the character of experience as a single whole, we are necessarily driven forward from the construction of a Phenomenology to criticise its contents in the light of the standard of all-comprehensiveness and complete internal coherency which we have called that of "pure" experience.

The business of such a philosophical "critique" of human experience will thus be twofold. It must, in the first place, attempt to discover the formal characteristics which belong to any and every true expression of "experience" simply in virtue of its experiential character, and, in the second place, must examine the principles, axioms, or "categories" made use of by various sciences in the description of experience, in order to determine whether any of them are "formal" characteristics of a pure or non-symbolic experience, and, if not, at what point and why "symbolic" elements enter into them. The former of these tasks, when systematically carried out, results in a general science of metaphysics; the latter would naturally take the shape of a series of metaphysical criticisms, or bodies of applied metaphysics, answering to the various main divisions

of empirical science. We should then have, if the work of the philosopher could be completely executed, not only a *Metaphysics of Ethics*, but *Metaphysics of Nature*, of *Art*, and of *Religion*—not to speak of a still more general *Metaphysics of Society*—which would have useful work to perform in the criticism and the castigation of the hypotheses of the unphilosophical sociologist. As ethics, according to the view of the clear-sighted philosophers of the ancient world, is ultimately a subdivision of the wider science of politics, or, as we should now say, of society, so the *Metaphysics of Ethics* would, in a completed system of human knowledge, rank as one section, and not the least important section, of the *Metaphysics of Society*.

We may conjecture that with the advance of human knowledge the special sciences will tend more and more to fall into two well organised groups, each of course provided with its subordinate collections of mere observations, a body of natural sciences, more or less closely cohering together and resting upon a common basis supplied by the concepts of the conservation and transformation of energy, and a similar group of social sciences, also internally organised and connected by a common basis of psychology. It will only be when, by the creation of some such organised science of social forms, ethics has been assigned to its proper place in a general description of the characteristic features of human life, that the work of the *Metaphysic of Ethics* will be capable of satisfactory execution. At present, having regard to the chaotic condition of ethical study itself, we have no sufficient warrant for supposing that the ethical ideas which are from time to time declared to rank as "ultimate postulates" of thought are "ultimate" even in the sense of being indispensable working hypotheses within the department of ethics itself, to say nothing of being anything more. In combating many current ethical superstitions the metaphysician is presumably fighting foes whom the progress of investigation into ethical facts would of itself ultimately destroy without his assistance.¹

Thus we find ourselves led back by a circuitous route to a conclusion already expressed in an earlier chapter, that the really pressing problem for ethical students at the present day

¹ *E.g.* "Free Will," "Unconditional Obligation."

is the collection of a body of facts relative to the ethical opinions and emotions actually formed by different individuals and different classes of society. Without the material supplied by this preliminary examination of the facts ethics will be condemned in the future, as in the past, to the unprofitable task of threshing the old straw from which all the grain was long ago beaten out by Plato and Aristotle. If this necessary but tedious preliminary inquiry is seriously undertaken, it may not place ethics in a position to dictate "postulates" to the metaphysician, but it should at least enable us to construct upon a basis of psychological analysis a picture of the successive stages by which moral development advances from an almost animal beginning to its final culmination in the life of the hero and the sage. To such a constructive Phenomenology of Ethics I fear this Essay cannot claim to have made any direct contribution; I should, however, be fain to hope that our criticism of popular misconceptions has, here and there at least, pointed the way to the true understanding of the nature and the methods of moral science.

Our discussion may at times have led us, to all appearances, far away from the question of philosophical method which we proposed at the outset to answer. Yet it will, I think, be found that all that has been said in the preceding chapters arises naturally from our adherence to a single principle of philosophical criticism, explained and explicitly defended in our opening pages. If it be true, as we then contended, that the ultimate aim of all philosophical study is the description of experience, considered as a single all-embracing system, in terms which are themselves resolvable into contents of experiences of which the conditions are definitely known, then it must follow that the only way to ascertain whether the concepts of ethics are capable of being expressed in such purely experiential terms is to attempt such an analysis of ethical modes of thought as we have tried to give in the third and following chapters of this Essay. And it must also follow, that our refusal to accord to any of the categories of ethics ultimate validity or even intelligibility for metaphysics can only be met in one of two ways, either by showing that our analysis is false or by proving that the contradictions it has detected are not really contradictory.

Pending such refutation we are, I think, at least entitled to the presumption of correctness afforded by the substantial agreement between our own verdict upon "morality" as a coherent system and that which has been passed by the religious consciousness in all ages. Where religion itself, in its highest forms on one side at least an outgrowth of the ethical spirit, is found preferring the publican to the Pharisee and declaring the "righteousness which is of the law" to be no better than "filthy rags," it is not to be wondered at if philosophical criticism, which has no practical purposes of its own to carry out, and therefore can afford to consider the phenomena of morality without prejudice or favour, finds the ethical view of the world finally unsatisfactory and unintelligible.

And there is this important difference between our position and that of the man of religion. When the man of religion bids you live in a supermoral way there is always the practical danger that he will be only too literally obeyed. Antinomianism in practice numbers the basest as well as some of the noblest of mankind among its votaries. Hence, as we have seen already, religion, if it is to remain of practical use as a guide through life, is driven with strange inconsistency to recommend men not to be too religious. It is good, sometimes and in some things, to live "beyond good and bad"; it would be disastrous to live permanently in so rarefied an atmosphere. "Mutual forgiveness of each vice," for instance, is an admirable thing in private life, and so is the refusal to "judge" our friends; but you could not maintain the social fabric unimpaired unless, in your public relations at least, you treat crime as something to be requited according to its deserts, and moral shortcomings—or at least some of them—as things to be judged with impartial severity. But philosophy is damned to no such standing contradiction. As—in Aristotelian phrase—it is the foundation of no "art," it has no need to compromise with practical necessities, and, in our speculative thinking at least, we can afford to recognise moral distinctions for the superficial things they are without misgivings as to ulterior consequences. Religion has its Jacks of Leyden, but there are no Anabaptists of metaphysics.

Though, of course, it is equally true that metaphysics is as impotent for direct good as for direct harm in the sphere

of conduct. The ice-water of metaphysical speculation neither destroys nor sustains the active life, whereas the strong wine of religion, if it turns in the corrupted nature to poison, ministers strength and vigour to the frame of the fundamentally healthy. It is thus, I conceive, a pure mistake to think that metaphysics could ever furnish a substitute for practical religion. The metaphysician, being by nature a critic and analyst of experiences, may find "faith" more difficult than most men, but, if he is to act as well as to think, there must be occasions when he does well to come out of his metaphysical shell and abandon himself to the current of vigorous practical emotion. For action he too must have his "religion," even though he knows in his reflective moments that no man's religion, not even his own, is unalloyed truth. In fact, the very knowledge that no religion can be quite the truth should save the metaphysician from the temptation to treat any as mere error.

I am, of course, aware that there are many points of interest and importance raised by our general conception of the metaphysical problem to which we have in the present Essay been quite unable to do justice. It is clear that we might, for instance, be asked to say whether we regard the contents of an experience and the experiencing process itself as inseparable or not, and again, whether we recognise the existence of anything inaccessible to the human experiences with which alone human knowledge has to concern itself. It might even be suggested—though I do not myself think the suggestion fully intelligible—that the human mind, even at its best, is such an uneven reflecting surface as is spoken of by Bacon, and inevitably "distorts" the contents which it experiences. In a word, we might find ourselves called upon to deal with all the issues which are popularly regarded as summed up in the opposition of "Realism" and "Idealism." If we have on the whole avoided the discussion of these issues, it has not been so much from not having an opinion upon them as because the determination of them did not seem absolutely necessary for our purpose, which was, after all, only to gain a firm basis for a conception of the relation between metaphysics and ethics. For this purpose it is hardly necessary to ask whether the experiences which are

the material of all our knowledge are separable from the states which experience them or not. The question is one which I should not be unwilling to discuss at a more suitable opportunity, but for the present it will be sufficient to say that, as far as I can see, the *onus probandi* rests altogether upon the philosopher who maintains that experience and its contents are two—in other words, on the "realist." And I may perhaps add that I have not as yet met a "realist" argument which appeared to be free from obvious fallacies.

Indeed the only really forcible "realist" contention seems to be the favourite one that "idealism," or "Berkeleyanism," or whatever other name you prefer for the opposing view, leads logically to Solipsism, an argument which loses all its weight as soon as you realize that the distinction between "myself" and others is not original, but is as much a creation of the psychological mechanism as *e.g.* the distinction between myself to-day and myself of yesterday. This again is a topic upon which it would, in another context, be profitable to enlarge; but I must here content myself with remarking that it is at least a huge assumption that what I call "my" mental states and those of others may not form together the contents of a wider consciousness, much as the psychical concomitants of excitements in different regions of "my own" brain together form "my" consciousness. I do not at this moment assert the existence of such a "universal" consciousness or "world soul." I do, however, say that the experiences of religion point in that direction, that the notion is perfectly intelligible, and that a philosopher who sets himself, as Mr. Rashdall, unless I misunderstand his drift, has done in his recent volume of sermons, to prove that such a notion is "utterly and entirely without meaning," has, to say the least of it, his work cut out for him.¹

Tempting, however, as it is to follow up these topics and to confirm our original position by an exposure of the weak places in an enemy's armour, the task is, after all, not entirely germane to our own problem. With our verdict upon the ultimate coherency of the "religious" view of the world with itself that problem has, by implication, received its solution. The final break-down of religious ideas when treated as a fund

¹ *Doctrine and Development*, p. 7.

of true information about the nature of the real world is itself the best proof that the study of the practical life in all its stages is, and always must be, entirely independent of all preconceived metaphysical notions, and that no "postulates" can be forced by ethics or natural theology upon a reluctant metaphysic. For morality and religion the one thing needful, for metaphysics the one thing "suspect," is a vein of ardent natural emotion unchecked and unsophisticated by philosophical reflection upon the ultimate constitution of things. Ethics and religion can never afford to forget, nor metaphysics to remember, the aphorism of a great moral and religious thinker—"the tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction."

THE END

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